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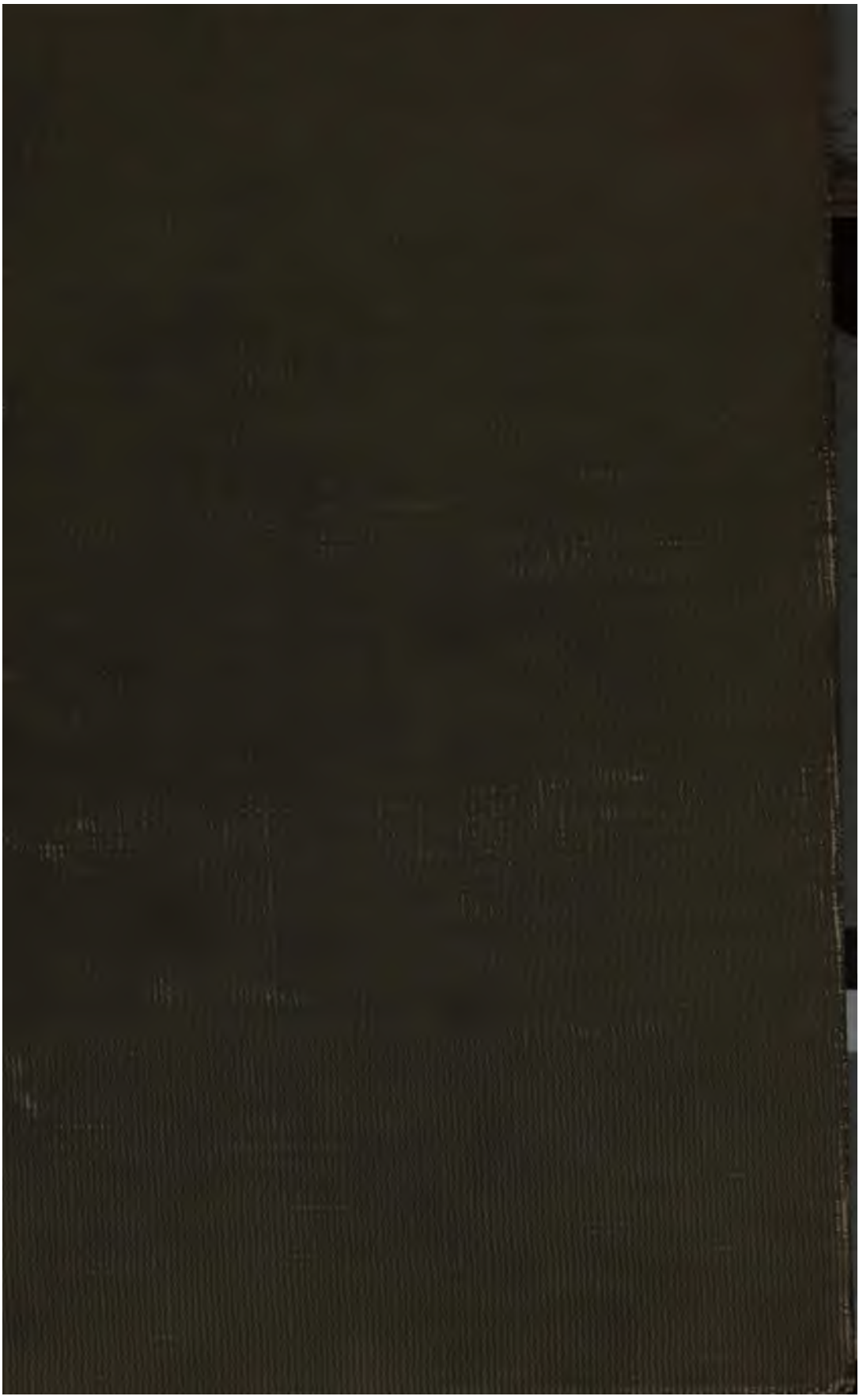

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# HISTORY

OF

# THE BORDER WARS

## OF TWO CENTURIES,

EMBRACING

A NARATIVE OF THE WARS WITH THE INDIANS,

From 1750 to 1876.

THIRD EDITION.

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# PREFACE.

A PREFACE is the "privileged corner" for the author. A place where he may come directly and familiarly to his readers, and tell them, as between themselves, his intent and his plans — his helps and his embarrassments in his production. As though no one else were to hear or to know what is said there, and as though the revealments therein were a sacred trust, not to be criticised and banded about like the news on the street corners; but to be treasured and cherished as a matter of unfeigned confidence — as the incense of friendship poured out. Hence, it is here that strangers can meet, shake hands, and find and feel a common interest in each other — can speak and hear without restraint, fear or embarrassment. This, then, let us do hereby and now, as we unroll the plan of this volume, which is truly what its title page indicates — a history of the Border Wars of the United States, from the fall of Canada, in 1759, to and including the death of the lamented Custer, on the banks of the Rosebud, in the summer of 1876. The narrative opens with a brief history of the Indian Nations east of the Mississippi, and a short description of the outposts of both the English and French colonies as they appeared at the close of the French war. Then follows, in considerable detail, an account of the Pontiac War, which, in its desolating

march, spread the horror of murder and massacre from the Carolinas to the most northern lake fort. From this desperate struggle the reader is conducted through the tempest of Border Warfare in its frantic and fell march across the continent, from the Alleghanies and the lakes to the dangerous lava-cave ambuscades of the Modocs, in Arizona, and the wilds of the Pacific slope. At the proper point the narrative is interrupted to give place to a brief history of the Indian tribes, and a description of the outposts of civilization west of the Mississippi.

In the course of the history the reader is presented with interesting and authentic sketches of the lives of Chiefs Pontiac, Brant, Tecumseh, Black Hawk, Captain Jack, and the great Indian warriors who have figured conspicuously in Border Warfare in North America; the various treaties that have been made and broken, the boundary lines that have been agreed upon and invaded; in short, all the events that have, for the time, either prevented or promoted these wars, are fully and truthfully represented, so that the reader, after carefully perusing this volume, will, in the absence of any opinion expressed by the author, be able to judge intelligently for himself of the merits of the treatment which the native tribes have received at the hands of the United States government.

The demand for this work cannot be questioned. There is not a single person interested in the history of the United States, who has not felt the want of a reliable History of the Wars between his country and the Indians; and it is with a view to supply this want that this book is presented to the public. It has been compiled and written from the most reliable sources, and, it is confidently believed, will be found complete, authentic and interesting. The various books, pub-

lications and reports which have been consulted, and to which the perfection of this volume is largely indebted, require something more than a passing notice in this introduction. In compiling and writing a volume such as the following, where most of the materials used have been, in some way, connected with other books, it is impossible, in the course of the narrative, to give proper credit to the authors consulted; and, in order that the reader may know to what extent books heretofore published have contributed to the perfection of this work, I take this opportunity of making the necessary explanation.

Mr. Francis Parkman deserves the first mention. From his valuable works on the Indians and Indian wars east of the Mississippi, has been gathered the materials which make up the first part of this book, and it is only necessary to make this reference to establish the authenticity of my history of the Pontiac war, for there is no more able, complete or interesting narrative of this terrible border war than that given by Mr. Parkman, whose writings are justly regarded as an ornament to American literature.

In that part of the narrative which gives an account of Harmar's, St. Clair's and Harrison's campaigns against the Indians, including Tecumseh's war, I have gathered much from the works of Messrs. James H. Perkins and J. M. Peck — a volume originally compiled by the former and revised by the latter — entitled "The Western Annals." I have frequently given this volume credit in the course of the narrative; but, in addition, I wish to make this acknowledgment here.

My account of the Black Hawk war is materially dependent upon Mr. Upham's valuable little book which is entirely devoted to the life of this wayward chief. In this volume, the author takes occasion, and I think, justly, to censure the acts

of the United States authorities for needlessly irritating the Sacs to this bloody onset.

In the brief account of the Indian tribes west of the Mississippi, which precedes my history of the Indian wars in the same territory, Mr. Charles DeWolf Brownell is the most valuable contributor. His standard work, entitled the "Indian Races of North and South America," has been freely consulted, and, although the usual credit is given in the proper places, I cannot fail to mention it here.

In my account of the adventures of Colonel John C. Fremont and Christopher Carson, I have freely used the official reports of the former, the "Life and Explorations of Fremont," and other volumes, but I shall not undertake to enumerate all the official reports and documents which have contributed to the thrilling catalogue of wars and adventures west of the Mississippi, which constitutes the last part of this book. It will suffice to say that some five or six hundred of these have been diligently consulted and always with good results.

A description of the principal battles during the conquest of Mexico, which has been thrown in to relieve the general current of Indian warfare, is largely dependent upon a neat little volume entitled "The Mexican War and its Heroes." I have no means of knowing the name of the author of this volume, since it has not been attached to its pages. I ought also to mention the history of Minnesota, by E. D. Neill, and "The Life and Adventures of Kit Carson," by Col. DeWitt C. Peters the last of which came into my hands a few days before this volume was given to the publishers. It is a deeply interesting and strictly authentic work, that reflects scarcely less honor upon the name of the famous mountaineer than credit upon his

biographers. Several important items in this work have their origin in the labors of this author.

The brief account of the Seminole war found herein, has been compiled and written from Mr. Joshua R. Giddings' valuable book, entitled "The Exiles of Florida," a neat little work of great value and interest.

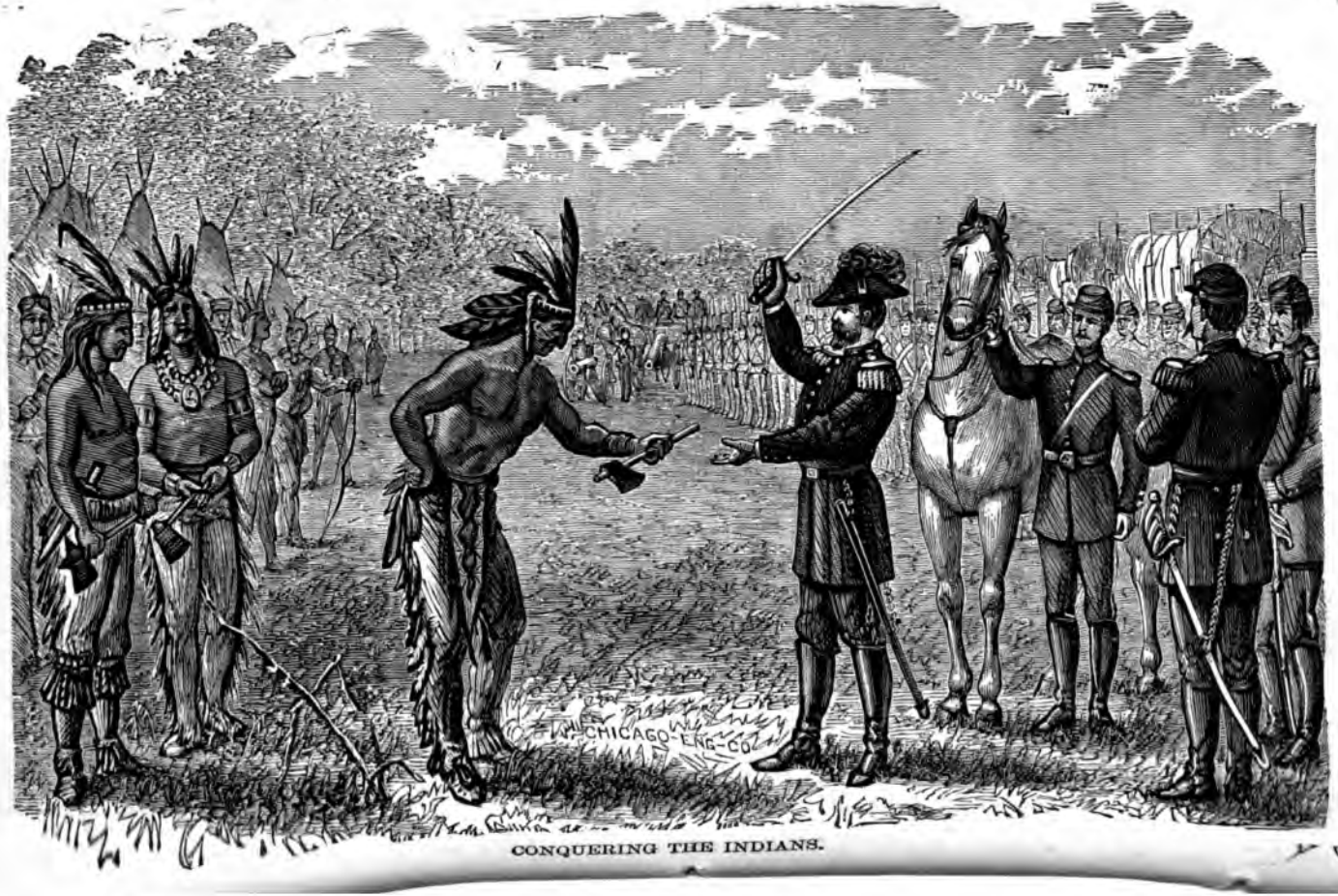
The account of our heroic Custer and his command, in the late Indian disturbances, has been picked up from various sources supposed to be authentic.

All that is claimed by the author is the earnest labor of a compiler, and in presenting this book to the public, it is believed that the materials have been so carefully selected and arranged as to constitute the most complete and satisfactory history of the wars with the Indians of the United States and Territories, that has yet been written.

AUTHOR.

MADISON, September, 1876.

CONQUERING THE INDIANS.




CONQUERING THE INDIANS.

people," and they extended their conquests from Quebec to the Carolinas, on the seaboard, and to the Mississippi on the west. Everywhere in this broad country they established their name and power, and, indeed, throughout the country they were the terror alike of whites and Indians. In the south they had conquered the Delawares, and were, at this time, forcing them to a heavy tribute; in the north, they had completely subjected the Wyandots, and prohibited them the use of arms; in the west they exterminated the Eries, and in the east "a single Mohawk war cry was sufficient to terrify all the Indians in New England."

But the Indians were not alone in terror of the Iroquois. All Canada trembled beneath their infuriated onset. More than once Champlain fled with his troops to the forts for refuge, leaving his pursuing conquerers to destroy and plunder the defenseless French settlements. Certainly the history of such a powerful nation should not be slighted, yet to trace it beyond the dark border of the discovery is beyond the power of human penetration.

As we glance at them in 1700, we find their central government located within the present limits of the state of New York, where, in the Valley of the Onondaga, the chiefs of the several tribes of this great family held their civil and military councils for many generations. The Iroquois nation consisted of, first five, and, at a later period, six tribes, called the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, the Senecas and the Tuscaroras. These tribes were bound together by a loose confederacy, being, in a small measure, subject to a general congress, but each tribe had its own organization, and independent tribal government. Each tribe had several sachems, who, with the subordinate chiefs and principal men, regulated all its civil and military affairs; but when foreign powers were to be consulted, or important treaties made, all the sachems of the several tribes convened in general assembly at the great council house — the Iroquois capitol — in the valley of the Onondaga. Here the Congressmen of the Six Nations were received, the great council fire kindled, treaties made and difficulties settled. Here the simple Iroquois

sachem sat and listened to the eloquent speeches of the leading chiefs, who spoke their honest sentiments in accordance with the most ancient usages of their nation.

When Jacques Cartier first visited the St. Lawrence he found the savages of the Six Nations occupying the country along the north bank of the river, and, as early as 1535, he discovered a town of the Huron-Iroquois, consisting of about fifty huts, near the present site of the city of Montreal. This village was situated in the midst of large fields of Indian corn, and must, even at this early day, have been a place of considerable importance, or, to use the words of another, "the metropolis of the neighboring country."

Mr. Stone, in his able writings on the Indians of the Six Nations, gives the following description of this village: "It was surrounded by palisades or trunks of trees set in a triple row. The outer and inner ranges of palisades inclined till they met and crossed near the summit, while the upright row between them, aided by transverse braces, gave to the whole an abundant strength. Within were galleries for the defenders, rude ladders to mount them, and magazines of stone to throw down on the heads of the assailants. A single entrance was secured with piles and stakes, and every precaution adopted against sudden attack or seige. The town consisted of about fifty oblong houses, each fifty feet in length by twelve or fifteen in breadth, built of wood and covered with bark. Each house contained small chambers built round an open court in the centre, in which many fires were kindled. The inhabitants were devoted to husbandry and fishing, and the lands in the vicinity were well cultivated."

According to the history of Cartier's voyage, the Indians of Hochelaga—now Montreal—were unusually civilized, for barbarians, and greatly in advance of their nation a century afterwards; but in 1600 no trace of this village could be found.

According to their own traditions the people of the Six Nations originally came from the north, but they date the period of their migration a long number of centuries back. Cusick, the Tuscarora author—and the only Indian who has written upon the subject—dates the event more than five hun-

dred years before the discovery by Columbus, but his writings are not generally accepted. The tradition of the Senecas, the fifth of the Six Nations, is that the original people of their Nation broke forth from the earth, from the crest of a mountain at the head of Canandaigua Lake. The mountain which gave them birth is called Ge-nun-de-wah-gauh, or the great hill, and for this reason the Senecas are sometimes called the *great hill people*, and, I believe, this was their original title. The Ge-nun-de-wah-gauh has been held, by them, sacred as being their birth-place. It was for many years the place of holding the councils of this tribe, and was the hallowed place of their religious services.

As with the Senecas so with all the tribes of the Six Nations. They have no written history of their origin, nor can one now be produced.

One of the principal supports to the confederacy of the Six Nations, and one of the strongest ties which bound them together was the system of *totemship*. In the Six Nations there were eight totemic clans.

The Iroquois believed that Taounyawatha, the God of Waters, had descended to the earth to teach them the arts of savage life. They claimed further that this God, seeing the evils by which their various tribes were beset, urged them to form a great confederacy for their common good and defence. But before the people could be collected together this Messenger took his flight, promising, however, that another should be sent to instruct them in the principles of the proposed league. "And accordingly," says the glowing pen of Francis Parkman, "as a band of Mohawk warriors were threading the funeral labyrinth of an ancient pine forest, they heard, amid its blackest depths, a hoarse voice chanting in measured cadence; and following the sound, they saw, seated among the trees, a monster of so hideous an aspect that, one and all, they stood benumbed with terror. His features were wild and frightful. He was encompassed by hissing rattlesnakes, which, Medusa-like, hung writhing from his head; and on the ground, around him were strewn implements of incantation, and magic vessels formed of human skulls. Recovering from their amazement,

the warriors could perceive that in the mystic words of the chant, which he still poured forth, were couched the laws and principles of the destined confederacy. The tradition further declares that the monster being surrounded and captured, was presently transformed to human shape; that he became a chief of transcendent wisdom and prowess, and to the day of his death ruled the councils of the united tribes." The last of the presiding sachems at the councils at Onondaga inherited from him the honored name of Atotarho. Such, according to Indian tradition, is the origin of the great Iroquois confederacy. But if the reader is shocked with this preposterous legend, what must be said of their tradition regarding the epoch which preceded the auspicious event of their union. In these evil days, according to the same authority, the scattered and divided Iroquois were beset with every form of peril and disaster. Giants, cased in armor of stone, descended on them from the mountains of the north. Huge beasts trampled down their forests like fields of grass. Human heads, with streaming hair and glaring eyeballs, shot through the air like meteors, shedding pestilence and death throughout the land. The waters of Lake Ontario were troubled. From the bosom of the boisterous lake a horned serpent of mighty size rose up almost to the clouds. The people fled from before his awful presence, and would not have escaped his open jaws had not the thunder bolts of the skies driven him down into his watery home at the bottom of the lake. Around the infant Seneca village on Mount Genundewahguah, already spoken of, a two-headed serpent coiled himself, of size so monstrous that the perishing people could not ascend his scaly sides, and perished in multitudes. At length the monster was mortally wounded by the magic arrow of a child, and, writhing in the agonies of death, he uncoiled himself from the mountain home of the Senecas, and rolled into the lake below, lashing its black waters into a bloody foam, and allowing the few remaining wretched Indians to flee from the place of their long and disastrous confinement. The serpent sank to the bottom of the lake, and disappeared forever.

According to the fancy of the Iroquois, the Spirit of Thun-

der dwelt under the Falls of Niagara, and when, amid the blackening shadows of the approaching storm, or the sharp, quick flashes of the lightning, they heard his broad, deep voice peal along the heavens, they "hid themselves from the face of the angry Spirit."

These legends, although unworthy of much consideration, are grand evidences of the superior intellectual powers of the people of the Six Nations. It is true that their imaginations were assisted by the dismal voice of the wind, the unfathomable darkness of the gathering thunder storm, or the low, deep sound of the tossing lake waters; but, even in view of these mysteries, their traditions, when compared with those of other nations, grandly demonstrate the power and capacity of the Iroquois mind. But with all their intellectual superiority, the arts of life among them had made no advance from a barbarous condition. Their implements of war, and other products of their genius, were not very flattering to them. There was a rough, unfinished appearance to everything artificial around them. Their huts, pottery and the conveniences of life combined to attest their untidy inactive genius. Although behind their race in these things, they were largely in advance of it as husbandmen. Their beautiful fields of Indian corn and squashes and the ancient apple-orchards which grew around their settlements, captivated the invading army of Count Frontenac in 1696.

Their dwellings and works of defense, although rough, were, however, well adapted to their wants, and were good evidences of their great industry. But these, which were scattered along the St. Lawrence and around Lake Ontario, were leveled to the ground, never to rise again, in 1687, by De Nonville, and, nine years, later by Frontenac.

"Along the banks of the Mohawk, among the hills and hollows of Onondaga, in the forests of Oneida and Cayuga, on the romantic shores of Seneca Lake, and the rich borders of the Genesee, surrounded by waiving maize fields, and encircled from afar by the green margin of the forests, stood the ancient strongholds of the confederacy." The little villages were surrounded by palisades, and were otherwise well fortified with

magazines of stones, and with water conductors, which were efficiently used in the event of a fire.

In habits of social life the Iroquois were thoroughly savage. During the long winter evenings, men, women and children gathered near the log fires in their rude huts, and, while the cold storm was beating the lonely forest without, the story-teller of the tribe recounted the history of his nation and deeds of ancient heroism. The curious pipe was passed from hand to hand, and, by the flickering firelight, each half-naked warrior, wrought up by the superstitious narratives of the talker, seemed to pass the hours in pleasure.

The war path, the race of political ambition, and the chase, all had their votaries among the people of the Six Nations. When their assembled sachems had resolved on war, and when, from their ancient Council House a hundred light-footed messengers were sent to the distant tribes to call them to arms, in the name of their great chief, then from Quebec to the Carolinas, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, thousands of warlike hearts caught up the invitation with glad enthusiasm. By fasting and praying, by consulting dreams and omens, and by ancient usages, the warriors sought to ensure victory for their arms. When these singular performances had been concluded, they began their secret progress towards the defenseless white settlement. Soon followed the news of some bloody massacre which, exaggerated in its flight from settlement to settlement, was swiftly borne to the ears of the older New England towns. While these places were filled with excitement over the shocking tidings, the victorious warriors returned to their villages with the unfortunate captives, to celebrate their merciless triumphs. As they approach, the sound of the war-whoop is heard, and hundreds of savage women and children run out with sticks and stones to meet the company. Their hideous yelping, warns the prisoners of increasing danger, but they have no power to turn back, and, resigning themselves to an awful fate, they regard a pelting from these foolish wretches, as necessary to prepare them for the tortures that must follow. And now the black arches of the forest grow blacker as the smoke, slowly curling upward from the

fires of death, forms itself in clouds above them. With firebrand and torch the excited multitude circle round their agonizing victim, until the slow tortures have ended in death, when the charred corpse is thrown to the dogs and the cruel ceremony is ended by clamerous shouts to drive away the spirit of the captive. Such were the most exquisite enjoyments of the cruel Indians of the Six Nations.

Leaving this remarkable people, let us turn to the other members of the same great family. The Algonquin people occupied a large tract of territory surrounding the Six Nations. It was the Indians of this family who first greeted Cartier, as his little fleet ascended the St. Lawrance; it was Algonquins who welcomed the pioneer settlers of Virginia. They were Algonquins who, led on by Sassacus, Pequot and Phillip of Mount Hope, harrassed the settlements of the New England colonies; who under the great tree at Kensington, made the covenant of peace with William Penn; and when French missionaries and fur-traders explored the Wabash and the Ohio, they found "their valleys tenanted by the same far-extended race." As civilization progressed, they were driven from these eastern strongholds, until only a few remnants of their once great and powerful nation were clustered around the Strait of Mackinaw.

The Delawares were the most powerful tribe of the Algonquin family. According to their traditions, they were the parent tribe from whence sprung all the other divisions of this people. They were called Delawares, probably from the fact that, when the European Colonists first visited that section of country, their lodges were found thickly clustered along the waters of the Delaware and its tributary streams. They were, in a small measure, an agricultural people, although they mainly depended upon fishing and the chase as a means of subsistence. As already mentioned, they had been subjected by the fierce warriors of the Six Nations, and when the Quakers first came among them, they offered but few evidences of military skill or courage. But as civilization pushed them westward, beyond the reach and power of the Iroquois, they revived their warlike spirits, and were soon found to be formidable enemies.

During the old French War, they had so far recovered from the suppressed condition into which their enemies had forced them, that they resumed the use of arms, and while their ancient conquerors espoused the cause of Canada, they became the fast and fierce allies of the English. At the beginning of the Revolution, they publicly declared their emancipation from Iroquois bondage, which was acknowledged by the Councils of the Six Nations; and ever since that period they have occupied a high position among the Indian nations of North America. Indeed, at a still later day, when the Iroquois people had disappeared from the border battle-fields, the American pioneer settlers found their most unconquerable enemies in the Delaware Indians. "Their war parties," says an eminent writer, "pierced the fartherest wilds of the Rocky Mountains; and the prairie traveler would often meet the Delaware warrior returning from a successful foray, a gaudy handkerchief bound about his brow, his snake locks fluttering in the wind, his rifle resting across his saddle-bow, while the tarnished and begrimed equipments of his half-wild horse bore witness that the unscrupulous rider had waylaid and plundered some unfortunate trapper."

Next in order among the tribes of the Algonquin family were the bold Shawanoes. At an early day they occupied the Valley of the Ohio, but in 1672 they were defeated by the Six Nations, and fled to escape destruction. Following the Ohio down a little farther, the traveler would next come to the villages of the Miamis, and the Twightwees. Their huts were clustered along the banks of the Wabash and its branches. They were also living in terror of the Iroquois when Europeans first came among them, but, as with the Delawares, they were liberated by the progress of Colonial power. The Illinois Indians, who in the early days were located along the banks of the river which was given their name, were also of the Algonquin family, and, like their brothers, were sorely harrassed by the Iroquois. At one time their numbers exceeded twelve thousand, but so complete was the subjection and total their defeat, which they received at the merciless hands of the Six Nations, that they were reduced to a few small villages. The Illinois

Indians were, perhaps, the most licentious and slothful savages of the Algonquin family. Having lost their prestige as a warlike people, they sought to gratify their vicious natures by the most extravagant indulgences. They spent a greater part of the year in the pursuit of game with which the prairies of their country abounded in great plenty, but there were seasons when nearly all of them were gathered together at their principal village, merry-making, feasting, and, when liquor could be obtained, drinking to excess.

The Ojibwas, Pottawatomies, Ottawas, Sacs, Foxes, Menomonies and the Northern Knisteneaux were also members of this great family. They were scattered throughout the lake region in detached villages, and, in common with their kinsmen, had, at an earlier period, fled from the eastern country to escape the fury of the Iroquois. The Ojibwas, Ottawas and Pottawatomies were bound together by a sort of confederacy, having for its object their common defense and mutual welfare. The former tribe, which was the most numerous of any of this confederacy, was located in the Lake Superior vicinity. They were a barbaric, rude people, living in a loose and imperfect state. Hunting and fishing were their favorite pursuits, and agriculture was but slightly encouraged. They were, withal, an improvident, reckless tribe. At one season they were feasting, with an abundance on every hand, and at another they were famishing. Yet, with all this uncertainty touching their supplies, they never manifested a single prudent trait.

Thus I have hurriedly noticed the location and condition of the Six Nations and Algonquin family of Indians, at the period in which our narrative opens. The reader has, no doubt, already observed that of these two distinct families, the Iroquois were by far the most intellectual and elevated, nevertheless some of the greatest warriors and orators belonged to the Algonquin nation. Even Pontiac and Tecumseh, the subjects of this work, boasted its blood and language. A point that has not failed to elicit attention, however, is that with the advance of Colonial power, the prestige of the Six Nations declined more rapidly than that of the tribes which they had conquered.

During the old French War, they had so far recovered from the suppressed condition into which their enemies had forced them, that they resumed the use of arms, and while their ancient conquerors espoused the cause of Canada, they became the fast and fierce allies of the English. At the beginning of the Revolution, they publicly declared their emancipation from Iroquois bondage, which was acknowledged by the Councils of the Six Nations; and ever since that period they have occupied a high position among the Indian nations of North America. Indeed, at a still later day, when the Iroquois people had disappeared from the border battle-fields, the American pioneer settlers found their most unconquerable enemies in the Delaware Indians. "Their war parties," says an eminent writer, "pierced the fartherest wilds of the Rocky Mountains; and the prairie traveler would often meet the Delaware warrior returning from a successful foray, a gaudy handkerchief bound about his brow, his snake locks fluttering in the wind, his rifle resting across his saddle-bow, while the tarnished and begrimed equipments of his half-wild horse bore witness that the unscrupulous rider had waylaid and plundered some unfortunate trapper."

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Like the Six Nations, the Algonquins had their myths and legends. Being less intellectual, however, they did not assume that systematic type which characterized those of their enemies, but they were full of interest and shadowy landmarks of their history. They had a faith more simple than that of the Iroquois regarding the God of Thunder, which is another proof of their inferior intellectual scope. They believed that the thunder was a bird who built his nest on the pinnacle of towering mountains.

The religious faith of the Indian tribes already mentioned was mixed and ambiguous. They beheld God in every part or feature of his creation, and yet, I do not think that they believed in a one Almighty Being, the Great Spirit, Lord of Heaven and Earth, until the missionaries came among them; but it cannot be said that with this important addition to their faith, their religious worship was increased. I should rather hold to the opinion that the highest intellectual state of the Indian race, and the loftiest conception of their minds, and, as a consequence, their most acceptable worship, date back beyond the advent of European civilization and Christianity. All evidence procurable on this subject points to this conclusion. The Indians never could understand the religious faith of either the Catholic or Protestant religion, and in every attempt to embrace either, they added additional testimony pointing to its utter inadaptability to their minds. The heart cannot embrace a doctrine which the mind is unable to comprehend. "Red Jacket," the Seneca chief and orator, at a later day set forth, in a very able manner, the difficulties which the Indian mind encountered in attempting to penetrate Christian doctrine, in the following words, which he addressed to a missionary who had come to preach Christ and Him crucified to the inhabitants of a Seneca village:

"BROTHER: Continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to His mind, and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are lost. How do you know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did He not give

to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people? You say that there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agreed, as you can all read the same book? We do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion, which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us — their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive; to love each other and to be united. We never quarrel about our religion. The Great Spirit has made us all, but he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts. To these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied."

## CHAPTER II.

THE ENGLISH IN THE WEST—PONTIAC STANDING IN THEIR WAY—HE CONSENTS TO LET THEM OCCUPY HIS COUNTRY—THE ENGLISH TAKE POSSESSION OF DETROIT.

IN this narrative of the Border Wars of the Northwest, I will first direct the reader's attention to the events which occurred immediately after the English relieved the western outposts of Canada or New France. But this can be more acceptably done by first pointing out some of the incidents connected with the surrender of these forts by the French to their conquerors.

Canada had fallen. The long cherished hopes of the French to establish a permanent branch of Empire in the New World were now blighted, and their country, so recently full of promise and prosperity, was now humbled at the foot of the English throne. The capitulation was completed, and it only remained for the English to take possession of their conquests. Well might the bravest soldier shrink from this hazardous task, for many of the strongholds to be occupied were not only still in the hands of the French, but surrounded by clouds of warlike savages, eager to visit death and destruction upon the enemies of the defeated colony. Indeed the Indians, who from the beginning of the Old French War, had been the faithful allies of the French, were already uniting against the "red coats." They beheld the approaching ruin of their race, and resolved on the foolish attempt of driving the English from the country.

The forts yet to be occupied were Detroit, Michilimackinac and one or two others of less importance in the lake region. It was on the 12th of September, 1760, that Major Rogers received orders from Sir Jeffery Amherst to ascend the lakes with a detachment of rangers, and take possession of these

posts in the name of his Britannic Majesty. Accordingly he set out with two hundred soldiers in fifteen whale-boats, on the day following, and, after a troublesome journey, beset by storms and harassed by the severity of the weather, he reached the eastern end of Lake Erie. Here he was met by the deputies of the great Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas, and "lord and ruler of all that country." The chiefs ordered Rogers to halt, and commanded him to proceed no further until they had received permission from their Ottawa leader.

At this point we will turn for a moment to glance at this wonderful man. Pontiac was the son of an Ottawa chief, and by his valorous deeds, matchless eloquence and great force of character, had become exceedingly popular and influential among all the tribes in the vicinity of the great lakes. The Ottawas, Ojibwas and Pottawatomies were, at this time, united under a confederacy of which he was both civil and military leader; but his authority extended far beyond these tribes, and was almost unbounded wherever his voice could be heard. He did not owe his greatness to the fact that he was the son of a chief, for among the Indians many a chief's son sinks into insignificance among the common rabble of his tribe, while the offspring of a common warrior may succeed to his place. Personal merit alone can win the respect and obedience of the Indians. In the eyes of his numerous followers, no other person possessed more of this than Pontiac. Courage, resolution, wisdom and eloquence and good address had been the principal passports to his fame and distinction. His intellect was far-reaching, forcible and capacious. His energy and force of character, his great subtlety and craftiness, conspired to elicit the greatest admiration and respect from his wild and reckless followers.

Although possessed of all these high qualities, Pontiac was a thorough savage, and, as we shall see, capable of deeds of the blackest treachery. He was now in his fiftieth year, and in the prime of life. His mental and physical powers were unimpaired, and he stood forth the giant of his tribe in both intellect and endurance. In short, he was in every respect qualified to lead his savage people into the bloody contest which

followed. When deeds of lofty magnanimity best suited his purpose, Pontiac could respond from the generosity of his own nature, while, from the same source, he could supply the foulest stratagems.

During the long wars that had passed, he had been the constant friend and ally of the French, and had led his warriors to battle on many a hard-fought field in the interests of this people against the English. He commanded the Ottawa braves at the memorable defeat of Braddock, and in this contest he fully set forth his rare military skill and great craftiness. He had served the French officers in various capacities, and especially did he render them valuable aid as a leader of Indian warriors in the hour of their greatest peril. For these deeds he had received many marks of esteem from Montcalm, the brave commander of the French forces, who fell while defending Quebec in 1759.

Such was the man whose chiefs were now standing in the pathway of the English, at the eastern end of Lake Erie.

When the deputies had been assured by Rogers that their command would be respected, they returned to Pontiac, who soon after accompanied them on their return to the English camp. He greeted Rogers with two haughty questions, which were put in about the following language: "What is your business in this country? How dare you come here without my permission?" These stern demands had considerable effect upon the Major, but he concealed his emotions as far as possible, and appeared to be undaunted. His reply to Pontiac was that the French had been defeated, and that Canada had fallen into the hands of the English, and that he was on his way to take possession of Detroit, and restore a general peace. The great chief listened with attention, but appeared to be dissatisfied. His only reply was that he would consider the matter until morning, and then give them an answer. He ordered the English to proceed no further without his consent, and then withdrew with his chiefs to his own encampment.

A dark and gloomy night followed. The rangers had met their enemies face to face, and now as the shades of night gathered about them they began to suspect treachery. The night

was black and stormy, and the winds sang mournfully over the restless bodies of the half perishing soldiers. The guard was doubled in numbers, and instructed to give the alarm at the first sight of danger; but Rogers was happily disappointed. The night passed in perfect tranquility, except in the troubled minds and hearts of the suffering rangers.

With the dawn of the following day the clouds thinned and the weather became slightly improved. At an early hour Pontiac and his chiefs returned. The chief replied to the words of Rogers, saying that he was willing to live at peace with the English, and would suffer them to remain in his country only as long as they treated him with the respect and courtesy which his official station demanded. The Indian chiefs and Provincial officers then smoked the calumet together, and to the eye of the spectator a perfect harmony seemed to be established between them. But alas! it was doomed to a short existence. It would have been well had the English treated this powerful man with more respect; for by enraging him with insult, they brought an avalanche of savage warriors upon their defenseless settlements.

On the fifteenth of November the detachment reached the western end of Lake Erie, and encamped at the mouth of the Detroit river. Here they were informed that the Indians of Detroit were in arms ready to give them battle, and that four hundred warriors lay in ambush not more than half a mile distant. At this juncture Rogers turned to his new made friend for assistance. He requested Pontiac to send forward a deputation of his warriors to persuade the Indians to extend a peaceful reception to the English. The great chief complied, and, obedient to his word, the savages abandoned their designs. This accomplished the rangers continued their course towards Detroit.

The whale-boats passed slowly up the river until the rangers came within full view of the little fort and the Indian villages around it. They could see the French flag waving in the breeze over the ramparts of the fort, and, no doubt, they felt eager to supply its place by the Cross of St. George. Rogers landed his troops on the opposite side of the river, and pitched his

tents upon the meadow. He then crossed the river with two officers and a few soldiers, and summoned the French garrison to surrender. In obedience "the soldiers defiled upon the plain, and laid down their arms." The English flag was now unfolded, and in a few moments the British were in full possession of Detroit.

The Indians, to the number of nearly two thousand, witnessed this singular transfer with wonder and amazement. Why so few Englishmen should thus quietly disarm so many Frenchmen, was, to their savage minds, a question not easily solved. To say the least, it was, in the Indian's way of viewing it, a grand demonstration of English prowess. The surrender had scarcely been completed when all the savages present sent up a burst of triumphant yells, as if to declare that their sympathies were already with the conquerors.

Rogers took possession of Detroit on the 29th day of November, 1760. The French garrison was sent down the lake as prisoners, while the Canadian inhabitants were allowed to enjoy peaceful possession of their farms and dwellings on the condition of swearing allegiance to the British crown. Forts Miami and Onatauon were next relieved, but Michilimackinac and the adjacent posts were so far distant that, owing to the advanced season, they remained in the hands of the French till the following spring, when a small detachment took possession of them, and thus completed the work assigned to Major Rogers.

The English were now in full possession of their conquests, the Indians alone remaining to dispute their possessions.

## CHAPTER III.

THE WILDERNESS AND ITS INHABITANTS AT THE CLOSE OF THE FRENCH WAR—TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE—THE OUTPOSTS OF CIVILIZATION—THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WILDERNESS.

EVERY reader of American history will remember that, after the defeat of Braddock, the western tribes of Indians rose unanimously against the English. They had come to regard the "red coats" as intruders, and, misguided by the French, they believed the English had formed a design to drive them from the country. And now that their enemies had possessed themselves of Canada and the western outposts, the savages began to discern the approaching ruin of their race. It was at this period that the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania felt the scourge of Indian war. The onslaught extended into Maryland and Virginia, and a wide-spread havoc desolated the border settlements. During the whole summer and autumn of 1755 the slaughter raged with increasing fury. The western forests appeared to be alive with infuriated warriors, and day after day, and week after week, scalping parties sallied forth from its pathless depths, murdering women and children without mercy. The log cabin of the hard working pioneer disappeared in smoke and flame, while the frightened inmates, in attempting to escape the raging element, fell into the hands of the blood-thirsty savages. Thus continued the awful work of death and devastation, until, in 1756, the Indians, under various influences, laid down the hatchet. In the following year a treaty of peace was concluded between these Indians and the colonists, which also had a good result. This treaty, however, did not embrace the Indians of the Ohio, who comprised many of the bravest Delaware and Shawanoe warriors, and who still continued their murderous assaults until 1758,

when, hearing of the advance of General Forbes, and seeing that the French cause was utterly hopeless they accepted terms of peace. The Six Nations, however, were still unfriendly. At the outbreak of the war, they had manifested some signs of friendship, but the disasters which had attended the first campaign gave them a very poor idea of British prowess. They became still more disgusted with the English, when, on the following year, they beheld their defeat at Oswego. It is said that many of them fought with the French in this battle. But, fortunately, success favored the English in the succeeding contests. Du Quesne and Louisburg were taken, and the fierce Iroquois, seeing these achievements, went over to the side of the conquerers, and from that day, fought in the interests of the English. This was one of their greatest mistakes, for, with the fall of Canada their doom was sealed. They no longer held the balance of power between the rival colonies, and, being lightly regarded as allies, they were left to their own limited resources. The numerous tribes of the west, however, arrayed themselves on the side of the French, and fought in the interests of Canada through the whole war. At its conclusion they retired into the forests, where they remained inactive until called to battle by the voice of the mightiest of warriors—Pontiac, the Ottawa chief.

And now, before entering upon an account of that terrible contest, the Pontiac War, which makes the first part of our narrative, it will be proper to glance at that vast country which the Indians had resolved to wrest from the hands of their enemies. "One vast, continuous forest," says Francis Parkman, "shadowed the fertile soil, covering the land as the grass covers the garden lawn, sweeping over hill and hollow, in endless undulation, burying mountains in verdure, and mantling brooks and rivers from the light of day. Green intervals dotted with browsing deer, and broad plains blackened with buffalo, broke the sameness of the woodland scenery. Unnumbered rivers seamed the forest with their devious windings. Vast lakes washed its boundaries, where the Indian voyager, in his birch canoe, could descry no land beyond the world of waters. Yet this prolific wilderness, teeming with waste fer-

tility, was but a hunting ground and a battle field to a few fierce hordes of savages. Here and there, in some rich meadow opened to the sun, the Indian squaws turned the black mould with their rude implements of bone or iron, and sowed their scanty stores of maize and beans. Human labor drew no other tribute from that inexhaustable soil."

The population, consisting almost entirely of Indians, was so thin and scattered that sometimes one might travel for whole weeks without meeting a human form. Kentucky was but a "skirmishing ground for the hostile tribes of the north and south;" while in many parts of the lake region hundreds of square miles were inhabited only by wild beasts. At the close of the French War, the Indian population of the whole northwest did not exceed thirty thousand. Out of this number there were not more than ten thousand fighting men. Yet this army, when detached and scattered after the Indian customs of warfare, was all that the English could master.

The condition of the savages had changed, although, perhaps, it was but little improved. Onondaga, the capital of the Iroquois, where their council fires had been kindled from time out of mind, was no longer a place of great importance. The ancient council house of bark was still to be seen, but its deserted appearance bespoke the fall of the Six Nations. Their other villages presented a similar spectacle. Everywhere civilization had worked evil for the savages. It was true that the use of firearms aided them in the chase, but all the advantage of the arts could not atone for the evils of rum. "High up the Susquehanna were seated the Northcokes, Conoys, and Mohicans, with a portion of the Delawares. Detached bands of the western Iroquois dwelt upon the headwaters of the Alleghany, mingled with their neighbors, the Delawares, who had several villages upon this stream. The great body of the latter nation, however, lived upon the Beaver creeks and the Muskingum in numerous scattered towns and hamlets." In each village might have been seen one large building of better style than the rest. This was devoted to festivals, dances, and public meetings.

Along the Sciota were the lodges of the Shawanoes. To the

westward, along the banks of the Wabash and the Maumee dwelt the Miamas. The Illinois were scattered and degraded. Having early met the French traders, they became addicted to the habit of drinking, and soon sank from their native purity into a wretched degeneracy. There was no tribe in the whole lake region which adapted itself to the customs of civilization with better results than the Wyandot family. At this time their villages along the Detroit, and in the vicinity of Sandusky, presented a clean and tidy appearance. They were husbandmen of considerable industry, and their name ranked high in war and policy.

The English settlements were scattered along the eastern seaboard on a narrow strip of land bordered on the west by a dense forest. At this time Albany, N. Y., was, by far, the largest frontier town. It was from this place that traders or soldiers bound for the lake region, or the wilds of the great west, set out on their hazardous journey. These hardy adventurers would embark in a canoe, ascend the Mohawk, pass the old Dutch town of Schenectady, Fort Hunter and Fort Herkimer, finally reaching Fort Stanwix, at the head of the river navigation. They would then pass overland to Wood creek, carrying their canoes. Here they would embark, and by following its winding course, arrive at the Royal Blockhouse. At this point they entered the waters of the Oneida. Crossing its western extremity, and passing under the wooden ramparts of Fort Brewerton, they would descend the river Oswego, to the town of the same name, on the banks of Lake Ontario. Here the vast navigation of the lakes would be open before them.

The principal trail from the middle colonies to the Indian country was from Philadelphia westward, mounting the Alleghanies, and descending to the valley of the Ohio. As soon as peace had been established, after the war between the colonies, adventurous fur traders hastened over the mountains, hoping to become rich in the traffic of the wilderness markets, and forgetting the dangers with which they were surrounding themselves. These pioneer merchants would transport their merchandise on the backs of horses, threading the forests and

fording streams for many miles into the unknown wilderness of the Indian country. They were a rough, bold, yet happy set of men, and often as fierce and as fond of war and adventure as the savages themselves. They wore but little dress. A blanket coat, or a frock of smoked deer skin, a rifle on the shoulder, and a knife and tomahawk in the belt, formed their ordinary equipment. The principal trader, "the owner of the merchandise, would fix his headquarters at some large Indian town, whence he would dispatch his subordinates to the surrounding villages, with a suitable supply of blankets and red cloth, guns and hatchets, liquor, tobacco, paint, beads and hawk's bills." This traffic was attended with every description of irregularity. Rivalism, robbery and murder were frequent results; and, when it is considered that these adventurers were in a country where neither law nor morals had any foothold, such conduct will hardly be wondered at.

A visit to the more remote tribes of the Mississippi valley was attended with still greater risk. No Englishman, however, attempted this hazardous journey without losing his scalp, until several years after the conquest of Canada. The traveler bound to this region generally descended the Ohio in a canoe. "He might float," says Francis Parkman, "for more than eleven hundred miles down this liquid highway of the wilderness, and, except the deserted cabins of Logstown, a little below Fort Pitt, the remnant of a Shawnoe village at the mouth of the Sciota, and an occasional hamlet or solitary wigwam along the luxuriant banks, he would discern no trace of human habitancy through all this vast extent." The body of the Indian population lay to the north on the tributaries of this river, but scattering war parties were often to be encountered in this region. The traveler needed to exercise the greatest caution. If, perchance, he observed the blue smoke curling above the green bosom of the forest, betraying the camping ground of some war party, his light canoe was drawn into some hiding place on the bank of the river. When darkness closed in, the adventurer would again embark and float along in safety.

In the southern portion of the present state of Illinois were

to be seen the old French outposts, Kaskaskia, Cahokia and Vincennes. From the latter the traveler could paddle his canoe up the Wabash until he reached the little village of Ouatauon. From this point a trail led through the forest to the Maumee, where stood Fort Miami. This is the spot where Fort Wayne was afterwards built. From this Fort the traveler might descend the Maumee river to Lake Erie. Here he would have Sandusky on the right, or, further north, through the strait of Detroit, he would pass Fort Detroit, and enter the watery wastes of the northern lakes. Farther east, beyond the Alleghany, were Forts Presque Isle, Le Boeuf and Venango.

I have thus briefly pointed out the western outposts of civilization as they were to be found soon after the conquest of Canada, or at the commencement of the Pontiac War. We will now glance at the Indians in their military capacity, and see to what extent they were prepared to prosecute the war into which they were about to plunge.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIANS PREPARING FOR WAR — PONTIAC AND HIS AMBASSADORS — THE COUNCIL AT THE RIVER ECORCES — PLAN FOR THE REDUCTION OF DETROIT — THE CONSPIRACY.

ALTHOUGH the Indians of the Northwest were poorly qualified to engage in a war with the English, they had good reasons for commencing it. A defeat could not be much worse than the insults to which they were every day subjected, and to stand quietly by and see their best hunting grounds invaded by English settlers, was not to be endured by Indian warriors who could boast as brave and sagacious a leader as Pontiac. The French missionaries and fur-traders who had formerly come among them, gave but little cause for alarm. These adventurers were, for the most part, satisfied with the proceeds of a traffic with the savages, or with telling them the story of the Cross; but it was not so with the English. He was essentially a husbandman, and for half a league around his little hut he claimed exclusive rights to the resources of the territory. When the Indian invaded these limits, he was treated with a haughty opposition, and ordered away. Thus the red men beheld the rapidly approaching ruin of their race, and hastened to avert it. Pontiac, whose penetrating mind could reach farthercst into the annals of coming events, warned those around him of the danger of allowing the English to make permanent settlements in their country, and counseled the tribes to unite, in one great effort, against their common foe. He did not support the common idea which prevailed among the infuriated Indians, of driving the English into the Atlantic ocean, for he well knew their military skill and power; but being persuaded by the French that the King of France was at that time advancing up the St. Lawrence with a mighty army, he resolved

to lead his warriors to battle with a view to restoring the French power in Canada, and to check the English in their progress westward.

Resolved on this course, Pontiac, at the close of the year 1762, sent out deputies to all the tribes. "They visited the country of the Ohio," says Parkman, "passed northward to the region of the Upper Lakes, and the wild borders of the river Ottawa, and far southward to the mouth of the Mississippi. Bearing with them the belt of wampum, broad and long as the importance of the message demanded, and the tomahawk stained red in token of war, they went from camp to camp, and village to village. Wherever they appeared the sachems and old men assembled to hear the words of the great Pontiac. Then the head chief of the embassy flung down the tomahawk on the ground before them, and holding the war belt in his hand, delivered with vehement gesture, word for word, the speech with which he was charged." Everywhere the speech was received with approval, the hatchet taken up, and the auditors stood pledged, according to the Indian custom, to aid in the projected war.

The onslaught was to begin in the following month of May. Each tribe was to surprise the garrison in his own immediate neighborhood, slaughter the soldiers, and then with a united effort all were to turn against the defenseless frontier settlements.

The reader will here be anxious to know the names of those nations who thus eagerly united under Pontiac against the English. With a few unimportant exceptions, they comprised the whole Algonquin family, the Wyandots, the Senecas, and several tribes of the lower Mississippi. Of the Six Nations, the Senecas were the only nation who joined in the league. The other five nations remained neutral, it is said, through the timely influence of Sir William Johnson.

Although on the very eve of an outbreak, the savages concealed their design with impenetrable secrecy. They continued to visit the various forts, and to solicit tobacco, amunition and whisky in their usual manner. Now and then, enraged by English insolence, they would threaten the officers with the

approaching slaughter, but beyond this, and with a single exception, the great conspiracy was unknown to the English until it burst forth in death and devastation. "On one occasion," says the author from whom I have just quoted, "the plot was nearly discovered. Early in March, 1763, Ensign Holmes, commanding at Fort Miami, was told by a friendly Indian, that the warriors in a neighboring village had lately received a war belt, with a message urging them to destroy him and his garrison, and that this they were preparing to do." The commandant summoned the Indians together and openly charged them with their design. They confessed to the truthfulness of the report, declared that the plot had originated with a neighboring tribe, and promised to abandon it. Holmes communicated information of this affair to Major Gladwyn of Detroit, who regarded it merely in the light of an ordinary Indian outbreak, and, believing that it would soon pass away, he took no notice of it. With the approach of spring, the Indians, returning from the chase, began to congregate in small parties around the different forts. They were unusually reserved, seldom going into the forts, and encamping a short distance from them, in the edges of the woods. They were now rapidly preparing to strike the blow so long meditated by Pontiac, and the hour of treachery and massacre was nigh. They were by no means prepared for a successful war on their part, but, true to the Indian character, they loved the war-path, and all were now anxious to enter upon it. "While there was little risk that they would capture any strong and well fortified fort, or carry any important position, there was, on the other hand, every reason to apprehend wide-spread havoc, and a destructive war of detail. That the war might be carried on with vigor and effect, it was the part of the Indian leaders to work upon the passions of their people, and keep alive the feeling of irritation; to whet their native appetite for blood and glory, and cheer them on to the attack; to guard against all that might quench their ardor, or abate their fierceness; to avoid pitched battles; never to fight except under advantage, and to avail themselves of all aid which surprise, craft and treachery could afford." The English colonies, at this time,

having just emerged from a long and costly war with Canada, were not in a position to meet this Indian outbreak without suffering largely from its consequences. Their little army was disorganized, and there remained hardly troops enough to garrison the feeble western outposts against which Pontiac's war was now to be desperately waged. Sir William Johnson stood at the head of this inadequate force. He was then ripe in military renown, and, withal, well qualified for the task which was thus unexpectedly thrust upon him. "The command," says an able writer, "could not have been intrusted to better hands, and the results of the war, lamentable as they were, would have been much more disastrous but for his promptness and vigor, and, above all, his judicious selection of those to whom he confided the execution of his orders."

At this period the western wilderness presented an interesting scene. Everywhere Indians were preparing for the war. The war dance was celebrated in a hundred villages, and chiefs and warriors, painted and adorned, stood ready for the onset. To begin the war, however, was reserved by Pontiac as his own special privilege. In the spring of 1763, his great conspiracy was mature, and he summoned the chiefs and warriors of all the tribes in the newly formed league to a war council. The sachems met on the banks of the Ecorces river, Detroit, near whither Pontiac had gone to welcome them. Band after band of painted warriors came struggling in until the forest was alive with restless savages, for nearly a mile up and down the little stream. It was, indeed, an important event for the red man. At frequent intervals during the year just passed, he had heard the words of the great Ottawa chief, as delivered by his deputies. Now they had met this wonderful man face to face. He who, through his diligent ambassadors had united all the tribes of the Algonquin family under a confederacy, equal in democratic scope to that of the far-famed Six Nations, was now to speak to many of his subjects for the first time. He was to tell them, in true Indian eloquence, the story of their approaching ruin; he was to uncover the selfish policy of the English, and point to the only means by which they could revive their declining prowess; he was to stand forth before his savage auditors

and verify, by matchless power of word and gesture, the thrilling story of his greatness, which had been passed from village to village on the tongues of his light-footed messengers; he was this day to prove himself the mightiest among a thousand haughty, jealous savage warriors. Truly, the occasion was an exciting one for the assembled tribes. All waited patiently to hear the words of the famous Ottawa chief.

This council took place on the 27th of April, 1763. "On that morning," says a reliable writer, "several old men, the heralds of the camp, passed to and fro among the lodges, calling the warriors in a loud voice to attend the meeting. In accordance with the summons, they came issuing from their cabins—the tall, naked figures of the wild Ojibwas, with quivers slung at their backs, and light war clubs resting in the hollow of their arms; Ottawas, wrapped close in their gaudy blankets; Wyandots, fluttering in painted shirts, their heads adorned with feathers and their leggins garnished with bells." All were soon seated in a wide circle upon the grass, row within row, a mighty and warlike assembly. Each savage countenance wore an expression of gravity. Pipes, with ornamented stems, were lighted and passed from hand to hand, until all had "smoked together in harmony."

Then Pontiac came forth from his lodge, and walked forward into the midst of the council. He was a man of medium height, with a grandly proportioned muscular figure, and an address well calculated to win the admiration and respect of the savage heart. His complexion was rather dark for an Indian, and his features wore a bold and stern expression, while his bearing was imperious and peremptory. His only attire was that of the primitive savage—a scanty cincture girt about his loins, and his long, black hair flowing loosely at his back—excepting the plumes and decorations of the war dress. "Looking round upon his wild auditors," says Parkman, "he began to speak, with fierce gesture and loud, impassioned voice; and at every pause, deep gutteral ejaculations of assent and approval responded to his words."

He gave a full and eloquent exposure of the English policy towards the Indians; spoke of the French in high terms, and

contrasted them with the "red coats." He recounted the many insults which he and his followers had received at the hands of the British commandant at Detroit, and ably set forth the danger that would arise were the English allowed to continue their settlements in the West. He said that their enemies had conquered Canada, and were now about to turn upon the Indians and slaughter them without mercy. Already their best hunting grounds had been invaded by their settlers, and, if this was continued, it would not be long before they would be crowded from their homes altogether. Then he took up a broad belt of wampum, saying that he had received it from his great father, the King of France, in token that he had heard the voice of his red children, and was on his way to aid them in a war against the English, and to restore Canada to the French. When he had fully wrought upon their savage minds by setting forth all their grievances and complaints, and declaring that a desperate war was the only means by which they could be removed, he addressed himself to their superstitions, by telling the following curious story: "A Delaware Indian conceived an eager desire to learn wisdom from the Master of Life; but, being ignorant where to find him, he had recourse to fasting, dreaming and magical incantations. By these means it was revealed to him that by moving forward in a straight, undeviating course, he would reach the abode of the Great Spirit. He told his purpose to no one, and having provided the equipments of a hunter—gun, powder-horn, ammunition and kettle for preparing his food—he set forth on his errand. For some time he journeyed on in high hope and confidence. On the evening of the eighth day, he stopped by the side of a brook at the edge of a small prairie, where he begun to make ready his evening meal, when, looking up, he saw three large openings in the woods on the opposite side of the meadow, and three well-beaten paths which entered them. He was much surprised, but his wonder was increased when after it had grown dark, the three paths were more clearly visible than ever. Remembering the important object of his journey, he could neither rest nor sleep, and, leaving his fire, he crossed the meadow, and entered the largest of the three openings. He

had advanced but a short distance into the forest, when a bright flame sprang out of the ground before him and arrested his steps. In great amazement he turned back, and entered the second path, where the same wonderful phenomenon again encountered him; and now in terror and bewilderment, yet still resolved to persevere, he pursued the last of the three paths. On this he journeyed a whole day without interruption, when at length, emerging from the forest, he saw before him a vast mountain of dazzling whiteness. So precipitous was the assent that the Indian thought it hopeless to go further, and looked around him in despair; at that moment he saw, seated at some distance above, the figure of a beautiful woman arrayed in white, who arose as he looked upon her, and thus accosted him: 'How can you hope, encumbered as you are, to succeed in your design? Go down to the foot of the mountain, throw away your gun, your ammunition, your provisions and your clothing; wash yourself in the stream which flows there, and you will then be prepared to stand before the Master of Life.' The Indian obeyed, and again began to ascend among the rocks, while the woman, seeing him still discouraged, laughed at his faintness of heart, and told him that if he wished for success, he must climb, by the aid of one hand and one foot only. After great toil and suffering, he at length found himself at the summit. The woman had disappeared, and he was left alone. A rich and beautiful plain lay before him, and at a little distance he saw three great villages, far superior to the squalid dwellings of the Delawares. As he approached the largest, and stood hesitating whether he should enter, a man, gorgeously attired, stepped forth, and, taking him by the hand, welcomed him to the celestial abode. He then conducted him into the presence of the Great Spirit, where the Indian stood confounded at the unspeakable splendor which surrounded him. The Great Spirit bade him be seated, and thus addressed him: 'I am the Maker of heaven and earth, the trees, lakes, rivers and all things else. I am the Maker of mankind, and because I love you, you must do my will. The land on which you live I have made for you, and not for others. Why do you suffer the white men to dwell among you? My children, you

have forgotten the customs and traditions of your forefathers. Why do you not clothe yourselves in skins, as they did, and use the bows and arrows, and the stone-pointed lances which they used? You have bought guns, knives, kettles and blankets from the white men, until you can no longer do without them; and what is worse, you have drunk the poison fire-water which turns you into fools. Fling all these things away; live as your wise forefathers lived before you. And as for these English—these dogs dressed in red who have come to rob you of your hunting grounds, and drive away the game—you must lift the hatchet against them. Wipe them from the face of the earth, and then you will win my favor back again, and once more be happy and prosperous. The children of your great father, the King of France, are not like the English. Never forget that they are your brethren. They are very dear to me, for they love the red men, and understand the true mode of worshiping me.'

"The Great Spirit then instructed the Delaware in matters of religion, and bade him return to the earth and tell all that he had seen and heard."

Such was the legend with which Pontiac closed his great war speech. All present listened to him with great interest, and at its close each warrior was eager to attack the British fort. But the Ottawa chief counseled them to desist for the present. He wished to establish order and method at the beginning, so as to insure success to their arms. He told them that on the second of the following month he would gain admittance to the fort at Detroit, with a party of his warriors, on pretence of dancing the calumet dance before the garrison; that they would observe the strength of the place, and summon another council immediately afterwards.

On the day appointed Pontiac, with about forty Ottawa warriors, appeared at the gate of the fort and asked admittance for the purpose of dancing the calumet before the garrison. At first Gladwyn refused, but, after considerable hesitation, he gave his consent, and the Indians were admitted. They immediately began the celebrated dance, and were soon surrounded by the soldiers who were highly amused with their perform

ances. During the dance, some ten of the Indians who took no part in it, walked leisurely through the fort, observing everything it contained. At the conclusion of the dance, all withdrew peaceably.

A few days after, a council was held in the Pottawatomie village. Here there had been erected a large bark structure for the purpose of public meetings, and in this more than a hundred warriors seated themselves, and began to pass the time-honored pipe from hand to hand. Pontiac soon appeared in their midst. He addressed himself to the assembled chiefs, urging them to take up arms against the English, and closed by submitting the following plan for the reduction of Detroit: "He would demand a council with the commandant concerning matters of great importance, and on this pretext he flattered himself that he and his principal chiefs would gain ready admittance within the fort. They were all to carry weapons concealed beneath their blankets. While in the act of addressing the commandant in the council room, Pontiac was to make a certain sign, upon which the chiefs were to raise the war-whoop, rush upon the officers present, and strike them down. The other Indians waiting meanwhile at the gate, or loitering among the houses, on hearing the yells and firing within the building, were to assail the astonished and half-armed soldiers, and thus Detroit would fall an easy prey." The plan was eagerly adopted.

## CHAPTER V.

A GLIMPSE AT FORT DETROIT IN 1763—THE CONSPIRACY—THE TREACHERY OF PONTIAC—HIS PLOT REVEALED—THE SAVAGES BAFFLED—MURDER OF ENGLISH SETTLERS—THE SIEGE COMMENCED—THE ASSAULT—GLADWYN OFFERS PEACE—PONTIAC REFUSES—DEPARTURE OF MAJOR CAMPBELL TO THE OTTAWA CAMP—HIS WARNING.

AT THIS point I will interrupt the narrative, and look in, for a moment, upon the little trading post of Detroit. This post, originally called Fort Pontchartrain, was established by La Matte Cadillac, in 1701. It continued to be a French trading post of considerable importance until its transfer to the English, when, according to Maj. Rogers, it contained about twenty-five hundred inhabitants. The dwellings in the settlement extended for some distance up and down the western bank of the river. In the centre stood the little fort, containing about one hundred houses, and surrounded by a palisade. The settlement, at this time, extended for nearly ten miles along the river, and presented quite a tidy and comfortable appearance. Each dwelling had its orchard and garden, and both were enclosed together by a palisade of rounded pickets. Near the fort were three large Indian villages. The Pottawatomies were located a little below the fort on the same side of the river, and nearly opposite, on what is now termed the "Canada side," were the lodges of the Wyandots, and on the same side, at a considerable distance up the river was the home of Pontiac and his brave warriors.

At the time of which I write, 1763, this post was garrisoned by British regulars and Provincial rangers. Its form was almost square, and the palisade which surrounded it was about twenty-five feet high. A block-house was erected over each

gateway. Besides the barracks, the only public buildings were a council house and a little church. The garrison consisted of about one hundred and twenty soldiers, with, perhaps, half as many fur-traders. Two small armed schooners, the Beaver and the Gladwyn, lay anchored in the stream, and several light pieces of artillery were mounted in the bastions. Such was Detroit in the spring of 1763, when Pontiac and his wild warriors formed a plot for its reduction.

"On the afternoon of the 5th of May," says Parkman, "a Canadian woman crossed over to the western side and visited the Ottawa village to obtain from the Indians a supply of maple sugar and venison. She was surprised at finding several of the warriors engaged in filing off the muzzles of their guns, so as to reduce them, stock and all, to the length of about one yard." This woman reported what she had seen to the settlers who, in turn, communicated the information to Major Gladwyn, but he took no notice of it.

But according to tradition, the commandant received information of the design of Pontiac in another way. In the Pottawatomie village dwelt an Ojibwa girl, called Catherine, who was very beautiful. She had attracted Gladwyn's attention, and he had become very intimate with her. On the afternoon of the sixth of May, she came to the fort, and visited Gladwyn's quarters, bringing with her a pair of slippers which he had requested her to make. She manifested something unusual in her manner, and Gladwyn pressed her to tell him the cause of it, and, after great reluctance, she unveiled the terrible conspiracy. "To-morrow," she said, "Pontiac will come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs. Each will be armed with a gun, cut short, and hidden under his blanket. Pontiac will demand to hold a council, and after he has delivered his speech, he will offer a peace belt of wampum, holding it in a reversed position. This will be the sign of attack. The chiefs will spring up and fire upon the officers, and the Indians in the street will fall upon the garrison. Every Englishman will be killed, but not the scalp of a single Frenchman will be taken."

Whether this tradition be true or false, it is evident that the British commandant received secret information on the evening

of the sixth of May, that an attempt would be made on the seventh to capture the fort and slaughter the garrison. He summoned the officers to his room and told them what he had heard. The garrison was immediately ordered under arms, and all the officers prepared to spend the night upon the ramparts. During the whole night an anxious watch was maintained, but nothing disturbed the quiet of the little fort save the wild Indian yells, as they were borne on the night wind from the distant Ottawa camp-fires.

At an earlier hour than usual on the following morning, the open space west of the fort was thronged with savages. They had, to all appearances, assembled for a general game of ball. Warriors, men, women and children, adorned with all the gaudy finery of paint, beads and feathers, moved restlessly to and fro, while the principal chiefs and warriors passed through the open gates into the fort. Presently the garrison observed a number of canoes crossing the river from the eastern shore. These contained the great Ottawa leader and his sixty braves, although to the eyes of the soldiers only three persons were visible in each. They had concealed themselves by lying flat in the bottom of the canoes, so as not to attract attention.

The garrison now prepared itself for the emergency. At ten o'clock, Pontiac and his chiefs reached the fort, and thronged the gateway with their painted forms. They were admitted, for Gladwyn had resolved to teach them that he despised their hostility. As they entered, ranks of armed soldiers greeted them on either side, and everywhere they could read the total ruin of their plot. As the warriors passed along the narrow street towards the council house, the measured tap of of the drum indicated that all was ready within the fort to receive them. Reaching the council house they found Major Gladwyn and his officers awaiting their arrival. Here, too, Pontiac found every one armed. After much reluctance, the warriors seated themselves, and their leader demanded to know why so many persons were standing in the street with their guns. The commandant replied that he had ordered the soldiers under arms for the purpose of exercise and discipline.

After the usual delay, Pontiac rose, and, holding in his hand

the wampum belt with which he was to have made the signal, he addressed Gladwyn, declaring that they were still friendly to the English, and that he had come with his chiefs to "smoke the pipe of peace and brighten the chain of friendship." The officers watched him with deep interest, for they feared that, although he knew his designs had been detected, he might still attempt to accomplish them. It is said that at one time he raised the belt for the purpose of giving the fatal signal, but at that instant Gladwyn made a slight sign, whereupon a terrifying clash of arms, and the drum rolling the charge, sounded from the passage without. At this dreadful moment Pontiac stood like one confounded. Seeing the utter ruin of his plot, he sat down in despair. After the usual pause Gladwyn rose and made a very brief reply. He told the chiefs that they should be treated with friendship and protection as long as they deserved it, and threatened ample vengeance for the first act of aggression. The council then broke up, the gates of the fort were thrown open, and the warriors allowed to depart.

Some writers have censured Gladwyn for not detaining the warriors, and in this way prevented the terrible war which followed, but as they had not, as yet, been guilty of open violence, the commandant feared that, should he arrest them, the act might be regarded as cowardly. On the other hand he was ignorant as to the real nature of the plot. Regarding it as an ordinary piece of Indian treachery, he supposed the whole affair would soon pass away or be forgotten.

Pontiac, baffled in his wicked design, retired to his own village. No doubt the great chief was deeply mortified. Nevertheless he was determined to persevere. He first attempted to convince the English that the reports of his plot, which had been carried to their ears, were false. For this purpose he visited the fort with three of his chiefs, taking with him the sacred calumet, or pipe of peace. Handing it to Major Gladwyn he said: "My father, evil birds have sung lies in your ears. We that stand before you are friends of the English. We love them as our brothers, and, to prove our love, we have come this day to smoke the pipe of peace." When the warriors left the council room, Pontiac presented Capt. Campbell with this

highly-prized pipe, no doubt hoping to persuade the commandant that he was sincere in his assurances of friendship.

This done, he withdrew to the Pottawatomie village and summoned the chiefs to another council. Early on the following morning, the ninth of May, the common behind the fort was once more thronged with Indians, and Pontiac, advancing from among the multitude, walked up to the gate of the fort and demanded admission. The gate was barred against him. The great chief wished to know why he could not enter, and Gladwyn replied that as for as him (Pontiac) he might enter, but the multitude he had brought with him must remain outside. Being again thwarted, the great chief turned from the gate, and walked rapidly away, manifesting signs of anger. In a few moments the garrison observed the warriors running, in great numbers, towards the house of a poor old English woman, who lived, with her family, on the outskirts of the common. It was now plain that the work of slaughter had begun. The enraged warriors, reaching the wretched hut, beat in the doors, and rushed in, as if eager to commence their bloody work. A moment more and the shrill scalp yell told the story of the first massacre of the Pontiac war. The flow of English blood thus begun, increased day after day until the whole lake region was stained with human gore. The threatening clouds grew blacker. The anger of the Indians increased, and band after band of wild, ferocious warriors roved east and west, north and south, murdering every English man, woman and child whom fate brought in their pathway. The pen refuses to describe the scenes of horrifying massacre which followed. Death, torture, adventure, hair-breadth escape, cannibalism, treachery and untold suffering make up the heart-rending catalogue.

Shocking as it may seem, it is my aim, in this narrative, to present these revolting outbursts of indiscriminate slaughter, each in their turn, as they appear in the long, dark annals of border warfare.

The breath had scarcely left the bodies of this unfortunate family, when the blood-thirsty warriors, with bleeding scalps fluttering from their sides, rushed furiously towards the river.

Here, leaping into their canoes, they pushed out into the stream and paddled vigorously in the direction of Isle au Cochon, where dwelt an Englishman by the name of Fisher. Having already observed the danger of his situation, he hid himself, and when the warriors reached the Island he was not to be seen. They soon dragged him forth from his insecure abode, murdered him on the spot, and, lifting his scalp, they sent up a thousand triumphant yells, which were swiftly borne to the ears of the terror-stricken garrison, upon the lake breeze.

Tradition relates a curious tale regarding the body of Fisher. On the day after his murder several Frenchmen of Detroit went over to the Island and buried the body. A few days after one of the party returned to the spot, where he beheld the death-cold hands of the dead man thrust above the ground in an attitude of eager entreaty. Having once more buried the corpse deep in the earth, he returned, filled with awe and wonder. A few days after he returned, with several Canadians, and found the hands of the murdered man protruding as before. They now hastened, horror stricken, to the priest, and related all that they had seen. The good father hastened to the spot and sprinkled it with holy water, and performed over it the neglected burial rites, and from thenceforth the body of the murdered Englishman slept in peace. This tradition, I believe, was preserved in the St. Aubin manuscript, and given as undoubted truth.

It should be recorded that Pontiac bore no part in these brutal murders. Seeing his plan to capture the fort defeated, he strode off from his warriors towards the river, in great anger. So enraged was the great chief that even his bravest followers dare not approach him. He embarked in his canoe, and, with a few vigorous strokes of his paddle, he crossed the river to his own village. As he neared the river's bank he shouted to the inmates of the village, and all came quickly out at the sound of his powerful voice. Pontiac pointed across the river, and "ordered that all should prepare to move the camp to the western shore, that the river might no longer interpose a barrier between his followers and the English." All labored diligently to obey him, and before evening everything was

ready for embarkation. Meanwhile the warriors were arriving from their bloody work of murder, until at nightfall, nearly all had returned.

They now prepared for the war-dance. Pontiac, like a maddened lion, hideous with war paint, leaped into the centre of the ring, and with thrilling gesture and thundering voice, recounted his own martial exploits and denounced the English. He was soon joined by nearly a thousand wild followers, who, by leaping and yelping, and cutting the air with their knives, and relating their own deeds of bravery, declared themselves ready to follow the great Ottawa war chief to battle against the English. When this grand demonstration was over, the work of moving commenced, and when the morning dawned the whole Ottawa village was snugly settled down on the western bank of the Detroit river, just above Parent's Creek, afterwards appropriately called Bloody Run, on account of the terrible slaughter which it witnessed.

But the work of death and massacre, meanwhile, continued. Two English officers, named Sir Robert Davers and Captain Robertson, had been waylaid and murdered near lake St. Clair and their scalps had been borne in triumph to the camp of the Ottawa chief. With the news of this massacre, the garrison also received information that Pontiac had been joined by an immense war party of the Ojibwas, who had come from Saginaw to assist in the reduction of Detroit. It was true, now, that the war had really begun, and Gladwyn, for the first time, realized his perilous situation. Every Englishman in the fort, no matter whether trader or soldier, was ordered under arms. Sleep was banished from every eye, and the nervous commandant himself walked the ramparts throughout the entire night. There was no sound of alarm until the dawn, when, breaking forth from the surrounding forests, came an avalanche of savage warriors, yelling the war whoop, naked and painted for the fight. There was no time to spare. Ottawas, Ojibwas, Pottawatomies, and Wyandots, all had united, and their chances of success were a great source of terror to the hapless garrison. The bullets rapped hard and fast against the palisades, as the soldiers hastened to their posts. The attack was

kept up till noon, when the warriors, seeing the utter folly of their effort, retired, leaving the garrison once more in peace. During the assault five men were wounded in the fort, while the cautious savages had almost entirely escaped injury, although a steady fire was kept up by the soldiers.

Gladwyn hastened to take advantage of this temporary cessation of hostilities. His garrison was in great want of supplies, and he opened negotiations for a peace with Pontiac. hoping to obtain necessaries under cover of it. For this purpose he dispatched the interpreter, La Butte, and two Canadians, named Godfrey and Chapeton, to hold a council with Pontiac. On reaching the camp the deputation was received with great kindness by the Ottawa chief. La Butte informed him that the British commandant was ready to redress any real grievance of which he might complain. The two Canadians labored hard to dissuade Pontiac from pursuing the war, but to no purpose. He treated them with courtesy, but stood as firm as a rock in his determination to prosecute the siege. At length the cunning war-chief declared that he was in favor of a lasting peace, and desired to hold a council with the Englishmen themselves, with a view to this end. To the Canadians, Pontiac's proposition appeared to be fair, and they returned to the fort with information accordingly. At first Gladwyn suspected treachery, but Major Campbell was of the opinion that no danger need be apprehended, and urged the commandant to comply with the request. After considerable reluctance Gladwyn complied, and Campbell left the fort, in company with Lieut. McDougal and several Canadians, among whom was the interpreter already mentioned. They had not gone twenty yards from the fort when they were met by a Frenchman, named Gouin, who informed them that they were advancing into the lion's jaws, but Campbell, once set out on his mission, would not return.

## CHAPTER VI.

PONTIAC'S TREACHERY — CAMPBELL AND MCDOUGAL MADE PRISONERS — SCARCITY OF PROVISIONS IN THE FORT — PERILOUS SITUATION OF THE GARRISON — CONTINUATION OF THE SIEGE — PONTIAC SUMMONS THE GARRISON TO SURRENDER — GLADWYN REFUSES — COMPLAINTS OF THE FRENCH — PONTIAC'S POLICY.

CAMPBELL and his compainions passed up the river road, crossed the little bridge over Parent's Creek, and soon came in full view of the Ottawa village. As soon as the Indians observed their red coats on the summit of the little hill they sent up a burst of triumphant yells, as if they expected soon to shed more English blood, and there can be but little doubt that the officers would have been scalped, had not Pontiac stepped forward, and, by his imperious voice, commanded the savages to remain quiet. The great chief advanced and took Campbell by the hand and welcomed him; and then, turning round, led the way to his lodge, followed by the officers and the interpreter. The chief halted at the entrance of a large lodge, and, pointing to some mats at the farther end, he signalled the officers to enter. As soon as they had been seated the lodge was thronged with warriors. Campbell and McDougal were now in the hands of their enemies; their lives depended alone upon the generosity of Pontiac. All the savages present were eager to kill them on the spot, but the Ottawa chief, perhaps, remembered that when he and his warriors were in the hands of the garrison, a few days previous, detected in their treachery, they were treated in mercy, and protected from injury and insult. The garrison waited, with much anxiety, the return of the officers, until quite late in the evening, when the interpreter returned to the fort with the information that Campbell and McDougal had both been made prisoners by Pontiac.

The Ottawa chief, resolved on continuing the war, inaugurated a regular system. Having secured the full co-operation of the Wyandots, he made an improved disposition of his forces. A detachment of the Pottawatomies were sent down the river a short distance, where they were to surprise and capture any reinforcements or supplies that might be advancing to the relief of the fort; others was ordered to conceal themselves in the woods in the rear of the fort, to prevent any advance from that direction; another band were directed to conceal themselves as near to the fort as possible, and to shoot down any soldier or Englishman who might expose himself when no general attack was in progress. This work of detail and preparation was continued until the twelfth of May, when the warriors, under the immediate direction of Pontiac himself, surrounded the fort and made another desperate assault, which was continued, without intermission, from dawn till evening.

Leaving the events outside, let us look in upon the condition of the little garrison. Their commander was now fully convinced that a general Indian outbreak had begun, and, in the face of the danger which presented itself on every hand, he was forced to ask the advice of those around him. Therefore, on the evening of the twelfth, all the officers in the fort met to consider what course of action was best to adopt. It was a desperate moment. Only the darkness had forced the savages from the attack, and with the dawn of the following day, the assault would be resumed with increased vigor. Such, however, was the conviction of the weary garrison.

Major Gladwyn was a brave officer, well qualified for this emergency. Should the fort be taken, every Englishman within its palisade would be tomahawked; and, in the light of the probable success of the Indians in their attempt to capture the place, it would seem that there would be but one opinion in this council—that of the expediency of embarking and sailing for Niagara. Indeed, all, except the courageous Gladwyn, advised this course; but that officer, although half convinced that the savages would succeed, was unwilling to desert his post.

But there were other considerations of great importance,

which, no doubt, had their weight in advising the garrison to abandon the fort. Their provisions were nearly exhausted, and, at the fartherest, would not last more than three weeks. In this short space of time, since a multitude of infuriated warriors had surrounded the place, there could be but little hope of succor. The danger of their situation was also increased from the fact that all the buildings within the fort "being of wood, and chiefly thatched with straw," might be set on fire at any moment, by burning missels.

Perhaps there was no consideration which rendered their situation so desperate as that the Indians would make a general rush against the fort and burn or cut their way through the palisades—a mode of attack which would be sure to accomplish the reduction of the weak fortification. This manner of attack was, however, foreign to every maxim of Indian warfare.

Resolved to defend the fort while defence was possible, Gladwyn made the best possible disposition of his little garrison, and otherwise prepared to withstand the foe. Time passed on. Day after day the warriors continued the siege, and yet there were no signs of assistance for the hapless garrison. The provisions rapidly decreased. For many long days and nights no man attempted to sleep, except in his clothes, with his weapons by his side.

When an opportunity presented itself, the soldiers ran out and leveled the outhouses to the ground, and removed everything that would serve as a shield or covering for the warriors. This done the Indians could find no shelter, and, being unwilling to expose themselves to the fire of the fort, they seldom approached very near to it. The two vessels that lay in the river guarded the north and south corners of the fort with their fire, and thus considerably strengthened Gladwyn's position. The Indians next attempted to set fire to the buildings within the fort by shooting arrows tipped with burning tow, upon their roofs, but the fort being well provided with water, their efforts were futile.

Pontiac next summoned the garrison to surrender. He said the officers and soldiers would be allowed to embark in their

vessels and depart uninjured, but in the event they refused to comply, and the fort should be taken, they would all be slaughtered. Major Gladwyn's reply was short and decisive, and, it is believed, convinced Pontiac that his British foe was still firm, and determined to hold possession of the fort. "The attacks were now resumed with increased activity, and the assailants were soon after inspired by the arrival of a hundred and twenty Ojibwa warriors from Grand River." In the fort, every effort for its defense was put forth. The soldiers slept upon the ramparts, and a constant vigilance was maintained.

Meanwhile every possible effort was made to obtain a supply of provisions for the garrison. At length negotiations were opened with a Canadian named Baby, who, for ample consideration, supplied the fort with cattle, hogs and such other necessaries as he could command. These were carried from the east side of the river, where M. Baby resided, to the fort, in canoes, which crossed the river with their precious freight under cover of the darkness. Being thus supplied with food, the wearied garrison took new courage.

About this time the Indians, who had hoped to capture Detroit by a single assault, were beginning to suffer for food. They had rushed into the war with a recklessness characteristic of their race, and were now sorely perplexed in their endeavors to continue the siege. Want gradually compelled them to apply to the Canadians for assistance, but this was granted only in cases where threatened violence advised it. When this had become a source of trouble and annoyance to the Canadian settlers, they appointed a deputation from among their number, instructing them to visit the camp of Pontiac, and lay their grievances before him. This they did, meeting the Ottawa chief at the house where Capt. Campbell and Lieut. McDougal were confined. When the sachems of the various tribes had been convened, one of the deputies rose and said: "You pretend to be friends of the French, and yet you plunder us of our hogs and cattle. You trample upon our fields of young corn, and when you enter our houses you enter with tomahawk raised. When your French father comes from Montreal with his great army, he will hear of what you have done,

and, instead of shaking hands with you as brothers, he will punish you as enemies."

Pontiac replied in the following words: "We have never wished to do you harm, nor allow any to be done you; but among us there are many young men who, though strictly watched, find opportunities of mischief. It is not to revenge myself alone that I make war on the English. It is to revenge you, my brothers. When the English insulted us they insulted you also. I know that they have taken away your arms, and made you sign a paper which they have sent home to their country. Therefore you are left defenseless; and I mean now to revenge your cause and my own together. I mean to destroy the English, and leave not one upon our lands. You do not know the reasons from which I act. I have told you those only which concern yourselves; but you will learn all in time. You will cease then to think me a fool. I know, my brothers, that there are many among you who take part with the English. I am sorry for it, for their own sakes; for when our father arrives, I shall point them out to him, and they will see whether they or I have most reason to be satisfied with the part we have acted.

"I do not doubt, my brothers, that this war is very troublesome to you, for our warriors are continually passing and repassing through your settlement. I am sorry for it. Do not think that I approve of the damage that is done by them; and, as a proof of this, remember the war with the Foxes, and the part which I took in it. It is now seventeen years since the Ojibwas, of Michilimackinac, combined with the Sacs and Foxes, came down to destroy you. Who then defended you? Was it not I and my young men? Mackinac, great chief of all these nations said, in council, that he would carry to his village the head of your commandant; that he would eat his heart and drink his blood? Did I not take your part? Did I not go to his camp, and say to him, that if he wished to kill the French, he must first kill me and my warriors? Did I not assist you in routing them and driving them away? And now you think that I would turn my arms against you? No, my brothers; I am the same French Pontiac who assisted you

seventeen years ago. I am a Frenchman and I wish to die a Frenchman; and I now repeat to you that you and I are one; that it is for both our interests that I should be avenged. Let me alone; I do not ask you for aid, for it is not in your power to give it. I only ask provisions for myself and men. Yet, if you are inclined to assist me, I shall not refuse you. It would please me, and you yourselves would be sooner rid of your troubles; for I promise you that as soon as the English are driven out, we will go back to our villages, and there await the arrival of our French Father. You have heard what I have to say; remain at peace and I will watch that no harm shall be done to you, either by my men or by the other Indians."

Pontiac immediately took measures to prevent a continuance of the outrages, of which the Canadians complained. He also adopted a new policy in procuring supplies for his army. He visited the Canadian inhabitants personally, and, after inquiring into their financial conditions, informed each of the amount he would be required to donate. Without a single exception, the taxes so levied were paid to the Ottawa chief's collectors, and by them carried to the Ottawa village at Parent's Creek. Pontiac, being compelled to repeat his demands for provisions, and wishing not to offend the French, adopted a singular mode of paying them. He issued promissory notes, drawn upon birch bark, and signed with the figure of the otter, the totem to which he belonged. It should be mentioned here, to the credit of Pontiac, that these notes were all faithfully redeemed.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE SIEGE OF DETROIT — FATE OF CUYLER'S DETACHMENT — BRAVERY OF THE WYANDOTS — INDIAN CAROUSE — MASSACRE AND MURDER — HORRIBLE FATE OF THE WESTERN OUTPOSTS — FALL OF SANDUSKY, PRESQUE ISLE, ETC. — THE FORESTS GROWING BLACK WITH INDIAN WARRIORS.

WHILE Detroit was thus harassed and besieged, a strong detachment was advancing up the lake with general supplies for the western outposts. The garrison, being aware of its approach, was filled with anxiety for its welfare. Time passed on. Matters at Detroit continued to grow more alarming to the garrison every day. The warriors renewed the attack daily, and seemed to become more confident of success with every assault. Pontiac had sent messengers to M. Neyon, commandant at the Illinois, earnestly requesting that a force of regular troops be sent to his assistance. Gladwyn, on his part, had ordered one of the vessels to proceed down the lake to meet the approaching convoy. The schooner set sail, but was becalmed at the entrance to Lake Erie, where she was compelled to lay for some time. While in this unfortunate situation a "multitude of canoes suddenly darted out upon her from the neighboring shores." In the prow of the foremost canoe sat Capt. Campbell, whom the Indians had placed there for the purpose of securing themselves against the fire of the English. But the resolute Captain called out to the crew to do their duty without regard to him. At this moment a stiff breeze swept down the river, and the schooner sped on her course, leaving the disappointed warriors far behind.

Matters continued at the fort without important change until the thirtieth of May, when at an early hour the garrison espied the long-expected convoy advancing slowly up the river. The

garrison broke into three hearty cheers, for now, it would seem, their sufferings were at an end. A cannon "sent its loud voice of defiance to the enemy and welcome to the approaching friends." But alas! the joyous faces of the soldiers and officers grew deathly pale. Upon careful examination, the boats were found to be full of savages. The convoy had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The boats and supplies had been taken, and the soldiers of the detachment slaughtered or made captives.

Eighteen boats were now approaching, and in each were two or more of the captured soldiers, acting as oarsmen, and guarded by several armed savages. Hundreds of warriors were also following the boats along the shore. In the foremost boat, it so happened that there were four soldiers and only three Indians. In the river, just opposite the fort, lay one of the British schooners, already mentioned, her companion having gone down the lake to hasten this very reinforcement. As the boat came near to this vessel, one of the soldiers seized the largest Indian and threw him overboard. The Indian held fast to his enemy's clothes, and, drawing himself up, stabbed him several times with his knife. The bleeding soldier gave way and was dragged overboard by the Indian. They were both borne swiftly down on the current of the river, and perished grappled in each other's arms. The two remaining Indians leaped out of the boat, and the prisoners seized the paddles and pulled vigorously towards the schooner. The savages on the shore fired upon them, and several canoes were paddled swiftly in pursuit. The soldiers were struggling for life. They called aloud for aid, and strained every nerve to gain the vessel; but their pursuers were gaining rapidly upon them. In another moment one of the men was wounded. He dropped his paddle, falling to the bottom of the boat. Their chances of escape were now lessened, but they struggled on. As the savages were almost upon them, the report of a cannon burst from the side of the vessel, and the ball, passing close to the foremost canoe, cut the water into a line of foam. Being thus greeted the savages turned back in dismay. The prisoners soon reached the vessel,

and were greeted with rounds of hearty cheers. The other boats passed slowly up the river towards the Ottawa village.

The soldiers who had thus escaped, now related the adventures and sufferings of their detachment. The following is their story, as told in the "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac:" Lieut. Cuyler had left Fort Niagara as early as the thirteenth of May, and embarked from Fort Schlosser, just above the falls, with ninety-six men and a plentiful supply of provisions and ammunition. Day after day he had coasted along the northern shore of Lake Erie, and had seen neither friend nor foe amid those lonely forests and waters, when, on the twenty-eighth of the month, he landed at Point Peleé, not far from the mouth of the River Detroit. The boats were drawn on the beach, and the party prepared to encamp. A man and a boy went to gather firewood at a short distance from the spot, when an Indian leaped out of the woods, seized the boy by the hair and tomahawked him. The man ran into camp with the alarm. Cuyler immediately formed his soldiers into a semi-circle before the boats. He had scarcely done so when the Indians opened their fire. For an instant there was a hot blaze of musketry on both sides. Then the Indians broke out of the woods in a body, and rushed fiercely upon the centre of the line, which gave way in every part, the men flinging down their guns, running in a blind panic to the boats, and struggling with ill-directed efforts to shove them into the water. Five were set afloat, and pushed off from the shore, crowded with the terrified soldiers."

Lieut. Cuyler, being thus deserted by his men, waded up to his neck in the water and climbed into one of the retreating boats. The savages pushed two more afloat, and went in pursuit of the soldiers, three boat loads of whom gave themselves up without resistance; but the remaining two, in one of which was Cuyler himself, made their escape. "They rowed all night and landed in the morning upon a small island. Between thirty and forty men, some of whom were wounded, were crowded into these two boats; the rest, about sixty in number being killed or taken. Cuyler now made for Sandusky, which, on his arrival, he found burned to the ground. Immediately

leaving the spot, he rowed along the south shore to Presque Isle, from whence he proceeded to Niagara and reported his loss to Major Wilkins, the commanding officer."

But let us return to Detroit and to the Indian villages in its vicinity. The Indians who had thus interrupted the convoy and slaughtered or captured the soldiers, were the Wyandots. Among the supplies which they had captured was a large quantity of liquor, which they seized and carried to their villages, which, throughout the following night, presented a beastly scene of drunkenness. What shall we say of the fate of the unfortunate soldiers taken prisoners in this affair? They met their death during the drunken carouse on that same night. But it was more than death—more than torture. Thankful, indeed, were the three escaped soldiers—even he who was suffering from a severe wound—when, during that dark and gloomy night, while secure within the desolate fort, the moans of their dying comrades were borne to their ears on the breeze, from the distant camp-fires of the Wyandots. Not one was spared. No white man witnessed their fate; but, on the following day, as the mangled corpses floated down on the clear waters of the Detroit, one after another, the horrified garrison beheld awful evidences of savage cruelty. In the ghastly train were many charred trunks, the result of the slow fires of death.

There was but little time to reflect on this horrible massacre, for with the next day came the news of another—the fate of the garrison of Sandusky. Thus it will be seen, while that part of the work which Pontiac had intrusted to his warriors in neighboring villages was going forward with intoxicating success, he himself was, as yet, unable to capture Detroit, although assisted by his bravest warriors. The massacre at Sandusky was full of horror. Ensign Paully, commandant at this fort, was informed, on a certain day, that several warriors were waiting at the gate to speak with him. Most of them being well known to him, he gave orders to admit them. The Indians passed in, and, arriving at his quarters, they seized, disarmed and bound him. The next moment he heard the work of massacre without. Shrieks, yells, the firing of guns, and the hurried tramp of feet fell ominously upon his ears. A

moment more, and he was led forth by his captors "to behold the parade ground strewn with the corpses of his murdered garrison." With the approach of night he was taken to the lake where several canoes lay in readiness. He was placed into one of them under a strong guard, and the little fleet pushed out upon the placid bosom of the waters. Looking back as the canoes were paddled away, Paully beheld "the fort lately under his command, bursting on all sides into sheets of flame." While a number of warriors thus bore their captive to the lodge of Pontiac, a hundred warriors, adorned with the scalps of the slaughtered garrison, rushed madly through the margin of the woods, towards the same point. Thus every day the great Ottawa chief was gratified with the return of a band of his warriors loaded down with English scalps. On landing near the camp of Pontiac, Paully was surrounded by a crowd of savages, chiefly squaws and children, who pelted him with stones and sticks, and set up a burst of wild yells of triumph. The captive bore this with great fortitude, expecting the next act in the drama would find him bound to the stake and surrounded by the fuel of death, but he was happily disappointed. An old woman, whose husband had lately died, decided to adopt him in place of the dead warrior, which Paully gladly agreed to. Having been plunged in the river for the purpose of washing the white blood from his veins, he was conducted to the lodge of his volunteer wife, and from that day treated with all the respect due an Ottawa brave. It was through a letter from him that Gladwyn received the particulars of this horrible butchery.

Amid all this gloom that was thickening around Detroit, and terrifying the hearts of the sleepless garrison, came the news that Pontiac's forces had been reinforced by two very strong bands of Ojibwa braves. The great chief now stood at the head of a thousand warriors, consisting of Pottawatomies, Wyandots and Ojibwas. This force was judiciously distributed under chiefs Ninivay, Takee, Wasson and Lekahos. All the warriors brought their families with them, and the number of savages congregated in the vicinity of Detroit, probably, exceeded four thousand. The siege of Detroit was continued

day after day, and the situation of the garrison was rendered almost hopeless. With nearly every hour came the news of some disaster. The provisions were almost gone, and the clouds of infuriated warriors were growing blacker and blacker in the vicinity of Pontiac's village.

On the fifteenth of June a number of Indians came to the fort, bringing with them four English prisoners, who proved to be the commandant of Fort St. Joseph, with three of his garrison. After some delay these were exchanged for several Indian prisoners who had been confined within the fort for some time. Again Gladwyn listened to the terrible account of massacre as brought to his ears by Ensign Schlosser, late commandant at Fort St. Joseph. The story ran thus: His post was situated at the mouth of the river St. Joseph, near the head of Lake Michigan, a spot which, for many years, had been the site of a Catholic mission. He had apprehended no danger, but on the twenty-fifth of May, early in the morning, he was informed that a large number of Pottawatomies had come to pay a visit to the Indian village near the fort. Close upon this intelligence he was informed that the savages were preparing to attack the fort. At this the commandant ran out of the fort, and crossing the parade, which was filled with Indians and Canadians, hastily entered the barracks. These were also filled with Indians, very insolent and disorderly. He ordered the garrison under arms, but he had no sooner turned away than he heard the terrifying scalp shriek, which notified him that the slaughter had already begun. In less than ten minutes the fort was plundered, eleven men were killed, and the commandant and three survivors made prisoners, and securely bound. The Indians then conducted the commandant to Detroit, where he was released as already explained.

Next came the news of the massacre at Fort Michilimackinac, located on the extreme northern point of the southern peninsula of Michigan. This, of all the bloody narratives that shocked the trembling garrison of Detroit, was, perhaps, by far the most thrilling; but I will pass over it at present in order to give place to other reports of the war which were daily pouring in at Gladwyn's headquarters. In a succeeding chap-

ter, the reader is conducted to the spot, and the awful tragedy enacted before him.

Following this dreadful news came the report that Ouatanon, a small fort on the Wabash, had been captured and the garrison made prisoners. Following is the letter addressed to Major Gladwyn by the commandant of this post, giving a full account of its capture:

"OUATANON, June 1st, 1763.

"SIR: I have heard of your situation, which gives me great pain; indeed, we are not in much better, for this morning the Indians sent for me to speak to me, and immediately bound me. When I got to their cabin I found some of my soldiers in the same condition. They told me Detroit, Miami, and all those posts were cut off, and that it was a folly to make any resistance. They therefore desired me to make the few soldiers in the fort surrender, otherwise they would put us all to death, in case one man was killed. They were to have fell on us and killed us all last night, but Mr. Maisongville and Lorain gave them wampum not to kill us, and when they told the interpreter that we were all to be killed, and he, knowing the condition of the fort, begged of them to make us prisoners. They have put us into French houses, and both Indians and French use us very well. All these nations say they are very sorry, but that they were obliged to do it by the other nations. The belt did not arrive here till last night about eight o'clock. Mr. Lorain can inform you of all. I have just received the news of St. Joseph's being taken. Eleven men were killed and three taken prisoners with the officer. I have nothing more to say, but that I sincerely wish you a speedy succor, and that we may be able to revenge ourselves on those that deserve it. I remain, with my sincerest wishes for your safety.

"Your most humble servant, EDW'D JENKINS."

This letter was written by Mr. Jenkins while in the custody of the savages, and just before his departure with them to the Illinois. Gladwyn had scarcely time to read this letter before the news of the loss of Fort Miami burst upon him. This post, standing situated on the river Maumee, was under the command of Ensign Holmes. He suspected the treachery of the Indians, and was consequently on his guard, when on the twenty-seventh of May, a young Indian girl, with whom he had maintained an intimacy for some time, came and told him that a squaw, in a neighboring hut, lay dangerously ill, and urged him to come to her relief. Being moved by the girl's representations, he followed her out of the fort towards the

Indian village. He had not proceeded far when two guns flashed from behind some shrubbery, and he fell lifeless on the grass. The reports of the guns were heard in the fort, and the sergeant ran out to ascertain the meaning of the shooting. He was immediately taken prisoner, and surrounded by a score of savages. The terrified soldiers of the garrison were now summoned to surrender the fort, and the Indians having promised to protect their lives, they readily complied. They were all taken prisoners.

The fall of Presque Isle is next in order. News of this disaster reached Gladwyn on the twentieth of June, and, two days after a horde of savages passed by the fort with scalps fluttering from their sides, on their way to the Ottawa village. They were on their way to the great chief, to present him with the scalps of the unfortunate soldiers of Presque Isle. This fort was under the command of Ensign Christie, a brave and gallant officer. Hostile Indians were discovered in the vicinity of the fort on the fifteenth of June. As soon as the garrison had been aware of the enemy's presence, they retired into the blockhouse, abandoning the main body of the fort. But, at this point, in order that the reader may better understand the different phases of the attack, I will give a very brief description of the fort. Presque Isle stood near to the site of the present city of Erie, on the southern shore of Lake Erie. At one of its angles was a large blockhouse two stories high, and substantially built of massive timber, the dimensions of the upper story exceeding that of the lower by several feet. "The roof being covered with shingles, might easily be set on fire; but to guard against this, there was an opening at the summit, through which the garrison, partially protected by a covering of plank, might pour down water upon the flames. This blockhouse stood on a projecting point of land, between the lake and a small brook which entered nearly at right angles. Unfortunately, the bank of the brook rose in a high, steep ridge, within forty yards of the blockhouse, thus affording a cover for assailants, while the bank of the lake offered similar facilities on another side."

The Indians who had now assailed the fort, crowded together

in great numbers, under cover of the rising ground, and kept up a brisk fire. They not only sent their bullets into every loop-hole and crevice, but shot fire-arrows upon the roof, and threw balls of burning pitch against the wall. Several times the building took fire, and as often the flames were extinguished. "The Indians now rolled logs to the top of the ridges, where they constructed three strong breastworks, from behind which they could discharge their shot and throw their fire-balls with still greater effect. Some of them tried to dart across the intervening space, and shelter themselves in the ditch which surrounded the fort, but all of these were killed or wounded in the attempt. Baffled in this effort, the Indians began to throw up earth and stones, behind one of the breastworks, for the purpose of undermining the blockhouse—a plan that would be sure of success, and against which there could be no resistance offered. But there was no time to reflect on this new danger, for now, another more horrible threatened them. The barrels of water which had been used for extinguishing the flames were now exhausted, and there was no way to procure water without going out of the blockhouse, and this could not be done without incurring certain death. The only alternative was to dig a well within the blockhouse. The floor was torn up and work commenced immediately. A few of the soldiers stood at the loop-holes discharging their muskets to keep the savages in check, while the others labored with desperate energy to procure water by sinking a well. Before any signs of water made an appearance, the roof was again on fire, and the last drop of water within the blockhouse was poured down to extinguish it. In a moment more the cry of fire was again raised, when a soldier, at the risk of his life, leaped upon the roof, and tore away the burning shingles, and thus extinguished it. It was now evening. The little garrison had fought hard all day and hoped that, as the darkness set in, they would be temporarily relieved, but they were doomed to a sorrowful disappointment. The guns flashed all night long from the Indian intrenchments. However, before the night passed, the diggers had finished their well. This was an important accomplishment, for, with the dawn of the following day,

flames burst forth from the deserted house of the commandant, which stood near to the blockhouse. The flames ascended high and became hotter and hotter. The corner of the blockhouse grew black, and, at length, burst into a sheet of flame. With this a hundred Indian yells pealed forth in triumph, and the naked warriors stood ready to tomahawk the wretched soldiers as fast as they were driven forth. But still the garrison held out. Passing up water from the well which now held an ample supply, they poured it down upon the flames, and soon extinguished them. By this time the burning house, from which the fire had caught, settled into smouldering embers, so that nothing further was apprehended from that source.

The soldiers were now quite exhausted, but still they continued their defense, "toiling and fighting without pause, where the close and heated atmosphere was clogged with the smoke of gunpowder." The contest was continued throughout the second day and extended into midnight. It was a long and hopeless struggle. At about twelve o'clock on the second night, the garrison heard a voice call out in French from the enemy's entrenchments, warning the garrison that further resistance would be useless since full preparations had been made for setting fire to the blockhouse, both above and below at the same time. Christie, the commandant, then inquired if there was any one among them who could speak English, whereupon a man in Indian dress, appeared from behind the breastworks, and said that if the garrison gave themselves up their lives should be spared, but if they continued, they would all be burned alive. Christie, having resolved to hold out as long as a shadow of resistance could be maintained, told him to persuade the Indians to wait till the following morning for his answer. They assented, and suspended their fire, and while some of the garrison watched, the rest sank exhausted into a deep sleep. On the following morning the commandant sent out two of his soldiers under pretext of treating with the Indians, but, in truth, to learn the real situation. On reaching the breastwork, the soldiers made a signal by which Christie knew that the representations of the Englishman were correct. The soldiers told the chiefs that their commandant desired two

of their principal men to meet him midway between the block-house and the breastwork. They appeared as requested, and Christie went out and delivered them formal possession of the little fort, which he had so ably defended, on the conditions, however, that he and his garrison should be allowed to depart unmolested. Notwithstanding this stipulation, the fort was no sooner surrendered, than the whole garrison were surrounded, seized and made prisoners. They were sent as such to the Ottawa village near Detroit, when Christie soon after made his escape in safety to the fort.

The next to share this horrifying fate were the neighboring forts of Le Boeuf and Venango. These posts were poorly garrisoned, and fell an easy prey to the savages in their vicinity. But still farther south, around Fort Pitt, and along the whole frontier, clouds of warriors were animating the forests with their restless forms and hideous yells, preparing to burst forth in an indiscriminate slaughter upon the English settlements. In the course of the narrative these points will receive proper attention. Leaving the the fort of Detroit and the camp of Pontiac, for a little season, let us turn our attention to Michilimackinac, and observe the events that were transpiring there.

## CHAPTER VIII.

DESCRIPTION OF FORT MICHILIMACKINAC — THE INDIANS IN THE VICINITY — PREPARATIONS FOR THE MASSACRE — THE WARNING — ADVENTURES OF ENGLISH TRADERS — THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SLAUGHTER.

BEFORE giving an account of the terrible massacre at Fort Michilimackinac, I will briefly run through a description of that distant outpost. It was situated on the northern extremity of the southern peninsula of Michigan, standing upon the margin of the lake at the eastern end of the Strait of Mackinaw. A little beyond the fort was a cluster of white Canadian houses, roofed with bark and protected by fences of strong, round pickets. As one entered the gate of this fort he would see beyond him an extensive square area, surrounded by high palisades. Numerous houses, barracks, and other buildings formed a smaller square within, and in the vacant space which they inclosed, appeared the red uniforms of the British soldiers, the gray coats of the Canadians and the gaudy Indian blankets, mingled in confusion. Such was Fort Michilimackinac in 1763. Although buried in a dense wilderness, it was one of the oldest outposts in the lake region. The Jesuits had established a mission there as early as 1671, and in the following year the French established a military post in the same place. Besides this fort there were two others in the vicinity called Green Bay and the Sault Ste. Marie. These were also founded at an early day, and, although considerably smaller, were, in general characteristics, similar to Michilimackinac. The latter contained thirty families within the palisade enclosure, and about as many more without. This post was important chiefly for being the centre of the fur trade. During the greater part of the year, the garrison and the settlers were completely iso-

lated—cut off from all connection with the outer world; and, indeed, the three posts last mentioned were so remote from each other, and the journey from one to the other attended with so many dangers, that often, through the whole winter all intercourse between them was entirely cut off. The Indians in this section were the Ojibwas and Ottawas, between whom the territory was nearly equally divided. The principal village of the Ojibwas contained over a hundred warriors, and was located upon the picturesque Island of Mackinaw, which has, in late years, become a favorite summer resort. The same nation had another large settlement at Thunder Bay. The largest northern village of their brethren, the Ottawas, was situated at L'Arbre Croche, at the eastern end of the strait on the margin of Lake Michigan. This place, at the period of which I am writing, was the seat of the old Jesuit mission of St. Ignace, originally established by the great and good Marquette, on the northern side of the Straits. It is said of the Ottawas that they had become partially civilized, while on the other hand, their neighbors, the Ojibwas, "were not, in the least degree, removed from their primitive barbarism." These tribes, as also all of the neighboring Indians, were hostile towards the English. Most of their warriors had fought on the side of France in the late war, and now, being goaded to fury by the indignant Canadians, they were ready to raise the tomahawk against any Englishman who might venture within their territory. At this period Fort Michilimackinac was in the hands of the French settlers, the French garrison having been withdrawn in accordance with the capitulation of Montreal, and the English garrison having not yet arrived. I will here cite an incident or two, illustrating the state of feeling which prevailed among the Indians and French at this place soon after the close of the war between the English and French colonies. In the autumn of 1761, an Englishman named Alexander Henry, in company with one or two others, came to Michilimackinac for the purpose of trading with the Indians. On the way these Englishmen were more than once warned to turn back, and told that they they would meet certain death if they pursued their journey. At length, to insure safety, Mr.

Henry assumed the disguise of a Canadian voyageur. At length his canoes, laden with goods, reached the distant forest fort, but he received a cold greeting from the French inhabitants. They said everything they could calculated to alarm and discourage him. Soon after his arrival, he was notified that a band of Ojibwas were on their way from their village to pay him a visit. But this did not disturb him. It was an Indian custom to pay such visits to a new-comer with a view of receiving presents, and Henry believed that by distributing a few articles among them, they would depart in peace. Following is an account of the affair in Mr. Henry's own language: "At two o'clock in the afternoon, the Ojibwas came to the house, about sixty in number, and headed by Minavavana, their chief. They walked in single file, each with his tomahawk in one hand and scalping knife in the other. Their bodies were naked from the waist upward, except in a few examples, where blankets were thrown loosely over their shoulders. Their faces were painted with charcoal, worked up with grease; their bodies with white clay, in patterns of various fancies. Some had feathers thrust through their noses, and their heads decorated with the same. It is unnecessary to dwell on the sensations with which I beheld the approach of this uncouth, if not frightful assemblage. The chief entered first and the rest followed without noise. On receiving a sign from the former, the latter seated themselves on the floor. Minavavana appeared to be about fifty years of age. He was six feet in height, and had in his countenance an indiscribable mixture of good and evil. Looking steadfastly at me, where I sat in ceremony, with an interpreter on either hand, and several Canadians behind me, he entered at the same time into conversation with Campion, inquiring how long it was since I left Montreal, and observing that the English, as it would seem, were brave men, and not afraid of death, since they dared to come, as I had done, fearlessly among their enemies. The Indians now gravely smoked their pipes, while I inwardly endured the tortures of suspense. At length the pipes being finished, as well as a long pause, by which they were succeeded, Minavavana, taking a few strings of wampum in his hand began the following

speech: 'Englishman, it is to you that I speak, and I demand your attention. Englishman, you know the French King is our father; he promised to be such, and we, in return, promised to be his children. This promise we have kept. Englishman, it is you that have made war with this our father. You are his enemy, and how, then, could you have the boldness to venture among us his children. You know that his enemies are ours. Englishman, we are informed that our father, the King of France, is old and infirm, and that being fatigued with making war upon your nation, he has fallen asleep. During his sleep you have taken advantage of him, and possessed yourselves of Canada. But his nap is almost at an end. I think I hear him already stirring and inquiring for his children, the Indians; and when he does awake, what must become of you? He will destroy you utterly. Englishman, although you have conquered the French, you have not yet conquered us. We are not your slaves. These lakes, these woods and these mountains were left to us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance, and we will part with them to no one. Your nation supposes that we, like the white people, cannot live without bread, and pork, and beef; but you ought to know that He, the Great Spirit and Master of Life, has provided food for us in these spacious lakes and on these woody mountains. Englishman, our father, the King of France, employed our young men to make war upon your nation. In this warfare many of them have been killed, and it is our custom to retaliate until such time as the spirits of the slain are satisfied. But the spirits of the slain are to be satisfied in either of two ways. The first is by the spilling of the blood of the nation by which they fell; the other by covering the bodies of the dead, and thus allaying the resentments of their relations. This is done by making presents. Englishman, your king has never sent us any presents, nor entered into any treaty with us; wherefore, he and we are still at war, and until he does these things we must consider that we have no other father nor friend among the white men than the King of France. But for you, we have taken into consideration, that you have ventured your life among us, in the

expectation that we should not molest you. You do not come armed, with any intentions to make war. You come in peace to trade with us, and to supply us with necessaries of which we are in much want. We shall regard you, therefore, as a brother, and you may sleep tranquilly without fear of the Ojibwas. As a token of our friendship, we present you this pipe to smoke.' As Minavavana uttered these words, an Indian presented me with a pipe, which, after I had drawn the smoke three times, was carried to the chief and after him to every person in the room. This ceremony ended, the chief arose and gave me his hand, in which he was followed by all the rest."

Mr. Henry made a suitabe reply, after which the chief requested him to distribute some whisky among his men, which he did. After giving them a few presents, they departed to the great joy of the Englishman. They had hardly disappeared when Henry was summoned to meet two hundred Ottawa braves, in council near the fort. They had also come to pay him a visit. This time two other English traders—Goddard and Solomons—were also invited to be present. Obedient to the wishes of these new-comers, the Englishmen repaired to the house where they had seated themselves. Here they were informed that they must distribute their goods among the Indians on credit, on the promise of receiving pay in the following spring. The Ottawas threatened force in case of refusal. Being permitted to reflect on this demand till the following morning, the traders met together and resolved on resistance, and, accordingly, arming about thirty of their men with muskets, they barricaded themselves in the house occupied by Henry, and kept strict watch throughout the night. The Indians, however, did not disturb them. On the following day, several Canadians came to Henry and advised him to give up the goods, and saying that if he did not, both he and his companions would receive no mercy. The Englishmen would not listen to this advice. They kept possession of the house and their goods until evening, when, to their happy surprise, news came that a body of English troops were advancing to take possession of the fort. Another night of anxiety passed,

but with the dawn of the following morning the Ottawas departed. Immediately after the boats of the English detachment were seen to approach the landing place. The fort was now strongly garrisoned by British soldiers, and Henry and his companions were, for a time, at least, protected in a peaceful prosecution of the fur trade. But with the lapse of a few months the peril of their situation was without a parallel.

Time passed on, when in the spring of 1763, Pontiac's light-footed messengers arrived at Michilimackinac. Bearing in their hands the war-belt of black and purple wampum, they appeared before the assembled warriors, flung at their feet a hatchet painted red, and delivered the speech according to the dictation of their Ottawa chief. The auditors, on every occasion, took up the blood-red hatchet, and thus pledged themselves to aid in the war.

Late in the month of May, news was received among the Indians at Michilimackinac, that Pontiac had already begun the war, and, anxious to win glory for themselves, the Ojibwas resolved to attack the British fort in their neighborhood without inviting their brethren at L'Arbre Croche to aid them. At this time the fort was garrisoned by about thirty-five soldiers besides the officers. They had been warned, time and again, that the Indians were preparing to destroy them, but Captain Etherington, the commandant, refused to listen to any such reports.

Mr. Henry, who was in the fort at this time, received warning of the approaching calamity in a curious way, and as his adventures enter largely into that part of the narrative immediately following, I will relate the circumstance here: An Ojibwa chief, called Wawatam, had become strongly attached to him. One morning he entered his house, and, placing before Henry, on the floor, a large present of furs and dried meat, delivered a speech to the following effect: Early in life, according to the ancient usage of his people, he had retired to fast and pray in solitude, that he might learn the future career marked out for him. In his visions and dreams on this occasion, it was revealed to him that, in after years, he should meet a white man who should be to him a friend and brother. As

soon as he had seen Henry, he was satisfied that he was the man to whom the Great Spirit had reference, and that the dream was now fulfilled. Henry made an appropriate reply, gave some slight presents in return, smoked a pipe with the Indian, and, as Wawatam soon after left the fort, he soon forgot him. But had he then known that this singular man was to save him, in a near future, from a horrible death, he would have been less careless about returning his avowed friendship.

Many months had elapsed since the incident to which I have just made reference, occurred, when on the second of June, 1763, Henry's door was opened without ceremony, and the dark figure of Wawatam appeared. After thinking carefully for a few moments, Mr. Henry remembered him, invited him to a seat, and inquired as to the success of his winter's hunt. Without replying, Wawatam sat down, and manifested great surprise at finding the Englishman still in the fort. He said that on the day following, he was going to the Saut Ste. Marie, and that he wanted Henry to go with him. He next inquired if his friend had not heard bad news, and continued, that he himself "had been much disturbed by the singing of evil birds." Henry took but little notice of the Indian's warning, and Wawatam departed with a sad countenance. On the following morning Wawatam again returned, and pressed Henry to leave the fort. "When Henry demanded his reason for such urgency," says Parkman, "he asked if his brother did not know that many bad Indians, who had never shown themselves at the fort, were emcamped in the woods around it. To-morrow, he said, they are coming to ask for whisky, and would all get drunk, so that it would be dangerous to remain." Wawatam continued to advise Henry to leave the fort and accompany him to the Saut, but to no purpose. The Indian, seeing that he could not induce his friend to escape the danger which threatened him, departed with tears in his eyes. On this same afternoon, Henry says that the fort was filled with savages moving about among the soldiers with many appearances of friendship. Many of them came to his store to purchase knives and hatchets. The squaws moved about within the fort, asking to see silver bracelets and other ornaments, not for

the purpose of purchasing them, but, as it afterward appeared, of learning where they were kept, that they might the more easily lay hands upon them when the slaughter began. Night came on and the Indians retired to their lodges. The garrison entered the barracks, and settled into a sound sleep, not knowing that on the morrow many of them would fall beneath the tomahawk.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE MASSACRE — THE GAME OF BALL — SLAUGHTER OF THE GARRISON — INDIANS DRINKING THE BLOOD OF ENGLISHMEN — HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE OF AN ENGLISH TRADER.

ON THE following morning, the fourth of June, many Ojibwas came to the fort, inviting officers and soldiers to come out and see a grand game of ball, which was to be played between their nation and the Sacs. In a few moments the fort was half deserted. The gates were left wide open, and the soldiers were collected in groups under the shadow of the palisades watching the Indians play ball. They were all without arms, suspecting nothing. The game in which the Indians were engaged was called *baggattaway*. "At either extremity of the ground, a tall post was planted, marking the stations of the rival parties. The object of each was to defend its own post, and drive the ball to that of its adversary. Hundreds of lithe and agile figures were leaping and bounding upon the plain. Each was nearly naked, his loose black hair flying in the wind, and each bore in his hand a bat of a form peculiar to this game. At one moment the whole were crowded together, a dense throng of combantants, all struggling for the ball; at the next they were scattered again, and running over the ground like hounds in full cry." The participants yelled and shouted at the tops of their voices. Suddenly the ball soared high from the midst of the multitude, and fell near the pickets of the fort. "This was no chance stroke. It was part of a preconcerted stratagem to insure the surprise and destruction of the garrison. As if in pursuit of the ball, the players rushed towards the gate of the fort, and yelling the war-whoop, they snatched the hatchets which the squaws had concealed under their blankets. Some of the Indians sprang upon the

spectators without, while others rushed into the fort, and, in a moment all was carnage and confusion. At the commencement, Etherington and Leslie were seized and led away from the scene of massacre."

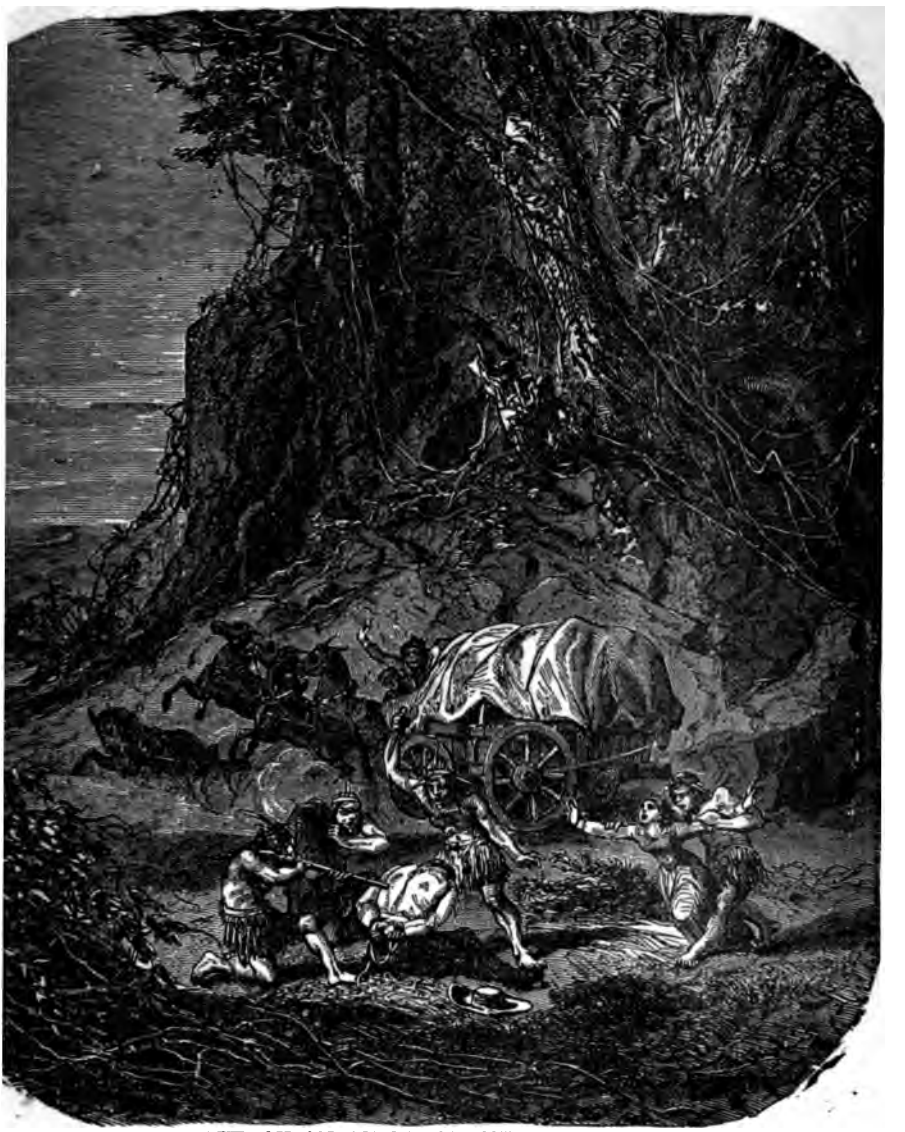
Mr. Alexander Henry, from whom I have just quoted, gives the following account of the massacre and his adventures in connection with it: "I did not go myself to see the match which was now to be played without the fort, because there being a canoe prepared to depart on the following day for Montreal, I employed myself in writing letters to my friends; and, even when a fellow-trader, Mr. Tracy, happened to call upon me saying, that another canoe had just arrived from Detroit, and proposing that I should go with him to the beach, it so happened that I still remained to finish my letters, promising to follow Mr. Tracy in the course of a few minutes. Mr. Tracy had not gone more than twenty paces from my door, when I heard an Indian war cry, and a noise of general confusion. Going instantly to my window, I saw a crowd of Indians within the fort furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found; in particular, I witnessed the fate of Lieut. Jamette. I had in the room in which I was, a fowling piece loaded with swan shot. This I immediately seized and held it for a few minutes waiting to hear the drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval, I saw several of my countrymen fall, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian who, holding him in this manner, scalped him while yet living. At length disappointed in the hope of seeing resistance made to the enemy, and sensible, of course, that no effort of my own unassisted arm could avail against four hundred Indians, I thought only of seeking shelter amid the slaughter which was raging. I observed many of the Canadian inhabitants of the fort calmly looking on, neither opposing the Indians nor suffering injury, and from this circumstance I conceived a hope of finding security in their houses. Between the yard door of my own house, and that of Mr. Langlade, my next neighbor, there was only a low fence, over which I easily climbed. At my entrance I found the whole family at the windows, gazing at the scene of blood

before them. I addressed myself immediately to Mr. Langlade, begging that he would put me into some place of safety until the heat of the affair should be over, an act of charity by which he might, perhaps, preserve me from the general massacre. But while I uttered my petition, Mr. Langlade, who had looked for a moment at me, turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders and intimating that he could do nothing for me. This was a moment of despair, but the next a Pani woman, a slave of Mr. Langlade's, beckoned me to follow her. She brought me to a door, which she opened, desiring me to enter, and telling me it led to the garret where I must go and conceal myself. I joyfully obeyed her directions, and she, having followed me up to the garret door, locked it after me, and with great presence of mind took away the key. This shelter obtained, if shelter I could hope to find it, I was naturally anxious to know what might still be passing without. Through an aperture which afforded me a view of the area of the fort, I beheld, in shapes, the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumphs of barbarian conquerors. The dead were scalped and mangled. The dying were writhing and shricking under the insatiate knife and tomahawk, and, from the bodies of some, ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory. I was shaken, not only with horror, but with fear. The suffering which I witnessed, I seemed on the point of experiencing. No long time elapsed before every one being destroyed who could be found, there was a general cry of all is finished. At the same instant I heard some of the Indians enter the house where I was. The garret was separated from the room below, only by a layer of single boards, at once the flooring of the one and the ceiling of the other. I could, therefore, hear everything that passed, and the Indians no sooner came in than they inquired whether or not any Englishmen were in the house. Mr. Langlade replied that he could not say. He did not know of any, answers in which he did not exceed the truth, for the Pani woman had not only hidden me by stealth, but kept my secret and her own. Mr. Langlade was, therefore, I presume, as far from a wish to

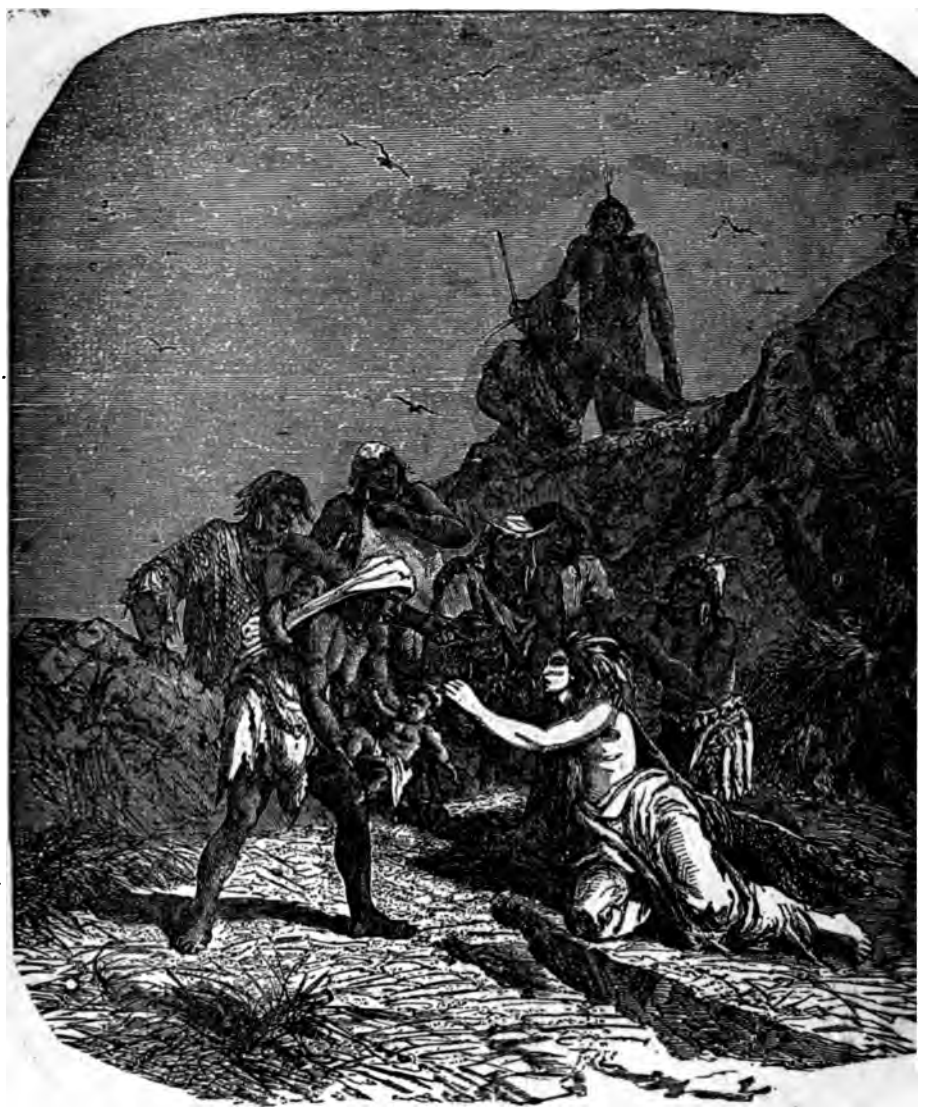
destroy me, as he was careless about saving me, when he added to these answers, that they might examine for themselves, and would soon be satisfied as to the object of their question. Saying this he brought them to the garret door. The state of my mind will be imagined. Arrived at the door, some delay was occasioned by the absence of the key, and a few moments were thus allowed me, in which to look around for a hiding place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of those vessels of birch bark, used in maple sugar making. The door was unlocked and opened, and the Indians, ascending the stairs before I had completly crept into a small opening, which presented itself at one end of the heap. An instant after four Indians entered the room, all armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood upon every part of their bodies. The die appeared to be cast. I could scarcely breathe, but I thought the throbbing of my heart occasioned noise loud enough to betray me. The Indians walked in every direction about the garret, and one of them approached me so closely that at a particular moment, had he put forth his hand he must have touched me. Still I remained undiscovered, a circumstance to which the dark color of my clothes, and the want of light in the room which had no window in the corner in which I was, must have contributed. In a word, after taking several turns in the room, during which they told Mr. Langlade how many they had killed, and how many scalps they had taken, they returned down stairs, and I, with sensations not to be expressed, heard the door, which was the barrier between me and my fate, locked for the second time. There was a feather-bed on the floor, and, on this, exhausted as I was, by the agitation of my mind, I threw myself down and went to sleep. In this state I remained till the dusk of the evening, when I was awakened by the second opening of the door. The person that now entered was Mr. Langlade's wife, who was much surprised at finding me, but advised me not to be uneasy, observing that the Indians had killed most of the English, but that she hoped I might, myself, escape. A shower of rain having begun to fall, she had come to stop a hole in the roof. On her going away, I begged her to send me a little water to drink, which

she did. As night was now advancing, I continued to lie on the bed, ruminating on my condition, but unable to discover a resource from which I could hope for life. A flight to Detroit had no probable chance of success. The distance from Michilimackinac was four hundred miles, and I was without provisions, and the whole length of the road lay through Indian countries—countries of an enemy in arms, where the first man whom I should meet would kill me. To stay where I was threatened nearly the same issue. As before, fatigue of mind, and not tranquility, suspended my cares and procured me further sleep. The respite which sleep afforded me during the night was put an end to by the return of morning. I was again on the rack of apprehension. At sunrise I heard the family stirring, and presently after, Indian voices, informing Mr. Langlade that they had not found my hapless self among the dead, and they supposed me to be somewhere concealed. Mr. Langlade appeared, from what followed, to be, by this time, acquainted with my place of retreat, of which, no doubt, he had been informed by his wife. The poor woman, as soon as the Indians mentioned me, declared to her husband in the French tongue, that he should no longer keep me in his house, but deliver me up to my pursuers, giving as a reason for this measure that should the Indians discover his instrumentality in my concealment, they might revenge it on her children, and that it was better that I should die than they. Mr. Langlade resisted at first, this sentence of his wife, but soon suffered her to prevail, informing the Indians that he had been told that I was in his house; that I had come there without his knowledge, and that he would put me into their hands. This was no sooner expressed than he began to ascend the stairs, the Indians following upon his heels. I now resigned myself to the fate with which I was menaced; and regarding every effort at concealment as vain, I arose from the bed, and presented myself full in view to the Indians, who were entering the room. They were all in a state of intoxication, and entirely naked, except about the middle. One of them named Wenniway, whom I had previously known, and who was upwards of six feet in height, had his entire face and body covered with

charcoal and grease, only that a white spot, of two inches in diameter, encircled each eye. This man, walking up to me, seized me with one hand by the collar of the coat, while in the other he held a large carving knife, as if to plunge it into my breast; his eyes, meanwhile, were fixed steadfastly on mine. At length, after some seconds of the most anxious suspense, he dropped his arm, saying, 'I won't kill you!' To this he added that he had been frequently engaged in wars against the English, and had brought away many scalps; that on a certain occasion, he had lost a brother, whose name was Musinigon, and that I should be called after him. A reprieve upon any terms placed me among the living, and gave me back the sustaining voice of hope; but Wenniway ordered me down stairs, and there informed me that I was to be taken to his cabin, where, and indeed everywhere else, the Indians were all mad with liquor, death again was threatened, and not as possible only, but as certain. I mentioned my fears on this subject to Mr. Langlade, begging him to represent them to my master. Mr. Langlade, in this instance, did not withhold his compassion, and Wenniway immediately consented that I should remain where I was, until he found another opportunity to take meaway."



ATTACK ON AN EMIGRANT WAGON.



WHITE WOMAN AND CHILD IN HANDS OF INDIANS.

## CHAPTER X.

ADVENTURES OF ENGLISH TRADERS AT MICHILIMACKINAC—THEY ARE RESCUED BY THE OTTAWAS—TREATMENT OF THE PRISONERS—HENRY'S ESCAPE—CANNIBALISM—REDUCTION OF ALL THE WESTERN OUTPOSTS EXCEPT DETROIT.

HENRY had not enjoyed an hour's peace when an Indian came to the house where he was and ordered him to follow him to the Ojibwa camp. Henry knew this man, and suspected treachery, but there was no alternative. Following him through the gate his suspicions were soon confirmed. The Indian, instead of proceeding to the camp, turned in the direction of the woods. At this Henry refused to follow, and openly charged him with his design. The Indian acknowledged that his intention was to take his life, and at the same moment drew his knife to strike the fatal blow. At this instant the trader stepped aside, and escaping the stróke he ran for his life. Entering the gate of the fort he observed Wenniway standing in the centre of the area, and he called out to him for assistance. The chief ordered the Indian to desist; but the enraged savage would not obey him, and continued the pursuit, striking at him with his knife as they ran round and round the chief. Observing the door of Mr. Langlade's house open, Henry ran, escaped through it, and once more found himself alone in his garret prison. Early in the night, as he lay asleep on his rude couch, the door was opened, and he was ordered to descend. He did so, when, to his great joy, he found in the room below, Capt. Etherington, Lieut. Leslie and Mr. Bostwick, a trader, together with Father Jonois, the Jesuit priest from L'Arbre Croche.

The Indians being now about to enjoy a drunken carouse upon the liquor they had seized, and the chiefs, fully aware of the danger to which the prisoners would be exposed during

these revels, had conveyed them all into the fort and placed them in charge of the Canadians. "Including officers, soldiers and traders, they amounted to about twenty, this handful being all that escaped the massacre." When Henry entered the room he found his three companions discussing a very important question. The Indians had already retired to their village, and the fort was actually in the hands of the white people—twenty Englishmen and about three hundred French Canadians. To close the gates and take possession of the fort would be an easy matter, and it would have been attempted had not the Jesuit discouraged the plan. He represented that perhaps the French would prove treacherous, and that, should they fail in their plans, every Englishman in the place would meet certain death. The idea was therefore abandoned. The night passed in quiet, and in the morning several warriors came to the house and summoned Henry to follow them. He was led to a house in which two traders and a soldier were imprisoned. These were released and ordered to join the company. They were then led to the lake shore, where they were to embark for the Isles du Castor. "A chilling wind blew strongly from the north-east, and the lake was covered with mists and tossing angrily. Henry stood shivering on the beach, with no other upper garment than a shirt, drenched with the cold rain. He asked Langlade, who was near him, for a blanket, which the latter with cold-blooded inhumanity refused to furnish unless security was given for payment. Another Canadian proved more merciful, and Henry received a covering from the weather. With his three companions, guarded by seven Indians, he embarked in the canoe, the soldier being tied by his neck to one of the cross-bars of the vessel. The thick mists and the tempestuous weather compelled them to keep along the shore, close beneath the wet, dripping forests. In this manner they had proceeded about eighteen miles, and were approaching L'Arbre Croche, when an Ottawa Indian came out of the woods and called to them from the beach, inquiring the news and asking who were their prisoners. Some conversation followed, in the course of which the canoe approached the shore where the water was very shallow" At this juncture a loud yell was heard, and a

hundred Ottawas, rising from the shrubbery, rushed into the water and seized upon the canoe and prisoners. The astonished Ojibwas remonstrated, but to no purpose. The prisoners were all taken from them, and conducted to the shore in safety. This interference was the result of a jealousy which the Ottawas entertained against their brethren, the Ojibwas, for entering into the war without consulting them and giving them an opportunity to share in the plunder.

The Ottawas now assured the rescued prisoners that the Ojibwas were carrying them to the Isles du Castor merely to kill and eat them. They were then placed in Ottawa canoes, and were soon on their way back to the fort. They were accompanied by a large fleet of canoes and a strong band of Ottawa warriors. Before the day was over all had arrived at Michilimackinac. Landing their canoes, the Ottawas marched, in Indian file, into the fort, and took possession of it, while at a short distance hundreds of Ojibwa warriors looked on in astonishment. The night passed without any important event, but on the following morning the Ojibwa chiefs invited the principal men of the Ottawas to hold a council with them in a building within the fort. A valuable present of goods was placed upon the floor, it being a part of the plunder they had taken; and their great war chief, Minavavana, who had conducted the massacre, rose and addressed the Ottawas. "Your conduct," he said, "has greatly surprised me. You have betrayed our common cause, and opposed the will of the Great Spirit, who has decreed that every Englishman must die. Excepting you, all the Indians have raised the hatchet. Pontiac has taken Detroit, and every other fort has also been destroyed. The English are meeting with destruction throughout the whole world. The King of France has awakened from his sleep." In conclusion he exhorted them no longer to espouse the cause of the English, but, like their brethren, to lift the hatchet against them.

According to the Indian custom, when the Ojibwa chief concluded his speech, the council adjourned till the next day, when it was again convened. At this meeting the Ottawas expressed a willingness to settle the affair, which they did by

dividing the prisoners and the plunder. The Ottawas retained the officers and the soldiers while the traders were given up to their conquerors. The prisoners taken by the Ottawas were treated with kindness.

The prisoners that were given back to the Ojibwas were taken by the latter to one of their villages in the vicinity of Michilimackinac and imprisoned in the council house. They were securely bound together and to the posts that supported the lodge. No sooner had the traders been thus confined than the building was filled with savages who seemed to take great delight in jeering the captives. At the head of the lodge sat the great war chief of the Ojibwa nation, with Wenniway at his side. Henry was among the prisoners. Turning round he noticed Wawatam, his friend, entering at the door. This was the same Indian who visited Henry on the day before the massacre and endeavored to persuade him to leave the fort. He now passed Henry, stopping only to shake him by the hand, and took a seat beside Wenniway at the head of the lodge. After he had smoked with them a while in silence he rose and went out again, but soon returned, followed by his squaw, who brought with her a valuable present, which she laid at the feet of the two chiefs. Wawatam then addressed them in the following language: "Friends and relations, what is it that I shall say? You know what I feel. You all have friends, and brothers, and children, whom as yourselves you love; and you—what would you experience did you, like me, behold your dearest friend—your brother—in the condition of a slave; a slave, exposed every moment to insult, and to menaces of death? This case, as you all know, is mine. See there, (pointing to Henry) my friend and my brother among slaves—himself a slave! You all well know that, long before the war began I adopted him as my brother. From that moment he became one of my family, so that no change of circumstances could break the cord which fastened us together. He is my brother, and because I am your relation he is therefore your relation, too; and how, being your relation, can he be your slave? On the day on which the war began, you were fearful lest, on this very account I should

reveal your secret. You requested, therefore, that I should leave the fort, and even cross the lake. I did so, but I did it with reluctance. I did it with reluctance, notwithstanding that you, Minavavana, who had the command in this enterprise, gave me your promise that you would protect my friend, delivering him from all danger, and giving him safely to me. The performance of this promise I now claim. I come not with empty hands to ask it. You, Minavavana, best know whether or not, as it respects yourself, you have kept your word; but I bring these goods to buy off every claim which any man among you all may have on my brother as his prisoner."

The great Ojibwa chief replied to this speech in a favorable manner. His presents were accepted and Henry was released. Wawatam conducted him to his lodge, which was only a few paces distant, and there treated him as his brother. Here Henry enjoyed once more peace of mind and a night's rest, both of which he had been deprived of for several days. On the following day, as he sat comfortably within Wawatam's lodge, he heard a great noise in the prison-house, which stood near by, and, raising up, he beheld the dead bodies of seven of the prisoners dragged forth. They had been slain by a noted chief, who had just returned from the winter's hunt. Having come too late to take part in the grand achievement of his tribesmen, he took this method of signifying his approval of what had been done. With this design he had entered the prison-lodge and murdered seven of the soldiers with his knife.

Now came the scenes of canibalism. The Indians sought to increase their bravery by feasting on the bodies of their slain enemies. I shall not shock the reader with a description of this sickening feast. It was conducted in the presence of the few remaining prisoners, and must have been a painful sight to them.

It was now about one week since the massacre occurred. The Indians began to fear the approach of the English, and determined to remove to some place where they would be able to defend themselves against an attack. Accordingly three hundred and fifty warriors, with their families and household

effects, embarked in their canoes for the island of Mackinaw, which they reached in safety. Here they erected their lodges and planted their little village. Henry and his friend Wawatam were among the number.

The Ojibwas had no sooner settled down on this beautiful island than they were visited by Pontiac's messengers, who represented that the Ottawa chief was still besieging Detroit and desired them to hasten to his assistance. The Indians listened to the invitation but they would not accept it. Already they were beginning to fear the consequences of their onset against the garrison at Michilimackinac, and they were now more anxious to secure a place of safety than to continue the war.

The fort at Green Bay, and the Saut Ste. Marie, did not share the fate of Michilimackinac. During the winter previous the latter fort had been partially destroyed by fire and was therefore abandoned, the garrison withdrawing to Michilimackinac where most of them perished in the massacre. The fort at Green Bay was first garrisoned in 1761. The force consisted of seventeen men, commanded by Lieut. Garell. This officer, by his judicious policy, gained the friendship of all the Indians in the vicinity of his fort. On the fifteenth of June, 1763, he received the following letter from Captain Etherington, who had lately commanded at Fort Michilimackinac, and was now a prisoner at the Ottawa village of L'Arbre Croche:

"MICHILIMACKINAC, June 11, 1763.

"DEAR SIR:—This place was taken by surprise on the fourth instant by the Ojibwas, at which time Lieut. Jamet and twenty (fifteen) more were killed and all the rest taken prisoners; but our good friends, the Ottawas, have taken Lieut. Lesley, me, and eleven men out of their hands, and have promised to reinstate us again. You'll, therefore, on receipt of this, which I send by a canoe of Ottawas, set out with all your garrison and what English traders you have with you, and come with the Indian who gives you this, who will conduct you safe to me. You must be sure to follow the instruction you receive from the bearer of this, as you are by no means to come to this post before you see me at the village twenty miles from this. I must once more beg you'll lose no time in coming to join me; at the same time be very careful, and always be on your guard. I long much to see you, and am, dear sir, your most humble servant.

"GEO. ETHERINGTON.

"J. GARELL, Royal Americans."

Immediately on receiving this, Garell set out with his garrison, accompanied by ninety warriors in canoes. Garell's party were in bateaux. Arriving at L'Arbre Croche, the Ottawas came out to meet them and presented them with the pipe of peace. Capt. Etherington and Lieut. Leslie, and eleven men, were detained in this village as prisoners, but were treated with kindness. Several Indian councils were now held, after which the Ottawas released their prisoners. On the eighteenth of July the English, escorted by a fleet of Indian canoes, left L'Arbre Croche for Montreal, where they arrived in the following August. Excepting the garrison of Detroit, not a British soldier now remained in the region of the lakes.

# CHAPTER XI.

CONTINUATION OF THE SIEGE OF DETROIT — ADVENTURES OF A SCHOONER ON THE DETROIT RIVER — DEFEAT OF THE INDIANS — PONTIAC APPEALS TO THE FRENCH FOR ASSISTANCE — HORRIBLE DEATH OF CAPT. CAMPBELL — THE WYANDOTS AND POTTAWATOMIES SUE FOR PEACE.

LET US once more return to the camp of Pontiac and the garrison at Detroit. It will be remembered that some time before the arrival of the news of the slaughter of Cuyler's detachment, one of the vessels had left the fort, passed down the river, and proceeded towards Niagara to hasten up this same reinforcement. The schooner had passed Cuyler's detachment, probably while it was encamped near the mouth of the Detroit river, and had sailed down to Niagara, where it remained until the return of Cuyler, as already explained, to report his loss. This officer, and the survivors of his party, with a few other troops spared from the garrison of Niagara, were now ordered to embark on board of this vessel, and make their way to Detroit as soon as possible. They had done so, and were now almost within sight of the fort. However, the most dangerous part of the journey was yet to be performed. In many places the channel of the river was narrow, and a thousand infuriated warriors lay in ambush to interrupt her passage. Several days passed and nothing further was heard of the expected schooner. On the twenty-first, a great commotion was noticed among the Indians, and soon after a Frenchman came to the fort with the intelligence that the vessel was again attempting to ascend the river, and that a thousand warriors had gone down to capture her. Two cannon were immediately discharged so that the distant schooner might know the fort was still in the hands of the English. Not long after she

appeared, advancing slowly up the river. There were about sixty men on board, but only a few of them were visible on deck. They had been ordered below, in the hopes that the Indians, encouraged by this apparent weakness, might make an open attack. Just before reaching the narrowest part of the channel, the wind died away and the anchor was dropped. "Just above, and within gun shot of the vessel, the Indians had made a breastwork of logs, carefully concealed by bushes, on the shore of Turkey Island." Behind this the Indians lay in great numbers waiting for her to pass. The men on board were not aware of this, but, expecting an attack, they kept a constant lookout. Late in the night the sentinel gave the the alarm. On the black surface of the water he saw, advancing, a fleet of Indian canoes, filled with savages. The men below were called up, and every man stood at his post. When the Indians had approached within a few yards of the schooner, a volley of cannon and musketry burst forth from her black sides. Grape and musket shot flew tearing among the canoes, destroying several of them, killing fourteen Indians, wounding as many more, and driving the rest in confusion to the shore. As soon as those who survived reached the shore, they began to fire upon the schooner from behind their breastwork. The vessel, thereupon, dropped down the river beyond their reach. A few days after she again attempted to ascend the river. This time she met with good success. There was a brisk wind, and, although the fire from the savages was kept up constantly from both shores, she reached the fort in safety.

This schooner brought the much needed supplies for the garrison, and the important news that peace had been concluded between France and England. The French settlers, however, pretended to disbelieve the news, declaring that it was manufactured by Major Gladwyn, and telling the Indians that the King of France was then approaching up the St. Lawrence with a mighty army to destroy their enemies. The savages fully believed these false representations, and remained firm in their position. Pontiac was not at all pleased with the reinforcements which Gladwyn had received, and he now resolved to terrify his British foe into submission. He once more sum-

moned Gladwyn to surrender, declaring that eight hundred Ojibwa warriors were now approaching to assist him, and representing that, should the garrison hold out till their arrival, no resistance which they could offer would prevent these braves from taking the scalp of every Englishman within the fort. Gladwyn replied in a decisive manner, assuring him that he cared nothing for his threats.

Being thus thwarted, Pontiac summoned all the principal French settlers to meet him in council. "In the Ottawa camp," says Francis Parkman, "there was a vacant spot, quite level, and encircled by the huts of the Indians. Here mats were spread for the reception of the deputies, who soon convened, and took their seats in a wide ring. One part was occupied by the Canadians, among whom were several, whose withered, leathery features proclaimed them the patriarchs of the secluded little settlement. Opposite these sat the stern-visaged Pontiac, with his chiefs on either hand, while the intervening portions of the circle were filled by Canadians and Indians promiscuously mingled. Standing on the outside, and looking over the heads of this more dignified assemblage, was a motley throng of Indians and Canadians, half-breeds, trappers and voyageurs, in wild and picturesque, though very dirty, attire. Conspicuous among them were the numerous Indian dandies, a large class in every aboriginal community, where they hold about the same relative positions as in civilized society. They were wrapped in the gayest blankets, their necks adorned with beads, their cheeks daubed with vermilion and their ears hung with pendants. They stood sedately looking on, with evident self-complaisancy, yet ashamed and afraid to take their places among the aged chiefs and warriors of repute." Several pipes were passed round from hand to hand, but, beyond this, all remained silent, until Pontiac rose and threw down a war belt at the feet of the Canadians and delivered the following speech:

"My brothers, how long will you suffer this bad flesh to remain upon your lands? I have told you before, and I now tell you again, that when I took up the hatchet it was for your good. This year the English must all perish throughout Can-

ada. The Master of Life commands it, and you who know Him better than we, wish to oppose His will. Until now I have said nothing on this matter. I have not urged you to take part with us in the war. It would have been enough had you been content to sit quiet on your mats looking on, while we were fighting for you, but you have not done so. You call yourselves our friends, and yet you assist the English with provisions, and go about as spies among our villages. This must not continue. You must be either wholly French or wholly English. If you are French, take up that war belt and lift the hatchet with us; but if you are English, then we declare war upon you. My brothers, I know this is a hard thing. We are all alike children of our great father, the King of France, and it is hard to fight among brethren for the sake of dogs, but there is no choice. Look upon the belt, and let us hear your answer."

One of the Canadians, who had brought with him a copy of the capitulation of Montreal, and who had determined not to confess that they were no longer children of the French King, but that he was then approaching with a vast army to win back Canada, rose and replied to the Ottawa chief, confessing great love for the Indians, and manifesting a desire to aid them in the war. He concluded with these words: "But, my brothers, you must first untie the knot with which our great father, the king, has bound us. In this paper—the capitulation—he tells all his Canadian children to set quiet and obey the English until he comes, because he wishes to punish his enemies himself. We dare not disobey him, for he would then be angry with us, and you, my brothers, who speak of making war upon us, if we do not do as you wish, do you think you could escape his wrath? If you should raise the hatchet against his French children, he would treat you as enemies and not as friends, and you would have to fight both English and French at once. Tell us, by brothers, what can you reply to this?"

The Frenchman then took his seat, and, for a time, Pontiac sat like one confounded, but he was not wholly disappointed. From among the number of half-breeds and trappers present, one stepped forth and snatched up the war belt, and declared

that he and his companions were ready to raise the hatchet against the English. Pontiac was much pleased with these volunteers, and on the following day he made a great feast to welcome them to the ranks of his army. For this entertainment a large number of dogs were killed and served up to the guests, "none of whom, according to the Indian custom on such occasions, were permitted to take their leave until they had eaten the whole of the enormous portion placed before them." It is hardly necessary to say that Pontiac derived but little benefit from these auxiliaries. On the night succeeding the feast, a party of these renegades, together with about an equal number of Indians, approached the fort and entrenched themselves, for the purpose of firing upon the garrison. At daybreak they were observed by the garrison. The gates of the fort were therefore thrown open and a small detachment of men under the command of Lieut. Hay, marched out and routed them. The Canadians ran off with such rapidity that they escaped injury, while among the Indians who made an attempt to oppose the enemy, two were shot.

No sooner had Lieut. Hay and his party returned to the fort, when a white man was seen running towards it closely pursued by the Indians. When he had come within gunshot of the fort, the Indians gave way, and he reached it in safety. This man proved to be the commandant of Sandusky, who—as I have already mentioned—having been married to an old squaw, had now made good his escape. He brought sad news to the fort—the intelligence that Capt. Campbell had been killed. It appears that one of the Indians killed by Lieut. Hay's detachment, was a nephew to Wasson, chief of the Ojibwas. As soon as he became aware of what had happened, Wasson blackened his face in token of revenge, and, gathering around him a band of his followers, repaired to the house of Meloche, where Campbell was kept a prisoner, and murdered him in the most cruel manner. The other captive, McDougal, had escaped some time before.

It was now about three months since the siege began. From the beginning, the Wyandots and Pottawatomies were less zealous in prosecuting the war than their brethren, the Otta-

was and Ojibwas, "and now, like children, they began to tire of the task they had undertaken." The Wyandots asked for peace which the commandant granted them, but when the Pottawatomies came on the same errand, Gladwyn demanded that the English prisoners in their village should first be given up. After considerable delay these savages yielded to his request, and a peace was concluded.

## CHAPTER XII.

APPROACH OF DALZELL'S DETACHMENT—THE BATTLE OF BLOODY RUN—SLAUGHTER OF THE ENGLISH—THE FATAL RETREAT—ADVENTURES OF THE SCHOONER GLADWYN—BRAVERY OF HER CREW—THE INDIANS SUE FOR PEACE.

WHILE events were thus passing in Detroit a strong reinforcement was advancing to their assistance. Capt. Dalzell had left Niagara with twenty barges, bearing two hundred and eighty men, with several small cannon and a large supply of ammunition and provisions. This convoy was observed advancing up the Detroit river on the twenty-ninth of July; but it no sooner reached a point midway between the villages of the Wyandots and Pottawatomies than these Indians, although bound by a treaty made less than two weeks previous to abstain from the war, opened a hot fire upon the boats from either bank. It was answered by a swivel from the barges, but in the contest the English lost about twenty men, killed and wounded. When the villages were passed the convoy landed safely at the little dock near the fort. The detachment consisted of soldiers from the fifty-fifth and eightieth regiments, with twenty independent rangers under Major Rogers.

Captain Dalzell had rendered gallant service by the side of Israel Putnam, but had more recently acted as aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Amherst. On the day of his arrival he held a conference with Major Gladwyn, urging the policy of going out with a strong detachment and attacking the camp of Pontiac. Gladwyn objected, but the officer pressed his plan so urgently that the commandant at length gave a reluctant consent.

Pontiac's camp at this time was located several miles above Parent's Creek, it having been removed to escape the fire from the vessels in the river. On the evening of the thirtieth of

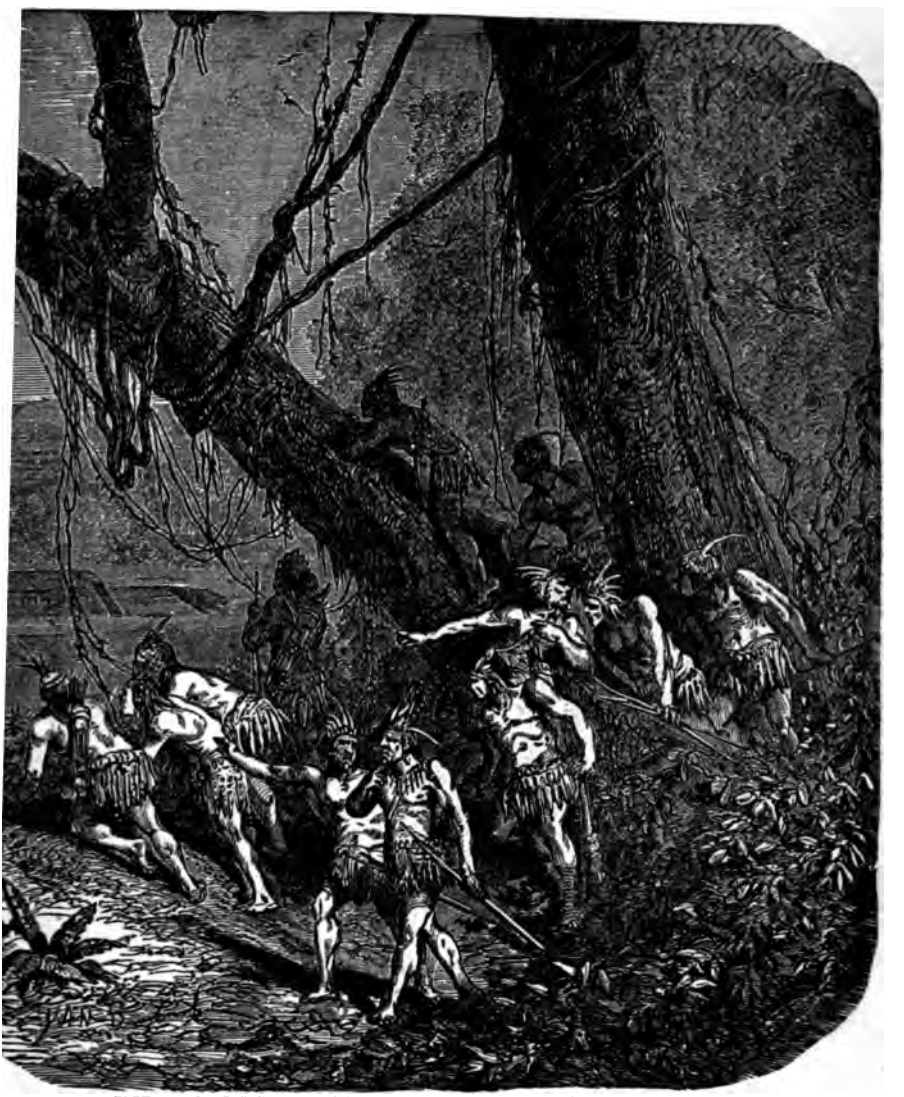
July orders were issued and preparations made for the attack; and about two o'clock on the following morning the detachment, two hundred and fifty strong, passed out of the gates of the fort. Through the carelessness of some of the garrison the plan became known to the French, and was by them communicated to the Indians. Having thus received knowledge of the affair, the Indians were on their guard. The soldiers passed up the river road, while two large bateaux rowed up the river abreast of them.* Lieut. Brown led the advance guard of twenty-five men; the center was commanded by Capt. Grey, and the rear by Capt. Grant. The night was warm, and the soldiers marched in light attire. On their right lay the waters of the Detroit, while on their left a succession of Canadian houses, barns and orchards greeted them at every hundred paces. As the soldiers passed along the dogs barked furiously and the inhabitants, roused from sleep, looked from the windows of their dwellings in astonishment. Thus the English proceeded to the attack, little thinking that behind every barn or in every corn-field Indian warriors lay in ambush, ready to slaughter them when an opportunity was presented; much less did they suppose that Pontiac himself, having heard of their intention, was at that moment advancing upon them at the head of a thousand savages.

Parent's Creek, since that night called Bloody Run, ran through a wild hollow, and entered the Detroit about a mile and a half above the fort. Only a few rods from its mouth the road crossed it by a narrow wooden bridge. "Just beyond this bridge the land rose in abrupt ridges, parallel to the stream. Along their summits were rude intrenchments made by Pontiac, to protect his camp, which had formerly occupied the ground immediately beyond." In this place were huge piles of wood, tall picket fences, and many other things that served as a shelter to the Indians. Behind all were crouched countless savages, with their muskets ready, for now they could hear the steady tramp of the approaching enemy. The night was exceedingly dark, and as the soldiers approached this dangerous pass a horrible burst of yells rose in their front, and at that

* Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac."

moment they were greeted with a volley of musketry. Fully half of the advance party fell dead upon the spot, and the rest fell back in disorder. In a few moments the main body of the troops broke into confusion. But now the clear, shrill voice of Dalzell broke upon the midnight air. He advanced to the front, rallied the men, and led them forward to the attack. As the troops returned to battle, another volley of musketry from the Indians poured forth, and again the soldiers hesitated; but Dalzell shouted to them, and with this brave officer leading the way, the detachment, "in the madness of mingled rage and fear," made a desperate charge, crossing the bridge at a brisk run and mounting the heights beyond. Here the soldiers found no one to oppose them. The savages had fled. Capt. Grant with his company recrossed the bridge, and took a position in the road. The main body of the troops followed, a small party only remaining, to hold the savages in check while the dead and dying were being placed on board the two bateaux, which had come up to the bridge during the assault. Before this task was completed the savages renewed the attack, and volleys of musketry were also heard in the direction of Grant's position. A large force of Indians had fired upon him from their secret intrenchments. These had remained quiet during the action, with a view to surprise the troops on their retreat. Grant pushed forward and dislodged them at the point of the bayonet.

The English now received intelligence that the warriors had formed a design to cut off their retreat, and for this purpose had gone in great numbers to occupy the French houses which commanded the road below. The order for the homeward march was immediately given, and the soldiers fell into marching order and moved forward. Grant now led the front, while Dalzell brought up the rear. A few scattering Indians followed them, discharging their muskets and harrassing Dalzell's command at every turn. At intervals the rear party faced about to throw back a volley of musketry at their pursuers. In this way they proceeded for half a mile, when, reaching a point opposite a thicket of orchards and pickets, the Indians rose from their hiding places and poured a hot fire of musketry among them. Again the soldiers broke into confusion, and,



INDIANS PREPARING TO ATTACK A FRONTIER FORT.

TRIAL OF COL. CRAWFORD BY PONTIAC.

crowding upon each other, attempted to flee for their lives; but the strong voice of Dalzell again rose above the din. He beat the soldiers with the flat of his sword and threatened them its edge. In this way he partially restored order, and charged upon the Indians, dislodging them and putting them to flight.

A little farther on the Indians had taken possession of a Canadian house, and as the soldiers advanced the savages fired down upon them. Major Rodgers advanced with his provincial rangers, broke in the door and expelled them. Capt. Grey now attempted to dislodge a party of savages from behind a cluster of buildings, but fell, mortally wounded, in the attempt. The savages, however, gave way, and the retreat was resumed; but the Indians pursued them, shooting down the rear and scalping the fallen. The soldiers hastened on towards the fort, the rear now and then turning back to check their pursuers with a discharge of musketry. At nearly every step one or more fell dead or wounded. Dalzell observed at a little distance, in the rear, a sergeant of the fifty-fifth regiment lying upon the ground, helplessly wounded. The dying man raised himself up upon his hands and looked after his retiring comrades in desperation. The sight was too much for Dalzell. In the true spirit of heroism he ran out amidst the brisk fire of the Indians, and, while attempting to assist the bleeding sergeant to his feet, a ball pierced his breast, and he fell dead upon the body which he had risked his own life to rescue. With this sad event the Indians rushed upon them, and had not Major Rogers taken possession of a Canadian house and covered the retreat with the fire of his rangers, the loss would have been much more severe. Rogers entered this house with his own men, but was soon followed by many of the regulars, who ran in to secure a temporary shelter. The house, which was owned by Jacques Campau, was filled with the women of the neighborhood, who had taken shelter in the cellar, garret, or wherever a room promised safety from the fire of the soldiers and Indians. The soldiers who had now entered the house, tired and warm, placed the furniture against the windows, and running their muskets through the openings, they opened an effective fire upon their enemies; but this was sharply returned

by the savages. The bullets rapped hard and fast against the outer walls, and now and then one would fly sharply whizzing through a crevice, striking down a man or harmlessly piercing the partitions.

In the meantime Capt. Grant had moved forward and taken up a position among the orchard trees where he maintained himself until the centre and rear arrived. From this point he detached all the men he could spare to occupy the soldiers below. In this way he established a complete line of communication with the fort, and the retreat was effectually secured. In less than an hour the whole party, except Rogers and his men, had arrived to Grant's new position. The provincials were unable to leave the house of Campau, being completely surrounded by the savages. The two armed bateaux, which had now arrived at the fort, with the dead who fell at the charge of Bloody Run, were ordered to proceed up the river to a point opposite the house in which Rogers was being besieged, and open fire upon the savages. This was done with good effect, enabling Rogers and his men to leave the house and continue their retreat. The bateaux followed them down the river, protecting their rear from the fire of the Indians. Rogers had no sooner left the house at one door than the Indians entered it at another, for the purpose of scalping the corpses of the dead soldiers. Foremost among these was an old squaw, who rushed in, with a wild scream, and slashing open one of the dead bodies with her knife, scooped up the blood with her joined hands and drank it down greedily.

About eight o'clock in the morning the detachment reached the fort and entered once more within the palisades, but not without losing fifty-nine men killed and wounded. The loss of the Indians did not exceed twenty.

Pontiac was much gratified with his success in routing the English, and messengers were sent out for hundreds of miles around to announce their victory. Reinforcements soon began to come in, and in a few days Pontiac's forces were nearly doubled. The English, however, were now well prepared to meet any force which the Indians might be able to muster.

The garrison could now boast of three hundred effective men, and being well provided with provisions and ammunition, they fought with hope and courage. Day after day passed on. The beseigers continued the war, but nothing occurred of great importance until the fourth of September. On this day the schooner Gladwyn, the smaller of the two vessels already mentioned, which had been sent to Niagara with dispatches, was returning up the Detroit river, having on board Capt. Horst, Jacobs, the mate, and a crew of ten men and six Iroquois Indians, believed to be friendly to the English. As soon as the schooner entered the river the Indians desired to be placed on shore. This was granted them, and it is believed they proceeded at once to report the approach of the schooner and the weakness of the crew to Pontiac. On the evening of the fourth she was becalmed in the river, about nine miles below the fort. "The men on board," says Parkman, "watched with anxious vigilance, and as night came on they listened to every sound which broke the stillness, from the strange cry of the night-hawk, wheeling round and round above their heads, to the bark of the fox in the woods on shore. The night set in with darkness so complete that at the distance of a few rods nothing could be discerned. Meanwhile three hundred and fifty Indians, in their birch canoes, glided silently down with the current and were close upon the vessel before they were seen. There was only time to fire a single canon shot among them before they were beneath her bows and clambering up her sides, holding their knives clenched fast between their teeth. The crew gave them a close fire of musketry without any effect. Then flinging down their guns, they seized their spears and hatchets, with which they were all provided, and met the assailants with such furious energy and courage, that within the space of two or three minutes they had killed and wounded more than thrice their own number. But the Indians were only checked for a moment. The master of the vessel was killed, several of the crew were disabled, and the assailants were leaping over the bulwarks, when Jacobs, the mate, called out to blow up the schooner. This desperate command saved her and her crew.

Some Wyandots who had gained the deck, caught the meaning of his words and gave the alarm to their companions. Instantly every Indian leaped overboard in a panic and the whole were seen diving and swimming off in all directions to escape the threatened explosion. The schooner was cleared of her assailants, who did not dare to renew the attack, and on the following morning she sailed for the fort, which she reached without molestation. Six of her crew escaped unhurt. Of the remainder, two were killed and four seriously wounded, while the Indians had seven men killed upon the spot and nearly twenty wounded, of whom eight were known to have died within a few days after. As the whole action lasted but a few minutes, the fierceness of the struggle is sufficiently apparent from the loss on both sides. The survivors of the little crew were afterwards rewarded as their undaunted bravery deserved." This schooner brought to the fort a much needed supply of provisions, for by this time their supplies had become short. It was not, it will be seen, however, sufficient for the wants of the garrison, and the whole were now put upon the shortest possible allowance.

September was now drawing to a close. The savages having pressed the siege since the beginning of May, were now becoming tired of their ill-success, and hearing that Major Wilkins was now approaching with a large army to destroy them, as well as becoming shaken in their faith regarding the advancing army of the king of France, they sued for peace.

The different tribes around Detroit who now, weary of the siege, came to the fort for peace, were by no means sincere in their desires. Fearing the advance of the English from Niagara, and knowing that with the approach of winter their sufferings would be increased, and, their ammunition being nearly spent, they had resolved to conclude a peace, retire to their wintering grounds, and renew the war with increased vigor in the spring. Accordingly, on the twelfth of October, Wapocomoguth, great chief of the Mississaugas, a branch of the Ojibwas, living east of the Detroit River, visited the fort, bringing with him a pipe of peace. He declared to Gladwyn that he and his people were fast friends of the English, and

now desired to conclude a lasting peace with them. He further added that he had been requested by the Pottawatomies, Ojibwas and Wyandots, to say that these tribes were now sorry for taking part in the war; that they repented of their bad conduct, and also sincerely desired to conclude a treaty of peace, which they had resolved on, if made not to break. The British commandant was now too well acquainted with the Indian character, and more especially with the tricks of these tribes, to believe these representations; but, the circumstances in which he was placed made it necessary for him to adopt any measure that would enable him to procure further supplies. His garrison was on the eve of famine, and every attempt to secure provisions while his fort was surrounded with hostile Indians, had been attended with evil results. He replied, therefore, that he was not empowered to grant peace, but he would consent to a truce. The Ojibwa chief left the fort with this message, and Gladwyn, favored with a lull in the storm, hastened to collect provisions among the French settlers. He met with many difficulties, as the Canadians were fearful lest, should they be instrumental in supplying the garrison with food, they would incur the wrath of the savages, and, perhaps, perish under the tomahawk. But he succeeded in collecting a a very good supply, sufficient to keep the garrison through the winter.

It should be remembered, here, that the Ottawas had not yet asked for peace. Goaded on by their great leader, Pontiac, they would not humble themselves as their brethren had done, but, continuing their hostile acts, they harrassed the fort continually. With the end of October, however, Pontiac received a severe blow to his energies. A French messenger came to his camp with a letter from M. Neyon, commandant at Fort Charters, the principal post in Illinois. The letter assured Pontiac that all the stories which had been told him regarding the approach of his French father, with a great army, were false; that the French and the English were now at peace and regarded each other as brothers, and that they had better abandon the siege. This letter broke the pride of the Ottawa leader, and he departed from Detroit, accompanied by his prin-

cipal chiefs. Descending the Detroit, he encamped on the Maumee, when he began to stir up the tribes in that place, with a view of renewing the war in the spring.

A few day's after Pontiac's departure, two friendly Wyandot Indians came to the fort. One of them handed Major Gladwyn a letter. It proved to be from Major Wilkins, and contained the disastrous news that his detachment had been overtaken by a storm; that many of the boats had been wrecked, and that seventy men had perished; that all the stores and ammunition had been destroyed, and he, and the remnant of his men had been forced to return to Niagara. This news had a bad effect upon the cheer of the garrison, but, delighted at the departure of Pontiac, and with the temporary peace which they were enjoying, they took courage, and looked forward to the dreary winter, with hopeful hearts.

Detroit, and the territory for miles around was now almost deserted. The besiegers had departed for the chase. Some crossed Lake Huron to the north, others advanced far westward into the wilds of Michigan, while, as already observed, a large number went southward to the Maumee.

Detroit, as we have seen, had been the central point of Indian operations. Around it they had concentrated their greatest forces. Its capture had been their favorite project. It was the only barrier which prevented them from carrying out the original plan of uniting in one mighty onslaught against the frontier settlements. With the failure of this part of the work, the savages become discouraged, and, for the time being, they retired from the siege.

## CHAPTER XIII.

FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS AND FORTS — ALARMS AT FORT PITT — SLAUGHTER OF TRADERS — NARROW ESCAPE OF A GARRISON — DESTRUCTION OF FORTS — THE WAR RAGING TO THE HIGHEST PITCH — DANGER THICKENING AROUND FORT PITT.

WHILE the clouds of Indians were blackening around Detroit, a tempest was gathering which was soon to pour a torrent upon the whole frontier. In 1763 the British settlements did not extend beyond the Alleghanies. The German Flats on the Mohawk might have been regarded as the extreme verge of the frontier of the State of New York. The same could have been said of the town of Bedford, in Pennsylvania, while the settlements of Virginia extended to a corresponding distance. Through the wilderness immediately west of these places, ran chains of forts, for their protection. One of the most important of these passed through the country of the Six Nations, and guarded the route between the northern colonies and Lake Ontario. The route was by the way of the Hudson, the Mohawk, Wood Creek, the Oneida Lake and the River Oswego, and was defended by Forts Stanwix, Brewertown, Oswego and two or three smaller forts. Fort Niagara stood near the western end of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the river from which it derived its name. This was a strong and well supplied fort, guarding, as it did, access to the whole interior country, both by way of the route just mentioned, also by that of the St. Lawrence. From Fort Niagara the trader would make the portage past the great falls to Presque Isle, now the city of Erie, Pennsylvania. Thence he would pass, by an overland route, to Fort Le Boeuf, on a branch of the Alleghany; thence by water to Venango, and thence down the Alleghany to Fort Pitt. This last-mentioned place stood on the site of the present

prosperous city of Pittsburgh. Before the forests had been leveled to the earth, at the period of which I am writing, this was a beautiful spot. Everywhere for miles around, the landscape was rich and captivating. On the right the waters of the Alleghany, bordered by high, steep banks, flowed onward towards the Mississippi. On the left, the winding Monongahela came in and emptied its gurgling waters into the former, or both united to form the broad Ohio. For a long distance down this placid stream, on either side, the picturesque hills and declivities presented a scene of rare beauty. The place, too, had its historic associations. It was on this spot where the French had erected Fort Duquesne. Near by the same place, Braddock had been defeated, and on the hill, in the rear of the fort, Grant's Highlanders and Lewis' Virginians had been surrounded and captured after a long and desperate resistance.

General Stanwix erected Fort Pitt in 1759, upon the ruins of Fort Duquesne, which General Forbes had destroyed. It is needless to say that the walls of this strong fort have long since been leveled to the ground, and that on its site has arisen the populous city of Pittsburgh. But in 1763, Fort Pitt stood alone in the dense forest, being over two hundred miles from the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania. There were two routes leading from this post to the settlements, one of which had been cut out by General Braddock, in his disastrous march in 1755; the other, and, perhaps, the one most frequented, was by the way of Carlisle and Bedford, and was first traversed by General Forbes in 1758. Leaving Fort Pitt by the Forbes route, the traveler, after journeying fifty-six miles, would reach the post of Ligonier, whence he would soon reach Fort Bedford. This post was about one hundred miles from Fort Pitt. It was nestled among the mountains, and surrounded by several log cabins, the huts of the first pioneers. Continuing on and passing several small posts, the traveler would come to Carlisle, which was nearly one hundred miles further east, a place resembling Fort Bedford in its surroundings. From Carlisle, the traveler would proceed to Harris' Ferry,

now Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna. From the latter place the route led directly into the settlements.

It would be a difficult matter to give any correct description of the border settlements of Virginia and Pennsylvania at this early day, or even the scattered forts that were intended to protect them, nor, indeed, would the reader be deeply interested in it, could an accurate one be produced. There was nothing in their character widely different from any other border towns.

The inhabitants of these places had for some time enjoyed peace with the neighboring tribes, but in May, 1763, news of the Pontiac war reached them, and in the dusk of the evening of the twenty-seventh of the same month, a party of Indians were seen from Fort Pitt, descending the banks of the Alleghany, with pack horses. They encamped on the bank of the river till daybreak on the twenty-eighth, when they all crossed over to the fort. They brought with them a great quantity of valuable furs. These were exchanged for hatchets, muskets, bullets and gunpowder. Their peculiar conduct excited suspicion, but they were permitted to depart. Not long after they had gone, news was received at the fort that Col. Clapham, with several others, had been murdered and scalped near the fort. Soon after it was discovered that all the inhabitants of an Indian village, not far up the river, had abandoned their cabins. Following this came the intelligence that two soldiers belonging to the garrison had been shot down near the fort. A messenger was sent out to Venango to warn the garrison there of danger, but he had not gone far when he was twice fired at and severely wounded. He returned almost immediately and reported the situation. The clouds now began to thicken around Fort Pitt, as we have seen them around Detroit. A trader named Calhoun, came in from the Tuscarora village with the following account: "At eleven o'clock on the night of the twenty-seventh, a chief and several of the principal warriors of the Tuscarora village, had come to Calhoun's house, and earnestly begged him to depart, declaring that they did not wish to see him killed before their eyes. The Ottawas and Ojibwas, they said, had taken up the hatchet, and captured

Detroit, Sandusky and all the forts of the interior. The Delawares and Shawanoes of the Ohio were following their example, and were murdering all the traders among them. Calhoun and the thirteen men in his employ lost no time in taking their departure. The Indians forced them to leave their guns behind, promising that they would give them "three warriors to guide them in safety to Fort Pitt; but the whole proved a piece of characteristic dissimulation and treachery. The three guides led them into an ambuscade at the mouth of Beaver Creek. A volley of balls showered among them; eleven men were killed on the spot, and Calhoun and two others alone made their escape." The reports which Calhoun had received concerning the slaughter of English traders, was only too true. They were scalped everywhere without mercy. A boy named McCullough, who had been captured during the French War, and who was now a prisoner among the Indians, relates in his published narrative, that he witnessed the killing of a trader named Green, which was conducted in the most cruel manner. Everywhere throughout the vast wilderness, wherever an English trader had ventured, he was scalped, and, in many instances, no white man survived to tell the horrible news. Not less than a hundred were thus murdered and scalped, along this frontier. Their goods were all plundered, and the savages exulted in their bloody work. Among the villages of the Hurons and Wyandots, the traders were so numerous that that the Indians were afraid to attack them openly. They, therefore, adopted the following ingenious plan: "They told their unsuspecting victims that the surrounding tribes had risen in arms, and were soon coming that way, bent on killing every Englishman they could find. The Wyandots averred that they would gladly protect their friends, the white men, but that it would be impossible to do so, unless the latter would consent, for the sake of appearances, to become their prisoners. In this case, they said the hostile Indians would refrain from injuring them, and they should be set at liberty as soon as the danger was passed. The traders fell into the snare. They gave up their arms, and, the better to carry out the deception, even consented to be bound." No sooner

had these crafty Indians thus secured the Englishmen, than they fell to and murdered them in cold blood. This was one of the most cruel massacres in the whole catalogue.

Among the horrifying incidents that were now desolating the border forests of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, there were, now and then, scenes which were not altogether void of romance. An Englishman by the name of Chapman, who lived near Detroit, was made prisoner. For some time he was protected by the humane interference of a Frenchman. At length, however, his captors resolved to burn him alive. For this purpose they tied him to a stake, placed fuel around him, and started the fire. When the flames became unbearable, they gave him a bowl of broth scalding hot. He snatched it, and, in the rage of thirst, raised it to his lips and began to drink. Bursting into a rage, he flung the bowl into the face of the Indian. In a moment the crowd shouted, "He is mad! He is mad!" and in another they unbound him, and set him at liberty. Such was the superstitious respect which the Indians entertained for every form of insanity.

While the war clouds were thus hovering over Fort Pitt, the war cry burst forth at Fort Ligonier. This came in the form of a volley of musketry, killing a number of the horses belonging to the fort. In the neighborhood of Fort Bedford, several men had been murdered, and many more had narrowly escaped. At this place the inhabitants were mustered together and organized for the purpose of assisting the garrison. A number of woodsmen formed into a company, dressed and painted like savages; they decoyed several bands of warriors within rifle shot of them, and soon became the terror of every Indian in the neighborhood.

The commandant at Fort Pitt had made every preparation to receive the enemy. All the buildings in the vicinity were leveled to the ground, nothing being left to serve as a shelter for the Indians. The garrison, which was commanded by Capt. Ecuyer, consisted of three hundred and thirty soldiers, traders and backwoodsmen. There were also in the fort about one hundred women and about one hundred and fifty children.

The outrages which were every day being committed around

these forts were for the most part the work of the "young men," as they are called among the Indians. It would seem that there was no chief among them of sufficient power to check their reckless course. Had Pontiac been among them these petty hostilities would have been concentrated into a well-directed general attack. But now, as it was, it was highly dangerous for the soldiers of the garrison at Fort Pitt to venture outside of the gate, and the few who attempted it were murdered and scalped by these savages. The surrounding woods were now alive with prowling warriors, and their number was daily increasing.

On the twenty-second of June a party of warriors appeared upon the plain, at some distance behind the fort. They drove off the horses which were grazing there, and killed a number of cattle. This done, they opened a brisk fire upon the fort, from which two men were killed. The garrison replied by a discharge of howitzers, from which the Indians fled in confusion. They soon appeared at another quarter, and re-opened their fire, which they kept up steadily throughout the following night.

About nine o'clock on the following morning several Indians approached the fort and took up a position close to the intrenchment, when one of them, a Delaware, called Turtle's Heart, addressed the garrison as follows:

"My brothers,—we that stand here are your friends; but we have bad news to tell you. Six great nations of Indians have taken up the hatchet and cut off all the English garrisons excepting yours. They are now on their way to destroy you also. My brothers, we are your friends, and we wish to save your lives. What we desire you to do is this: you must leave this fort, with all your women and children, and go down to the English settlements, where you will be safe. There are many bad Indians already here, but we will protect you from them. You must go at once, because if you wait till the six great nations arrive here you will all be killed, and we can do nothing to protect you."

The commandant, fully understanding their design, made the following curious reply: "My brothers, we are very grate-

ful for your kindness, though we are convinced that you must be mistaken in what you have told us about the forts being captured. As for ourselves we have plenty of provisions, and are able to keep this fort against all the nations of Indians that may dare to attack it. We are very well off in this place, and we mean to stay here. My brothers, as you have shown yourselves such true friends, we feel bound in gratitude to inform you that an army of six thousand English will shortly arrive here, and that another army of three thousand is gone up the lakes to punish the Ottawas and the Ojibwas. A third is gone to the frontier of Virginia, where they will be joined by your enemies, the Cherokees and Catawbas, who are coming here to destroy you; therefore, take pity on your women and children and get out of the way as soon as possible. We have told you this in confidence, out of our great solicitude, lest any of you should be hurt, and we hope that you will not tell the other Indians, lest they should escape from our vengeance."

The story of the three armies, which Capt. Ecuyer invented, had a very good effect upon the Indians. They returned with this story to a large band of warriors who were advancing against the fort, and were the means of their abandoning their purpose. On the twenty-sixth a soldier named Grey came in with the sad story of the fall of Presque Isle. On his way to the fort he passed the ruins of Le Boeuf and Venango. During the same day Ensign Price, the officer commanding at Le Boeuf, was seen approaching, followed by seven of his half-starved soldiers. He reached the fort in safety and reported his loss. On the evening of the eighteenth a great multitude of Indians had surrounded his post. His only available defense consisted of one blockhouse. Showering bullets and fire-arrows against it, they soon set it in flames; and at midnight, in spite of every effort, the upper part of the building burst into sheets of flame. The Indians now gathered in a semi-circle before the entrance, prepared to scalp the unfortunate garrison as fast as they should be driven out by the flames. But the commandant and his men with great effort hewed an opening through the back wall of the blockhouse, and escaped into the woods. For some time they could hear the reports of the Indian guns. "as these

painted demons were still leaping and yelling in front of the blazing building, firing into the loopholes, and exulting in the thought that their enemies were suffering in the agonies of death within." The trembling garrison pressed onward through the whole of the night and the following day, and at one o'clock on the succeeding night they came to the spot where Fort Venango had stood. All that now remained were huge piles of smouldering embers, among which were the charred bodies of the unfortunate garrison. They continued their journey; but six of the party, exhausted from hunger, gave way, and were left behind. The rest barely reached Fort Pitt alive. No man lived to tell the fate of the garrison of Venango, but some time after the destruction of that fort an Indian who was present at the affair related the circumstances to Sir William Johnson. The story was short, but full of horror. "A large body of Senecas gained an entrance under pretence of friendship, then closed the gates, fell upon the garrison and butchered them all except the commanding officer, Lieut. Gordon, whom they tortured over a slow fire for several successive nights, till he expired. This done, they burnt the place to the ground and departed."

While Forts Le Boeuf and Venango were thus dispatched, Fort Ligonier was furiously assailed, but after a day's hard fighting drove the savages away. Fort Augusta, on the Susquehanna, was also besieged, but having received large reinforcements on the day previous were able to hold out. Forts Bedford and Carlisle did not escape the war, but being on their guard they survived the assaults.

But this desperate war of detail was by no means confined to the military posts. All along the whole fronting of Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York, the slaughter raged with great fury. No pen can ever tell all the suffering these unfortunate settlers endured.

At Fort Pitt the preparations for the expected attack were continuing. A line of strong palisades was erected along the ramparts; the barracks were made shot-proof, to protect its inmates. Preparations were also made for extinguishing any fire that might be produced by burning missels from the

enemy. Time passed on, but nothing of importance occurred. On the twenty-sixth of July a small party of Indians approached the fort, and were admitted. Among the number were Chiefs Shingas, Turtle's Heart, and others, who had hitherto appeared to be friendly to the English. A council was held, at which Shingas made the following speech: "Brothers, what we are about to say comes from our hearts, and not from our lips. Brothers, we wish to hold fast the chain of friendship — that ancient chain which our forefathers held with their brethren, the English. You have let your end of the chain fall to the ground, but ours is still fast within our hands. Why do you complain that our young men have fired at your soldiers and killed your cattle and your horses? You yourselves are the cause of this. You marched your armies into our country and built forts here, though we told you again and again that we wished you to remove. My brothers, this land is ours, and not yours. My brothers, two days ago we received a great belt of wampum from the Ottawas of Detroit, and the message they sent us was in these words: 'Grandfathers, the Delawares by this belt inform you that in a short time we intend to pass in a very great body through your country, on our way to strike the English at the forts of the Ohio. Grandfathers, you know us to be a headstrong people. We are determined to stop at nothing, and as we expect to be very hungry we will seize and eat up everything that comes in our way.' Brothers, you have heard the words of the Ottawas. If you leave this place immediately, and go home to your wives and children, no harm will come of it; but if you stay you must blame yourselves alone for what may happen. Therefore, we desire you to remove."

Capt. Ecuyer replied, saying the forts were built to supply the Indians with necessaries. He refused to leave the place, and closed his remarks as follows: "I have warriors, provisions and ammunition to defend it three years against all the Indians in the woods, and we shall never abandon it as long as a white man lives in America. I despise the Ottawas, and am very much surprised at our brothers the Delawares for proposing to us to leave this place and go home. This is our home. You have attacked us without reason or provocation.

You have murdered and plundered our warriors and traders. You have taken our horses and cattle, and at the same time you tell us your hearts are good towards your brethren the English. How can I have faith in you? Therefore now, brothers, I will advise you to go home to your town, and take care of your wives and children. Moreover, I tell you that if any of you appear again about this fort I will throw bomb shells, which will burst and blow you to atoms, and fire cannons among you, loaded with a whole bagful of bullets; therefore take care, for I don't want to hurt you."

The chief departed in wrath, and on the night of the following day the Indians appeared before the fort in great numbers and began a general attack.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAR ON THE BORDERS—THE MARCH OF DEATH—THE TERRIFIED INHABITANTS FLEEING TO THE OLDER TOWNS—BOUQUET'S ARMY AT CARLISLE—ADVENTURES OF VOLUNTEERS—BURNING SETTLEMENTS—THE BATTLE OF BUSHY RUN—DISTRESS AND DANGER OF THE TROOPS—THE VICTORY.

LEAVING Fort Pitt for the present, let us turn to observe the events that were transpiring in other quarters. All along the western frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania, slaughter and suffering held full sway. Indian scalping parties were passing to and fro through the country, murdering men, women and children. It will be seen that nearly all the tribes east of the Mississippi had now engaged in the war except the Six Nations, and even the Senecas, the Cayugas, and the Tuscaroras, belonging to this confederacy, took part in it. Had it not been for the timely influence of Sir William Johnson, in quelling the spirit of the other nations of the Iroquois confederacy, the war would have been very much more disastrous.

News of the war now spread to the older eastern settlements and created great alarm. It soon became known that nine forts had fallen into the hands of the Indians. Sir Jeffery Amherst now, for the first time, saw clearly that all the western tribes had united against the English. He had but few soldiers at his command, and those who could be mustered were required to strengthen the garrisons that still held out. A reinforcement was therefore sent to Niagara, and a detachment under Capt. Dalzell was added to the garrison of Detroit, as we have already seen.

Col. Bouquet, who commanded at Philadelphia, mustered a force of five hundred men, and with a large supply of provisions and ammunition, he set out for Fort Pitt. He reached

Carlisle on the first of July, where he found the whole country in a panic. Every shelter in the settlement was crowded with the families of settlers who had fled from their homes to escape the savages. No hostile Indians had yet appeared in this neighborhood, but on Sunday, the third of July, a soldier came riding into the town with the intelligence that Presque Isle, Le Boeuf and Venango had been taken, and that the warriors were then advancing on Carlisle. This news threw the settlement into consternation. The crowded houses and barns presented a scene of lively commotion. From every quarter the settlers poured in until the country had been deserted for miles in every direction. Soon the rumor was set on foot that the Indians had come. Some of the fugitives had seen the smoke of burning dwellings rising from the distant valleys, others came breathlessly in from the very scene of massacre. A party of the inhabitants went out to warn the living and bury the dead. Arriving at Sherman's Valley they found fields laid waste, stacks of wheat on fire, and the houses still in flames, and they grew sick with horror at seeing a group of hogs tearing and devouring the bodies of the dead. Every where in this broad valley the work of destruction was complete. They marched on and on, but as far as the eye could see the smoke was curling upwards from the smouldering ruins of settlers' houses. The Indians had made a clean sweep, and it was only now and then that one escaped to tell the horrifying story of the massacre of his family. One came in with the report that he and seven others were setting at the table in a cabin of a settler on the Juniata. Four or five Indians burst the door and fired among them, and then beat down the survivors with the butt of their rifles. One of the men leaped from his seat, snatched up a loaded gun that chanced to be standing in the corner, and discharged its contents into the breast of an Indian, and then leaping through a window made good his escape. He fled through the forests to a settlement, where he related the news, and immediately twelve men volunteered to cross the mountains and warn the settlers of the Tuscarora valley, but upon reaching it they found that the enemy had been there before them. Many of

the houses were still on fire, others were standing. Upon entering these a ghastly scene was presented. The dead and mangled bodies were strewn upon the floors, and the furniture was stained with human blood. They turned away, filled with horror. The adventurers came upon one house where the Indians had held a feast only a few hours previous. A large number of cattle had been killed, the meat roasted, and, after they had eaten to their satisfaction, they had fled. Pursuing their course, the white men soon came within a few rods of the enemy. They here boldly resolved to overtake them and see, if possible, what direction they were pursuing. The trail led them into a thicket, where, as soon as they had entered it, they were surprised by a volley of musketry, and four of their number were shot down. Thirty warriors rose from their hiding places and rushed upon them. The white men returned their fire and then fled in all directions. A boy named Charles Eliot was among the number. As he ran, plunging through the thickets, he heard his pursuers close behind. He seized his powder horn and poured the contents into his gun, dropping a bullet in after it without using a ramrod, and wheeling about he discharged his gun into the breast of the Indian who had now advanced to within three or four yards from him. He then continued his flight, leaving the Indian in the agonies of death, but at the next moment a faint voice earnestly called out his name. Turning to the spot he beheld one of his companions stretched helplessly on the ground. He had been mortally wounded by the first shot from the Indians, but had advanced thus far before his strength gave out. Eliot approached him but could offer no assistance. The dying man looked up into the face of his comrade, saying: "Here, Charley, take my gun, whenever you see an Indian kill him with it, and then I shall be satisfied." Eliot and several others of the party escaped to the settlement. They reported what they had seen and experienced, which added another cloud of horror to the desolating news that was hourly coming in from all points on the frontier. Several other parties went out, and one of them, commanded by the sheriff of the place, encountered a band of Indians, defeated them, and brought away many scalps.

The settlers now became frantic with alarm, and many of them left Carlisle and pushed rapidly towards Lancaster and Philadelphia. "Carlisle," says a reliable author, "presented a most deplorable spectacle. A multitude of refugees, unable to find shelter in the town, had encamped in the woods or on the adjacent fields, erecting huts of branches and bark, and living on such charity as the slender means of the townspeople could supply. Passing among them, one would have witnessed every form of human misery. In these wretched encampments were men, women and children, bereft, in one stroke, of friends, of home, and the means of supporting life. Some stood aghast and bewildered at the sudden and fatal blow, others were sunk into the apathy of despair, others were weeping and mourning with irrepressible anguish."

The multitude were now threatened with famine, and crowds of them flocked to the tents of Bouquet soliciting food, which he gave them.

In the meantime, the march of the little army had been considerably delayed. This was owing to the fact that, the necessary horses and wagons could not be procured, without returning to the older towns. After a delay of eighteen days Bouquet broke up his camp and marched towards Fort Pitt. As the little army passed through Carlisle, the frightened inhabitants crowded around them, and, no doubt, fervently prayed for their success. Bouquet's march was truly a bold adventure. In his front lay a vast wilderness, filled with ferocious warriors, who, from their secret shelters, would shoot down his soldiers at every turn. The memories of former days came up to weigh upon the stout heart of this gallant officer. He was about to march through a wild country upon whose bosom slept the bones of Braddock and the hundreds of brave soldiers who fell around him. The numbers of the latter far exceeded Bouquet's whole force, while, on the other hand, there were now a hundred warriors prowling the lonely woods to one when Braddock penetrated them. With one or two exceptions, the soldiers under Bouquet's command were wholly inexperienced in the perils of border warfare. To say the least, the

great end which he had set out to accomplish could not, apparently, be achieved with so small a force.

Let us, for a single moment, glance at this brave officer who was now, in the eyes of all around him, leading his army into the jaws of death. Henry Bouquet was a Swiss by birth. His military career began when a boy. Previous to the war between France and England, he held a commission under the King of Sardinia, but when that struggle began, in 1755, he was engaged in the service of the King of Holland. At this time the Duke of Cumberland formed a plan to organize a corps to serve in the provinces, and to be called the Royal Americans. Bouquet accepted a position as Lieutenant Colonel in this regiment, and his services soon proved of great value. "His person was fine, his bearing composed and dignified." Everywhere in the provinces, and more especially in Pennsylvania, he was regarded with profound respect. He was a good English scholar, and could write with ease, and in a style of great purity. As a soldier, he was active, courageous and faithful. Withal, he had acquired a practical knowledge of Indian warfare. Brave as a lion, he would often, when the most dangerous passes were to be made, advance to the front of his men, and, with no other guard than his musket, lead the way like the boldest Indian warrior.

The army marched along the beautiful valley of the Cumberland. On every hand could be seen ruins, marking the deeds of savage cruelty. At length they reached Shippensburg, about twenty miles from Carlisle. Here, as at the latter place, were congregated a large number of pioneers, who had fled in terror from the scene of blood and slaughter.

From the latest advices, it now appeared that Fort Ligonier was about to fall into the hands of the Indians who were besieging it, and Bouquet resolved to send a detachment to its relief. For this purpose, thirty of the best men were selected, and ordered to force their way over the desolate mountains. Accordingly the party set out. Marching day and night, they at length came in sight of the hapless fort. It was surrounded by savages who were firing upon it. The adventurers made a

rush for the gate, and, although hotly charged upon by the Indians, entered it without losing a man.

But, meanwhile, the bulk of Bouquet's army moved slowly on towards Fort Pitt. They had now entered a country where, up to this time, no Englishman had ever ventured—the home of the fiercest warriors. "Far on their right stretched the green ridges of the Tuscarora, while, in front, mountain beyond mountain rose high against the horizon. Climbing heights, and descending into the valleys, passing the two solitary posts of Littleton and the Juniata, both abandoned by their garrisons, they came in sight of Fort Bedford, hemmed in by encircling mountains."

Bouquet's arrival was a happy event for the tired and worn garrison. They had long been besieged by a swarm of Indians. Around this post, the work of scalping and murdering the settlers had been carried on until the forests rang with the scalp yells of a thousand savages. All had been killed who failed to escape within the gates of the little fort. The commandant, Capt. Ourry informed Bouquet that for several weeks he had been unable to hear from the garrison at Fort Pitt. The last accounts left it closely besieged by a thousand warriors. After resting his men for three days at this post, Bouquet continued his march, and was soon buried in the wilderness. The forest was dense, affording a good opportunity for ambuscades. In the advance were the provincial rangers, closely followed by the pioneers. The wagons and cattle were in the centre, guarded in front, flank and rear by the regulars. The rear was guarded by another company of rangers. The riflemen, acting as scouts, ranged through the woods far in front and at either flank. In this order the courageous army marched on; up, up the rugged side of the Alleghany Mountains. It was in the middle of July, and the heat was intolerable, but they toiled on, crossing the mountains, and, at length, reaching Fort Ligonier. At their advance the Indians fled in disorder, and Bouquet marched quietly up to the fort.

At this place he left the cattle, and some of the heaviest luggage, and resolved to make forced marches towards Fort Pitt. Thus relieved, the army pursued its course. At no

great distance in their front were the dangerous passes of the Turtle Creek. At this point Bouquet expected to encounter the enemy, and he therefore pushed on towards Bushy Run, hoping to cross Turtle Creek during the night. They toiled on, weary and foot-sore. At length the tired army was within half a mile of Bushy Run. Here they were to rest, preparatory to making the forced march through the dangerous defiles of Turtle Creek, but, when within a few rods of the coveted spot, the report of rifles from the front surprised the army. Alas! they had met the enemy. As they listened the reports become quicker, and now the fierce war-whoop resounded through the woods. The advanced guard was hotly engaged. Two companies were at once ordered to its support, but as the firing increased, indicating that the enemy had appeared in a large force, the army halted, the troops formed in line, and a charge was ordered. "Bearing down through the forest with fixed bayonets, they drove their yelping assailants before them, and swept the ground clear." But no sooner had this been done than a volley of musketry poured in upon them from either flank, and from the rear. Charging upon the enemy in the rear, they routed the savages in that quarter, and immediately surrounded their teams. In the distance, on every side they could hear the whoopings of the savages, and at every moment the report of their guns sounded out through the trees. Again and again, now on this side and now on that, a crowd of Indians rushed up, pouring in a heavy fire, and striving with ferocious outcries to break into the circle. At every attempt a well directed charge met them, putting them to flight. Few of the Indians were hurt, while the English suffered severely Thus the fight went on, without intermission, for several hours, until the darkness of night gathered round them. Now the Indians slackened their fire, withdrawing from the scene of action.

The soldiers now encamped on the spot where the battle had taken place. Numerous sentinels were stationed at a suitable distance from the camp in every direction.

Bouquet now feeling confident that they would be attacked on the following morning, and fearing that he would not sur-

vive the battle, wrote a short letter to Sir Jeffery Amherst, giving an account of the day's events and closing as follows: "Whatever our fate may be, I thought it necessary to give your excellency this early information, that you may, at all events, take such measures as you may think proper with the provinces for their own safety and the effectual relief of Fort Pitt, as, in case of another engagement, I fear insurmountable difficulties in protecting and transporting our provisions, being already so much weakened by the losses of this day in men and horses, besides the additional necessity of carrying the wounded, whose situation is truly deplorable." In this action about sixty soldiers and several officers had been killed or wounded. During the fight the wounded were brought into an open space in the centre and surrounded by bags of flour to ward off the bullets. In this situation they were compelled to lay helpless, suffering the agonies of thirst, for there was no water near at hand. Should their comrades be defeated, a fate inexpressibly terrible would immediately follow. The condition of those who still survived was but little better. They were surrounded by a large number of savages, who were leaping from tree to tree in the full hope of success. Eight years before, in these very forests, they had destroyed nearly twice their number of British soldiers. They were now thirsting after the blood of Bouquet's army.

No fires were built in the camp of the English; nothing to break the thick darkness that hovered over them. All was still as the grave throughout the night, but with the dawn of the following day a burst of Indian yells went up on every side. In another instant they opened fire upon them. The bullets now flew thick in every direction and the soldiers fell dead on every hand. Volley after volley poured in until many had perished. As on the previous day the Indians would rush up, endeavoring to break the ring, but in every such attempt they were driven back in disorder. The troops were now suffering from thirst as well as from the deadly fire of the enemy, while in the interior of the camp the scene was all confusion. The horses became mad with terror as the bullets flew among them. They would break away by scores, and leaping

through the ring and passing the savages in their mad course, they would soon disappear in the thickest of the woods.

At ten o'clock the ring which encircled the convoy began to waver. The soldiers were falling fast. Bouquet looked on in sadness for a moment, and then, conceiving a stratagem, he brightened with hope. It was plain that if the Indians could be brought together in a body and be made to stand their ground that he would soon gain the day. To effect this he resolved to increase their confidence. Two companies were ordered to fall back into the interior of the camp, while the troops on either hand joined across the vacant space, as if to cover the retreat of their comrades. The orders were no sooner obeyed than the Indians, seeing that the line had weakened, leaped from behind the trees and rushed headlong to the assault. The shock was unbearable. The men struggled to maintain the line, but the Indians seemed on the point of breaking their way through it, when the situation of affairs took a sudden change. The movement is described in a thrilling manner by Mr. Parkman:

"The two companies who had apparently abandoned their positions, were in fact destined to begin the attack, and they now sallied out from the circle at a point where a depression in the ground, joined to the thick growth of trees, concealed them from the eyes of the Indians. Making a short detour through the woods they came round upon the flank of the furious assailants and discharged a deadly volley in their very midst. Numbers were seen to fall; yet, though completely surprised and utterly at a loss to understand the nature of the attack, the Indians faced about with the greatest intrepidity and boldly returned the fire; but the Highlanders, with yells as wild as their own, fell on them with the bayonet. The shock was irresistible and they fled before the charging ranks of this tumultuous throng. Orders had been given to two other companies occupying a contiguous part of the circle to support the attack whenever a favorable moment should occur, and they had, therefore, advanced a little from their position and lay close, crouched in ambush. The fugitives, pressed by the Highland bayonets, passed directly across their front, upon

which they arose and poured among them a second volley no less destructive than the former. This completed the rout. The four companies uniting drove the flying savages through the woods, giving them no time to rally or reload their empty rifles, killing many and scattering the rest in hopeless confusion."

In another part of the field both the soldiers and the Indians maintained their positions during this movement, but when the Indians saw their comrades totally routed they lost their courage and fled. In a few moments the whooping ceased and the Indians had all disappeared, leaving behind many dead. In both battles the English had lost eight officers and one hundred and fifteen men.

Owing to the loss of many of the horses, they were now unable to transport all the stores. The surplus was destroyed, and again the army, broken and haggard, moved on towards Fort Pitt, which they reached on the tenth of August. The fort, which had been closely besieged for nearly a month, was now deserted and Bouquet entered it without opposition.

## CHAPTER XV.

DISASTER AT THE DEVIL'S HOLE—FATE OF WILKINS' DETACHMENT—THE FRONTIERS OF VIRGINIA AND PENNSYLVANIA—SLAUGHTER OF THE SETTLEMENTS—TERRIBLE SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF BORDER WARFARE—DESOLATION—THE DEFENSES.

BEFORE leaving the provincial frontier and passing along with the events of border warfare towards the far west, I must, in order to perfect the narrative, mention briefly the events that compelled the savages in all quarters east of the Mississippi to sue for peace. While Dalzell was marching against the strongholds of Pontiac, and Bouquet forcing a bloody way to Fort Pitt, Sir William Johnson was laboring judiciously to secure the friendship of the tribes of the Six Nations. For this purpose he sent deputies to all the villages in the lake region, and indeed in the whole northwest, to invite the warriors to meet him in council at Niagara. The council was largely attended by the people of the Six Nations, and, although with reluctance, the Indians promised friendship for themselves and also to make war on those tribes who were still in arms against the English. The tribes of Canada were induced to send a deputation to the western Indians, requesting them to lay down the hatchet. The Iroquois also sent deputies among the Delawares for the same purpose.

Notwithstanding these conciliatory measures, the frontier settlements of New York suffered from the continued attacks of the savages, for while one force was on foot to quell their fury, another was actively engaged to irritate it against the English.

On the fourteenth of September, 1763, a train of wagons and pack-horses was proceeding on a return trip from Fort Schlosser, whither they had gone with supplies. When they

reached a point opposite the Devil's Hole they were greeted by a blaze of musketry. The horses leaped madly. On the left of the train, far down the awful precipice, lay the black gulf, while on its right the savages were leaping from tree to tree towards them, yelping like bloodhounds. The twenty-four soldiers who guarded the train beheld death on either side, and prepared themselves to meet it. In a moment the awful event was over. The horses plunged blindly into the abyss, and the whole train fell, crushing upon the sharp rocks far below. Only three escaped, among whom was Stedman, the conductor of the train. Beholding the approaching fate of the convoy, he wheeled his horse and bravely spurred through the crowd of Indians. Flying through the forests at a high speed he soon reached Fort Schlosser, where he reported his loss. At no great distance were a party of soldiers, who had fortified a camp near the landing place. These, hearing the report of Indian rifles, and suspecting the real situation, hastened to the relief of the convoy; but the Indians, having prepared for their approach, soon routed them with great slaughter. As they rushed along a party of savages leaped from their ambuscade and poured a volley of musketry among them, shooting down fully half their number. Pursuing them hotly, the Indians picked them off, until only a few escaped. These fled to Niagara with the terrible account of their adventures.

Major Wilkins, on hearing it, immediately marched his whole garrison to the spot, but the Indians had gone. They gathered the dead bodies of the scalpless soldiers together, to the number of seventy, and beheld with inexpressible horror the awful results of the ambuscade of the Devil's Hole.

The fury of the Senecas, who were the actors in this bold attack, did not end with this. Not many days after, as Major Wilkins was advancing to the relief of Detroit, on the river above the great falls of Niagara, he was pounced upon by a handful of these fierce warriors and driven back with disorder. Recovering from this shock, Major Wilkins again started for Detroit, but this time he was overtaken by a severe storm. Nearly all the bateaux were overset, over seventy men perished, and the few surviving boats returned to Niagara.

The reader will now observe that all the frontier settlements of the English colonies, and also those of Canada, were in a deplorable condition. Everywhere the slaughter reigned with unabated fury. Scarcely an hour passed in which the news of some horrible massacre did not startle the inhabitants from their security. Day and night the war whoop sounded along the outskirts of the woods, and every moment a band of Indians could be seen flying across some open space, with scalps fluttering from their loins. Everywhere the people now fled to the forts for safety. The dwellings were deserted by their owners, and burned to the ground by the Indians. But happy were those who escaped. Hundreds and thousands received no warning, and perished beneath the tomahawk. The ranging parties who visited the scenes of slaughter beheld, in shapes too horrible for description, the half consumed bodies of men, women and children, still securely bound to the trees where they had prayed for death amid fiery tortures.

While strong bands of warriors were daily besieging the forts and harrassing the garrisons of the western forests, smaller but no less fierce war parties were skulking among the border woods, leaping out upon the settlements whenever an opportunity was presented, and murdering every Englishman, woman and child who came in their way. It was, perhaps, from the latter source that most of the suffering came upon the settlements. Among these bands there was none more destructive than one, about sixty in number, which ascended the Kenawha and ravaged the settlements along the banks of that river. From valley to valley they carried the bloody work, until every English person in their course was scalped. Sometimes they would take the unsuspecting families by surprise, but as often they would slaughter them under the guise of friendship. Thus they continued their march until they reached the little town of Greenbrier, where all the inhabitants, having received warning of their approach, had fortified themselves into the house of Archibald Glendenning. Nearly one hundred people were now crowded into this house. The savages appeared, and at first seemed to be friendly. Some of them were admitted to the house while others gathered in clouds outside. In one

corner of the house sat an old lady who had recently received a slight injury. She inquired of one of the warriors whether or not he could cure her. He replied by plunging a knife into the wound, killing her instantly. At this the work of slaughter began. Nearly all were killed and scalped on the spot. The owner of the house snatched up one of his children and rushed from the house, but meeting a bullet from one of the savages on the outside, he fell dead in his tracks. A negro woman leaped out of one of the windows and ran to a place of concealment. She was followed by her screaming children, and fearing lest they should betray her to the Indians, she killed them on the spot. Such was the awful horror of the moment!

Among those taken prisoners at this affray was the wife of Glendenning, the mistress of the house. She was a woman of great fortitude, and far from allowing her fears from overcoming her, she began to abuse her captors for acting as they had. "Neither the tomahawk which they brandished over her head, nor the scalp of her murdered husband, with which they struck her in the face, could silence the undaunted virago."

When the massacre had been finished, the Indians captured all the horses, and packing up the plunder, they started with a large number of prisoners. Mrs. Glendenning and her infant child was placed among the captives. As they marched along through the thick woods, she handed her child to a woman who was walking beside her, and leaving it to a terrible fate, she escaped through the woods. Before nightfall she returned to the spot from whence they had started and beheld the smouldering embers of her house. She found the dead body of her husband and buried it beneath fence rails to protect it from the wolves.

Not long after this butchery, a man chanced to be passing by a log school-house on the western frontier of Pennsylvania, and being struck with its silence, he pushed open the door and looked within. "In the center lay the master scalped and lifeless, with a Bible clasped in his hands, while around the room were strewn the bodies of his pupils, nine in number, miserably mangled, though one of them still retained a spark

of life." It was afterwards known that the horrible deed had been committed by one of those bands of Indians.

Thus I might go on until the whole volume was filled with horrors like these, but I must hasten to push the narrative westward to a later day. It will suffice, therefore, to say that every detail of the war upon the settlements was full of woe. Everywhere the hand of the fierce Indian was felt; everywhere the people fell back to the older cities for safety or perished beneath the scalping knife.

One of the great features of the sufferings of this period was endured by those who were taken prisoners and conducted to the Indian villages. The torture which these unfortunate persons endured will never be told. Indeed, at this late day, it is better that these torments be passed over. Many of these narratives are too full of horror to receive credence, while most of them are of a character that cannot fail to shock the reader beyond endurance.

As the news of increasing disaster, as well as flocks of refugees, reached the eastern towns and cities, measures were taken for the relief of the frontier. Private contributions were made for the relief of the sufferers, and the several provincial governments adopted such measures as the situation seemed to require. In this matter, however, Pennsylvania was rather slow. There was a majority of Quakers in the assembly, and these singular persons were unwilling to believe that the outbreak of the Indians was not based upon good reasons. They however passed a bill for "raising and equipping a force of seven hundred men, to be composed of frontier farmers, and to be kept in pay only during the time of harvest. They were not to leave the settled parts of the province to engage in offensive operations of any kind, nor even to perform garrison duty, their sole object being to enable the people to gather in their crops unmolested." This force was distributed along the whole frontier of Pennsylvania. Two companies assigned to the defense of Lancaster county were placed under the command of a clergyman, Rev. John Elder, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Paxton. He is said to have discharged his military duties in a highly satisfactory manner.

The feeble measures adopted by the assembly of Pennsylvania called out loud disapproval both among the people of that province and in the neighboring colonies. In Virginia the Governor and council at once called out a thousand of the militia, five hundred being placed under Colonel Stephens and five hundred under Major Lewis. These forces marched against the hostile tribes on the borders of Virginia and did good service. They routed the savages at every point and restored confidence among the settlers.

But with her feeble defenses Pennsylvania continued to suffer. They now no longer waited for the action of their government, but arming themselves, they organized for their own defense. These new forces were directed against the Susquehanna villages, and after great slaughter they were destroyed. An expedition was now set on foot against the settlers of Wyoming on the east branch of the Susquehanna. The object of the expedition was to remove these settlers who had come there contrary to the laws of Pennsylvania, and to destroy their corn and provisions, which might otherwise fall into the hands of the enemy. The party started from Harris' Ferry under the command of Major Clayton, and reached Wyoming on the seventeenth of October. They were too late. The Indians had been there before them, and now the settlement was reduced to ashes. The bodies of its unfortunate inmates were brutally mutilated. Twenty had been killed or captured. Having buried the dead bodies of those who had perished in the massacre, Clayton returned with his party to Pennsylvania. Notwithstanding these evidences of danger, and that petitions from the borders were daily arriving, the Quakers remained firm in their inactive policy.

Sir Jeffery Amherst had now resigned his office of Commander-in-Chief, and General Gage was appointed in his place.

Before Amherst sailed for Europe he had made a requisition upon all the provinces for troops to march against the Indians early in the spring of 1764, and as soon as Gage arrived he confirmed this course. The requisition was complied with and the troops were raised.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONS — THEIR REMOVAL — DIFFICULTIES IN PHILADELPHIA — ADVANCE OF THE PAXTON MEN — GREAT EXCITEMENT — THE QUAKERS VOLUNTEERING TO ENTER THE ARMY — THE DIFFICULTY SETTLED.

IN THE autumn of 1763, the war had spread from the Carolinas on the south to Nova Scotia on the north and east. Everywhere in the intervening provinces their border settlements were sorely harrassed. Over two thousand persons had been killed, or carried off, and nearly that number of families had been driven from their homes. On the borders of Pennsylvania, the settlers were now fighting the Indians on the one hand and the Quakers on the other. They declared that the latter would go farther to befriend a murdering Delaware than to protect the borders. This feeling against the Quakers was not confined to the low. The magistrates and the clergy were its principal votaries. The borderers in this section were now placed between two fires, and they resolved on vent. The Paxton men, who, as we have already seen, were commanded by a clergymen, led the way in this work. The slaughter of the Indians at the Manor of Canestoga, and the breaking of the jail and murder of Indians at Lancaster, were among the atrocities which these fierce borderers, now goaded to desperation, openly committed. Mr. Elder, their leader, however, remonstrated with them, but failed to dissuade them from their design. The tidings of his massacre threw the country into excitement. Few regarded it as a willful and deliberate crime, while many looked upon it as the mistaken act of rash men, fevered to desperation by wrongs and sufferings. Immediately following these events, the war upon the borders increased in violence, and the excitement, throughout the

provinces, become deeper on account of the circumstances which, in the course of these thrilling events, now took place. One of the most important of these was the policy pursued by the provincial government towards the Indians belonging to the Moravian Missions. The reader no doubt remembers that, for many years previous to these events, the Moravians had labored with good success among the Indians of Pennsylvania, and had established several missions among them. These missions had been infested during the war of 1755. During this struggle, the mission at Gradenhutten was besieged by both English, French and Indians, and totally destroyed. The other missions were permitted to remain undisturbed until the opening of the Pontiac War, when they soon became objects of distrust to the English. Therefore, soon after the massacre at Canestoga, a party of drunken rangers, fired by the general distrust of the Moravian Indians, murdered several of them, whom they found sheltered in a barn. Not long after this, the same rangers were surprised and murdered by Indians, supposed to be from the Moravian villages, Nain and Wecquetauk, near the Lehigh, and from Wyalusing, near Wyoming. The two former were, however, the objects of the greatest hatred. The borderers now resolved to destroy these missions. Accordingly, on the tenth of October, 1763, a party of armed men encamped near Wecquetauk; for the purpose of making an attack under cover of darkness. Before night had set in, a severe storm came on, wetting the ammunition and defeating the plan. On the following day, the Christian Indians hearing of the attempt of the previous evening, broke up and took their flight.

Meantime, charges against the Moravian converts, had been laid before the Assembly of Pennsylvania. It was therefore resolved to disarm these Indians, and to remove them to a point where it would be impossible for them to commit further depredations. The order reached them on the first of November, and the Indians, yielding up their arms, prepared to depart. When assembled together for the march, their whole number did not exceed one hundred and twenty. On reaching Philadelphia, and, indeed, throughout the whole march, they were

greeted with threatening mobs, whose fury it was difficult to restrain. Here they were conducted to the barracks, which had been intended to receive them, but the soldiers refused to admit them, saying that they cared nothing for the order of the Governor. All day the savages remained in front of the barracks, surrounded by a multitude who continued to treat them with abuse. As the soldiers could not be persuaded to admit them, they took up their march for Province Island, below the city. Here they occupied some waste buildings, and received the friendship and attention of the Quakers. As they marched through the city, the crowd followed them, hooting at them from every corner.

The Paxton men now threatened that they would visit Philadelphia and slaughter the Indians who had thus been placed under government protection. Indeed, the threat was partially carried out. Having increased their numbers, they resolved to march on Philadelphia. But this had not been done until every possible effort to elicit the protection of the government had failed. On one occasion they sent a wagon load of the scalped and mangled corpses of their friends and relations, who had fallen at a recent Indian onset, but even the presence of the awful spectacle failed to elicit decisive measures. They now organized under Matthew Smith, and towards the last of January took the road for Philadelphia. Their numbers exceeded one thousand men. A part of their purpose was to kill the Indians who had been placed on Province Island. "They pursued their march in high confidence, applauded by the inhabitants, and hourly increasing in numbers."

The news of this movement soon reached Philadelphia, and the alarm spread among the Quakers like wild-fire. They suspected the Indians to be the object of their mission, and, after considerable parley, it was resolved to send them to New York, where they could receive the protection of Sir William Johnson. They were immediately removed, and escorted out of the city. Arriving at Amboy, N. J., word was received that they would not be permitted to enter the State of New York. A few days after, the Governor of New Jersey ordered them to leave that province. The distressed Indians therefore retraced their

steps to Philadelphia, where they arrived on the twenty-fourth of January. This time the soldiers permitted them to enter the barracks. Escorting these Indians came a detachment of a hundred and seventy soldiers, which had been sent by Gen. Gage from New York in compliance with the request of Gov. Penn.

The situation in Philadelphia was now full of danger. No time could be lost. The Quakers in the Assembly concurred in a measure looking towards the most decisive defense, and everywhere in the once pacific city, the greatest excitement prevailed. Franklin was the moving spirit, and "under his auspices, the citizens were formed into military companies, six of which were of infantry, one of artillery, and two of horse. Besides this force, several thousands of the inhabitants, including many Quakers, held themselves ready to appear in arms at a moment's notice."

But these preparations had not been completed when news came in that the Paxton men were advancing within a short distance of the city. Arriving at Germantown, and hearing of the preparations that had been made for their reception, they concluded to advance no further. Meanwhile Philadelphia was full of excitement. Cannon were placed before the barracks, the soldiers called out, the citizens armed, and everything made ready. At length a deputation, headed by Franklin, went out and interviewed the Paxton boys. The result of this conference was that Matthew Smith and James Gibson were appointed on the part of the borderers to lay their grievances before the Assembly. Redress was promised, and the frontiermen retired. The Indians remained secure within the garrison, although before the end of the year more than one-third of their number died with small-pox.

## CHAPTER XVII.

BRADSTREET'S EXPEDITION — THE COUNCIL AT NIAGARA — PEACE TREATIES — BRADSTREET AT DETROIT — COUNCIL WITH THE INDIANS — PEACE CONCLUDED — CANADIANS PUNISHED — MICHILIMACKINAC GARRISONED — FATE OF CAPT. MORRIS — BRADSTREET RETURNS.

EARLY in the spring of 1764 it was resolved to send two armies into the Indian country to "beat them into submission" and bind them as firm as possible by treaties. The command of the first was entrusted to Col. Bouquet, who, as we have seen, was now well acquainted with the mode of Indian warfare. He received orders to advance to Fort Pitt, and from thence to penetrate the wilderness as far as the Delaware and Shawanee villages and destroy them. The other army, which Col. Bradstreet was to command, was to ascend the lakes and force the tribes around Detroit into complete submission.

I shall not stop here to give any details as to how these armies were raised or equipped, but enter at once into an account of their fortunes and failures. The army under Bradstreet left Albany on the first of June and moved toward Niagara over the usual route. Arriving at this place they found the plains beyond thickly dotted with the wigwams of the Indians. Not many months previous, in the autumn of 1763, Sir William Johnson had sent his messengers to the tribes in all parts of the Northwest, warning them that in the spring a large army was coming to destroy them, and urging all who desired peace to meet him at Niagara. The defeat and sufferings of the Indians during the early part of the winter combined to urge a hearty acceptance of his proposal, and many warriors now set out for the council at Niagara.

Alexander Henry, of whose adventures at Michilimackinac the reader has already been informed, was at the Saut Ste.

Marie with a party of Ojibwas when a canoe filled with the deputies of Sir William Johnson arrived. A council was held at which one of the deputies delivered the following speech: "My friends and brothers, I am come with this belt from our great father, Sir William Johnson. He desired me to come to you as his ambassador and tell you that he is making a great feast at Fort Niagara; that his kettles are all ready and his fires lighted. He invites you to partake of the feast in common with your friends the Six Nations, who have all made peace with the English. He advises you to seize this opportunity of doing the same, as you cannot otherwise fail of being destroyed, for the English are on their march with a great army, which will be joined by different nations of Indians. In a word, before the fall of the leaf they will be at Michilimackinac, and the Six Nations with them."

The Ojibwas had just received a message from Pontiac, at Detroit, urging them to join him against that post, and now the messenger from Sir William Johnson caused them to waver. Many of them were in favor of accepting the last invitation to go to Niagara; but, unwilling to depend upon their own judgment in the matter, they sought to be guided by the spirit of the Great Turtle, the chief of all the spirits. For this purpose they erected a large wigwam, quite large enough to accommodate all the inhabitants of the place. Within this, in the centre, they built a sort of tabernacle, covering it with hides. With the approach of night all the warriors gathered into the wigwam and waited for the coming of the spirit. The magician, stripped almost naked, now entered the little tent in the centre. This was only large enough to receive him. At once the curious demonstration began. The little tent began to shake and a hideous voice sounded from within. This was supposed to be an evil spirit. Presently this ceased and a whining cry was heard in its place. The warriors sent up a cry of joy, declaring it to be the voice of the Great Turtle. It being now declared that the spirit was ready to answer questions, the principal chief asked if it would be wise to accept the invitation of Sir William Johnson. "Sir William Johnson," said the spirit, "will fill your canoes with presents, with

blankets, kettles, guns, gunpowder and shot, and large barrels of rum, such as the stoutest of the Indians will not be able to lift, and every man will return in safety to his family." To this the cry was sent up from the multitude, "I will go, I will go!"

Accordingly they set out on their journey for Niagara, to which point hundreds of savages were now traveling. Thus they gathered in from all quarters until around Fort Niagara the assembly increased to at least four thousand Indians. Among them were the Menomonies, Ottawas, Ojibwas, Mississaugas, Caughnawagas, Wyandots, Iroquois, Sacs, Foxes and Osages. With this large force of savages, many of whom were by no means friendly, it was necessary to observe the greatest caution to prevent a rupture.

Notwithstanding the tribes were fully represented, there still remained many hostile Indians, who were already moving towards the frontier settlements with uplifted hatchets. Among these were the Delawares and Shawanoes, against whom Bouquet was now marching. These were already moving against the settlements on the borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

Before the council could proceed Johnson sent for the Senecas, who, it would seem, were not disposed to put in an appearance. The messenger was told to inform them that unless they came to Niagara immediately, a strong army would march against them and destroy them utterly. This message had full effect. The Senecas sent a full deputation, accompanied by several prisoners. The council now began. A treaty was made with this nation in which they agreed never again to lift the hatchet against the English. They also, by this treaty ceded a strip of land between Lakes Ontario and Erie, bordering on the Niagara river. A treaty was next made with the Wyandots, from Detroit. They were to deliver up their prisoners, and for the future continue peaceful. Councils were now held with each tribe in turn and treaties made. This occupied several days, during which the ground around Fort Niagara presented a lively appearance.

During all this time Bradstreet's army had been detained at Niagara. It was feared that some of the warriors would

attack the fort, and that, should the troops leave, the vast number of savages in the neighborhood might form a design to slaughter the garrison. On the sixth of August, Johnson departed for Oswego, and, soon after, the Indians disappearing, Bradstreet proceeded on his way towards Detroit. About three hundred Canadians and as many Indians accompanied the army, in arms. It was believed that the Indians would be discouraged at seeing the French on the side of the English.

Alexander Henry, who accompanied the Ojibwa deputies from the Saut Ste. Marie, commanded the Indian forces. He had received the appointment on account of his extensive acquaintance among the savages to whose country Bradstreet was now marching.

Reaching Presque Isle, the command was met by a straggling band of warriors, who styled themselves deputies from the Delawares and Shawanoes. They said they had been sent to sue for peace in the name of these nations. They were suspected as spies by all but the commanding officer, who, not only foolishly entered into a treaty with them, but sent a messenger to Bouquet, informing him that the Delawares and Shawanoes had been reduced to submission without his assistance, and that he might discontinue his march towards Fort Pitt. Bouquet was indignant at this message, and took no notice of it. Everywhere on the border slaughter reigned almost undisputed.

Passing on to Sandusky, Bradstreet was met by a deputation from the Wyandots, Ottawas and Miamis dwelling in that neighborhood, and, although he had been instructed to destroy their villages, he now entered into a treaty with these Indians, promising not to injure them, on the conditions that they would never again lift the hatchet against the English. At this place Bradstreet dispatched Capt. Morris, with a few friendly Canadians and Indians, to persuade the Indians in the country of the Illinois to treat for peace with the English. The fate of Morris' detachment will be seen in the course of the narrative.

On the twenty-sixth of August, the army under Bradstreet's command arrived at Detroit, where it received a most hearty

welcome. At the earliest possible moment the garrison was relieved, and fresh troops substituted in their place. The Canadians who had aided Pontiac in the war were next tried, found guilty, and punished. Many of them, however, had fled to Illinois, and thus escaped punishment.

Bradstreet next summoned the surrounding tribes to a council, which was held in the open air, on the seventh of September, and at which a general peace was concluded. He next despatched Capt. Howard, with a strong detachment, to take possession of Michilimackinac. Howard performed this duty, meeting with no resistance whatever. He also sent parties to garrison the posts at Green Bay and Saut Ste. Marie.

Let us now see what had become of Capt. Morris and his expedition. Soon after leaving the army at Sandusky, he arrived at the camp of Pontiac, on the Maumee. Here the Ottawa chief plundered the expedition of everything except their arms and clothing, and suffered them to depart. On every hand Morris was treated with contempt, and being menaced with death should he attempt to continue his journey towards Illinois, he set out for Detroit, hoping to find Bradstreet there. In this hope he was disappointed. Morris was informed that his commander had gone down to Sandusky, but he refused to follow him.

While at Sandusky, Bradstreet received a letter from Gen. Gage, disapproving of the course he had taken, and ordering him to march against the Indian village on the Scioto. This intelligence, together with the news of Capt. Morris' failure was too much for the temper of the commander. Refusing to obey the orders of his superior officer, on the pretext that the season was too far advanced, he returned home, with his broken and disheartened army.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

BOUQUET'S ARMY IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY—HE SUBDUES THE DELAWARES AND SHAWANOES—SCENES AT THE ENGLISH CAMP—TWO HUNDRED PRISONERS GIVEN UP—RETURN OF THE EXPEDITION.

TURNING our attention once more to the borders of Pennsylvania, we find Indian war-parties active in the work of desolating the settlements. So desperate had the savages now become that the English Governor of Pennsylvania issued a proclamation offering a high bounty for Indian scalps, whether of men or women. As might be supposed, this measure produced additional butcheries. Among these I will cite that perpetrated by David Owens. Several years previous he had deserted and joined the Indians. One day early in the spring of 1764 he came to the settlements, bringing with him a young man recently taken prisoner by the Delawares. While living among the Indians Owens had formed a connection with one of their women, who had borne him several children. He now resolved to return to the settlements, and to carry with him a number of scalps. One night he had been encamped on the Susquehanna with a party consisting of four Shawanoe warriors, a boy of the same tribe, his own wife and two children, and another Indian woman. The prisoner already mentioned was also present. In the middle of the night Owens arose, and finding all fast asleep he awakened the prisoner and told him his intentions, requesting him to go out a little way and lie quietly concealed until he had finished his bloody work. Owens then removed the weapons from the sides of the savages, and hid them in the woods. Returning he knelt on the ground between two of the unconscious warriors, and pointing a rifle at the head of each, touched the triggers and shot both dead at once. The two surviving warriors sprang up and ran for

their lives, while the women and children, benumbed with terror, had no power to escape, and one and all died, shrieking beneath the tomahawk. Having completed the slaughter he sat down among the dead and waited patiently for the dawn. As soon as it was light he scalped the dead, excepting the two children, and left for the settlements, which he reached in safety, in company with the young man who had been held a prisoner in the camp.

Bouquet was now on the march with his army. On the fifth of August he reached Carlisle. His force consisted of five hundred regulars, most of whom had fought with him at the battle of Bushy Run, a thousand Pennsylvanians, and a corps of Virginia riflemen. The army now advanced to Fort Loudon, where Bouquet received a letter from Bradstreet, informing him that he could return with his army, as peace had already been concluded with the Delawares and Shawanoes. As before mentioned, Bouquet took no notice of the communication, but pushed forward towards Fort Pitt, where he arrived on the seventeenth of September. Immediately after his arrival a party of Delawares appeared on the opposite bank of the river, professing to be sent as deputies from their nation to treat of peace with the English. After some hesitation three of them came to the fort, where they were held as spies. The remainder fled in haste to their villages. Bouquet, however, released one of the captives and sent him home with a message as follows: "I have received an account from Colonel Bradstreet that your nations had begged for peace, which he had consented to grant upon assurance that you had recalled all your warriors from our frontiers, and in consequence of this I would not have proceeded against your towns if I had not heard that in open violation of your engagement you have since murdered several of our people. I was therefore determined to have attacked you, as a people whose promise can no more be relied on; but I will place it once more in your power to save yourselves and your families from total destruction, by giving us satisfaction for the hostilities committed against us. And first you are to leave the path open for my expresses from hence to Detroit; and as I am now to send two men with dispatches to Col. Brad-

street, who commands on the lakes, I desire to know whether you will send two of your people to bring them safe back with an answer; and if they receive any injury, either in going or coming, or if the letters are taken from them, I will immediately put the Indians now in my power to death, and will show no mercy, for the future, to any of your nation that shall fall into my hands. I will allow you ten days to have my letters delivered at Detroit, and ten days to bring me back an answer."

This Indian repaired to his village and delivered the message in good faith. The warriors were singularly impressed with its decisive tone, and they were now ready to sue for peace. Soon after some Iroquois Indians appeared near the fort, and endeavored to discourage Bouquet from penetrating the country any further. They represented the great numbers of the savages, and the dangerous passes which he would have to encounter; but to all Bouquet made but one reply — that he was determined to move against them with his whole army immediately.

Accordingly he set out early in October, and in ten days reached the river Muskingum. As they passed along through the lonely forests the Indian cabins were all deserted. But now Bouquet was in the heart of the Indian country, and within a few days' march of the strongest Indian villages. He continued his march down the river until he came to a favorable spot for encamping. Here he erected a small palisade work, as a depot for the stores and baggage; but before the task was half completed a deputation of chiefs arrived, saying that the warriors were encamped in great numbers about eight miles distant. They desired Bouquet to appoint a time and place for holding a council. The colonel complied, telling them to meet him on the next day, near the margin of the river, a little below his camp. A rude tent was erected on the spot, to accommodate the assembly. In the morning Bouquet moved his little army in marching order to the spot. Soon after the Indians arrived, and the great chiefs of the Delawares and Shawanoes took seats upon mats prepared for them. Excepting Pontiac, these two men stood unequalled in the American forests. A full deputation was present. When all had been

seated, and the formalities of smoking the pipe ended, Turtle Heart, a chief of the Delawares, and the most noted orator present, addressed the English commander as follows, delivering a belt of wampum at the end of every clause of his speech:

"Brother, I speak in behalf of the three nations whose chiefs are here present. With this belt I open your ears and your hearts, that you may listen to my words.

"Brother, this war was neither your fault nor ours; it was the work of the nations who live to the westward, and of our wild young men, who would have killed us if we had resisted them. We now put away all evil from our hearts, and we hope that your mind and ours will once more be united together.

"Brother, it is the will of the Great Spirit that there should be peace between us. We on our side now take fast hold of the chain of friendship, but as we cannot hold it alone, we desire that you will take hold also, and we must look up to the Great Spirit that he may make us strong and not permit this chain to fall from our hands.

"Brother, these words come from our hearts and not from our lips. You desire that we should deliver up your flesh and blood now captives among us, and to show you that we are sincere, we now return you as many of them as we have at present been able to bring. [Here he delivered up eighteen prisoners.] You shall receive the rest as soon as we have time to collect them."

The council now adjourned till the following day, in accordance with the Indian custom, but a heavy storm coming up, it was postponed two days. On the third day, the weather being fair, the army again moved down to the rude council-house. Here all the warriors were assembled, and here, on this occasion, Bouquet delivered his reply as follows:

"Sachems, war-chief, and warriors, the excuses you have offered are frivolous and unavailing, and your conduct is without defense or apology. You could not have acted as you pretend you have done, through fear of the western nations, for, had you stood faithful to us you knew that we would have protected you against their anger, and as for your young men it was your duty to punish them if they did amiss. You have

drawn down our just resentment by your violence and perfidity. Last summer, in cold blood, and in a time of profound peace, you robbed and murdered the traders who had come among you at your own express desire. You attacked Fort Pitt, which was built by your consent, and you destroyed our forts and garrisons whenever treachery could place them in your power. You assailed our troops, the same who now stand before you, in the woods at Bushy Run, and when we had routed and driven you off, you sent your scalping parties to the frontier and murdered many hundreds of our people. Last July, when the other nations came to ask for peace at Niagara, you not only refused to attend, but sent an insolent message instead, in which you expressed a pretended contempt for the English, and at the same time told the surrounding nations that you would never lay down the hatchet. Afterwards, when Colonel Bradstreet came up Lake Erie, you sent a deputation of your chiefs and concluded a treaty with them, but your engagements were no sooner made than broken, and from that day to this you have scalped and butchered us without ceasing. Nay, I am informed that when you heard that this army was penetrating the woods you mustered your warriors to attack us, and were only deterred from doing so when you found how greatly we outnumbered you. This is not the only instance of your bad faith, for since the beginning of the last war you have made repeated treaties with us and promised to give up your prisoners, but you have never kept these engagements nor any others. We shall endure this no longer, and I am now come among you to force you to make atonement for the injuries you have done us. I have brought with me the relatives of those you have murdered. These are eager for vengeance, and nothing restrains them from taking it, but my assurance that this army shall not leave your country until you have given them an ample satisfaction. Your allies, the Ottawas, Ojibwas, and Wyandots, have begged for peace. The Six Nations have leagued themselves with us. The great lakes and rivers around you are all in our possession, and your friends, the French, are in subjection to us, and can do no more to aid you. You are all in our power, and if we choose

we can exterminate you from the earth. But the English are a merciful and generous people, averse to shed the blood even of their greatest enemies, and if it were possible that you could convince us that you sincerely repent of your perfidy, and that we could depend upon your good behavior for the future, you might yet hope for mercy and peace. If I find that you faithfully execute the conditions which I shall prescribe, I will not treat you with the severity you deserve. I will give you twelve days from this date to deliver into my hands all the prisoners in your possession, without exception, Englishmen, Frenchmen, women and children, whether adopted in your tribes, married or living among you under any denomination or pretence whatever; and you are to furnish those prisoners with clothing, provisions and horses to carry them to Fort Pitt. When you have fully complied with these conditions, you shall then know on what terms you may obtain the peace you sue for."

This speech had the desired effect. The council broke up and the Indians fully believing that they would all be destroyed should they fail to comply with Bouquet's demands, hastened to gather in the prisoners. Meanwhile Bouquet, wishing to perpetuate the fear in which he had placed them, moved down with his army in the midst of their villages, where he could punish them whenever they deserved it.

The savages now departed to collect the prisoners, and in a few days over two hundred had been delivered to Bouquet. This was by no means all who had been captured, but it was all that could be obtained within the time allowed. The others had been carried into Illinois and were for the present beyond their reach.

It will not be proper to pass over these prisoners without noticing their condition and the circumstances by which they had been surrounded while in the hands of their captors. In the ranks of Bouquet's army, were the fathers, brothers and husbands of these unfortunate persons, for whose rescue they had volunteered to march into the wilds of the Indian country. "Ignorant of what had befallen them, and doubtful whether they were yet among the living, these men had joined the

army in the feverish hope of winning them back to home and civilization." No doubt many whom they now sought had perished by the elaborate torments of the stake or the hatchet, while, on the other hand, many still lived among the savages. In many instances whole families had been carried off. In such cases the old and the sick were tomahawked, while the rest, divided among the warriors, were scattered among the various tribes. It was, indeed, a thrilling sight, when troop after troop of prisoners arrived at the camp of Bouquet. The meeting of husbands with wives, fathers with children, brothers with sisters, who had long been separated, was full of dramatic situations. Some were groaning beneath agonies on hearing of the horrible death of their relatives. Frantic women were flying to and fro, amid the throng, in search of those whose bodies, perhaps, had long since been thrown to the wolves; others were pausing in an agony of doubt, unable to identify their long lost children. Again, others were divided between delight and anguish; joy of unexpected recognition, on the one hand, and doubts not yet resolved, on the other. Not a single spectator could look on unmoved. The scene was full of impressive features. Among the children brought in were those who had been captured several years before while infants. These, of course, were unable to understand why they should be placed into the hands of strangers, and were deeply terrified at parting with their adopted mothers. But, sadder than all, there were young women who had become the partners of Indian husbands, and now, with their strange hybrid offspring, were led reluctantly into the presence of fathers or brothers, whose images they had forgotten. Agitated and bewildered, they stood, painfully contending with passions that bound them to their tawny lovers, and trying to overcome the shame of their real or fancied disgrace. These women were compelled to leave their sorrowing husbands, and, with their children, return to the settlements. It is true, however, that they protested against it, and that afterwards several made their escape, eagerly hastening back to their Indian husbands.

Perhaps the most touching scene of all was this. A young Virginian, robbed of his wife but a few months before, had

volunteered in the expedition, with the faint hope of recovering her, and, after long suspense, had recognized her among a troop of prisoners, bearing in her arms a child born during her captivity. The joy of their meeting was marred by the absence of an older child who had been captured with her mother, but soon taken from her. At length, however, the child was brought to the camp in the arms of a warrior, and the mother, recognizing it, sprang forward and snatched it in frantic delight.

When the army reached Carlisle on its return, hundreds flocked hither to see, if among the prisoners, they might not find some lost relative. Among these was an old woman, whose daughter had been carried off nine years before. In the crowd of female captives, she discovered one in whose countenance she decerned the altered lineaments of her daughter; but the girl, having almost lost her command of the English language, and forgetting the looks of her mother, took no notice of her. At this the old lady wept bitterly, saying that "the daughter whom she had so often sung to sleep on her knee, had forgotten her in her old age." Bouquet, hearing her complaint, said: "Sing the song that you used to sing to her when a child." The anxious old lady obeyed, and as her trembling voice ran over the air, the tears rushed to the eyes of her daughter, for she now recognized and remembered her mother's voice.

Having finished its work, Bouquet's army returned to Fort Pitt, and from thence to the settlements, where the prisoners were distributed to their homes. Bouquet had fully accomplished the mission for which he had penetrated the forest, and now he received the praise of every good citizen in the provinces. At the next session of the Pennsylvania Assembly, it lost no time in voting the country's thanks to Col. Bouquet. The Assembly of Virginia passed a similar vote, and both houses concurred in recommending Bouquet to the King for promotion. But the news of his success having reached the throne before the intelligence of this just recognition, the King, without provincial advice, had promoted him to the rank of Brigadier,

and the command of the Southern Department. Bouquet died three years after.

One condition of the treaty which this gallant officer had made with the Indians was that all the tribes were to send deputies to Sir William Johnson, with whom they were to conclude a permanent treaty. Having given hostages for the fulfillment of this engagement, they were up to their promise and the nations were fully represented. In the treaty which they now made with Sir William Johnson, it was stipulated that they should all join the English army in its march into Illinois, for the purpose of aiding the British in getting possession of the forts in that country.

## CHAPTER XIX.

GROGHAN'S EXPEDITION — MURDER OF INDIANS — EXPEDITION AGAINST THE INDIANS — BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT — DUNMORE RETIRES FROM THE WEST — FORT ERECTED AT BOONSBOROUGH — CONSPIRACY TO UNITE THE INDIANS.

AFTER the peace which was concluded between the Indians and Sir William Johnson in 1764, Col. George Groghan, a commissioner under the latter, was sent to explore the country adjacent to the Ohio river and to conciliate the Indians in that quarter. Accompanied by the deputies of the Senecas, Shawanoes and Delawares, he left Fort Pitt on the fifteenth of May, 1765, and in two bateaux proceeded down the Ohio river. On the fifth of June he reached the mouth of the Wabash, and from this point he dispatched two Indian runners with letters to Lord Frazer, a British officer commanding at a post in Illinois, and to M. St. Auge, the French commandant at Fort Charters. On the eighth of the same month his party was attacked by eighty Indian warriors. They killed two white men and three Indians, wounded Col. Groghan and made him and all the white men prisoners, and plundered them of all the valuables in their possession. After a perilous route, in which Groghan visited many Indian villages, he made his way to Niagara, reaching that fort in October. So matters stood in the West in 1765. All beyond the Alleghanies, with the exception of a few forts, was a wilderness, until the Wabash was reached, where dwelt a few French, with some fellow countrymen not far from them, upon the Illinois and Kaskaskia. The Indians, a few years since, undisputed owners of the prairies and broad vales, now held them by sufferance, having been twice conquered by the arms of England. They, of course, felt both hatred and fear; and, while they despaired of

holding their lands and looked forward to unknown evils, the deepest and most abiding spirit of revenge was roused within them. They had seen the British coming to take their hunting grounds upon the strength of a treaty they knew not of. They had been forced to admit British troops into their country; and, though now nominally protected from settlers, the promised protection would be but an incentive to passion, in case it was not in good faith extended to them.

And it was not in good faith extended to them by either individuals or governments. During the year that succeeded the treaty of German Flats, settlers crossed the mountains and took possession of lands in western Virginia and along the Monongahela. The Indians, having received no pay for these lands, murmured, and once more a border war was feared. Gen. Gage, commander of the king's forces, issued orders for the removal of the settlers, but they defied his power and remained where they were. But not only did the frontier men thus pass the line urged on, but Sir William Johnson himself was even then meditating a step which would have produced, had it been taken, a general Indian war. This was the formation of an independent colony south of the Ohio river. It was the intention to purchase the lands from the Six Nations and then to procure from the king a grant of as much territory as the company would require. Other schemes were also on foot for a similar purpose, which resulted in a good deal of rivalry and speculation. Franklin, however, was in favor of making large settlements in the West, and as the system of managing the Indians by superintendents was then in bad odor, it was thought changes should be made in this respect.

The discussion of the boundary line between the Indians and the settlements now began to receive attention. Sir William Johnson was authorized to treat with the savages on this subject, and, accordingly, he summoned them to meet him in council at Fort Stanwix. The council was held in the following October and was attended by representatives from New Jersey, Virginia and Pennsylvania, by Sir William Johnson and his deputies, by the agents of those traders who had suffered in the war of 1763, and by deputies from all the Six Nations,

the Delawares and the Shawanoes. The first question that came up was that of the boundary line which was to determine the Indian lands of the West from that time forward, and this line the Indians claimed, upon the first of November, should begin on the Ohio, at the mouth of the Cherokee river; thence up the Ohio and Alleghany to Kittaning; thence across to the Susquehanna, etc., whereby the whole country south of the Alleghany was ceded to the British. A deed for part of this land was made in November to William Trent. The tract thus conveyed lay between the Kanawha and Monongahela, and was called Indiana. Two days afterwards a deed for the remaining western lands was made to the king and the price agreed upon paid down.

Other grants were also made and now the white man could quiet his conscience when driving the native from his forest home, and feel confident that an army would assist him, if necessary. The work of settlement now began to revive, and in a few years scattering colonies had been planted along the Ohio and in Kentucky, as well as in Indiana. The savages now became jealous at seeing their best hunting grounds invaded, and notwithstanding the treaty at Fort Stanwix, they were not disposed to give up the territory without a struggle. Widespread dissatisfaction prevailed among the Shawanoes and Mingoes. This was fostered by the French traders, who still came among them, and now a series of events followed well calculated to renew the hostility of the Indians. Everywhere emigration flowed in and the best grounds of the savages were occupied. In addition to the murder of several single Indians by the frontier men, in 1772, five families of the natives on Little Kanawha were killed in revenge for the death of a white family on Gauley river, although no evidence existed to prove who committed the last named outrage. It would now seem that the settlers were foremost in raising a quarrel.

In April news was received that the Shawanoes could no longer be trusted, and when Capt. Michael Gresap, who was now at Wheeling speculating in lands, heard that three Cherokees had attacked a canoe in which were three white men, killing one of them, he went out with a party, and attacked

a band of friendly Shawanoes, killing two of them, and throwing their bodies into the river. This event occurred near Wheeling, and was soon followed by other atrocities committed by the same party. During the same day, hearing that there was an encampment of savages at the mouth of the Captina, they went down the river to the place, attacked them and killed several. In this affair one of Gresap's party was severely wounded. In a few days another massacre of Indians occurred about forty miles above Wheeling by a party of frontiermen led on by Daniel Greathouse. In this affair twelve Indians were killed and several wounded.

These outrages increased the fury of the savages against the settlers, and it was now evident that a general war would follow. The Virginia frontiermen deemed it advisable to assume the offensive, as soon as it could be done, and, accordingly, an army was gathered at Wheeling, which, in July, 1774, under Colonel McDonald, descended the Ohio to the mouth of Captina (Fish) Creek, when it was proposed to march against the Indian town of Wappatomica, on the Muskingum. The march was successfully accomplished, and the Indians having been frustrated in an expected surprise of the invaders, sued for peace, and gave five of their chiefs as hostages. Two of these were afterwards set at liberty for the purpose of calling the tribes together to ratify the treaty, and thus put an end to the war. It was now ascertained that the Indians were merely trying to gain time in which to prepare for a general outbreak, and the Virginians, therefore, proceeded to destroy their villages and crops, and then retired to Williamsburg, carrying with them three of their chiefs as prisoners. But even these decisive acts did not discourage the savages from pursuing their designs. The Delawares, however, were anxious for peace. Sir William Johnson sent out word to his flock to remain quiet, and even the Shawanoes were prevailed on by their great leader, Cornstalk, to exercise their influence to prevent a war; indeed they went so far as to protect some wandering traders from the vengeance of the Mingoes, whose relatives had been slain at Yellow Creek and Captina, and sent them with their property

safe to Fort Pitt, now Fort Dunmore. But Logan,* who had been turned by the murders on the Ohio from a friendly to a deadly foe of the whites, came suddenly upon the Monongahela settlements, and while the other Indians were hesitating as to their course, took his thirteen scalps in retaliation for the murder of his family and friends by the party under Gresap, and returning home, expressed himself satisfied, and ready to listen to the Long-Knives. But it was not, apparently, the wish of Dunmore or Connolly to meet the friendly spirit of the natives, and when, about the tenth of June, three of the Shawanoes conducted the traders, who had been among them, safely to Fort Pitt, Connolly, who had possessed himself of this post and called it Fort Dunmore, had even the meanness to attempt first to seize them, and when foiled in this by Col. Croghan, his uncle, who had been alienated by his tyranny, he sent men to watch, waylay and kill them; and one account says that one of the three was slain. Indeed, the character developed by this man, while commandant at Fort Dunmore, was such as to excite universal detestation, and at last to draw down upon Lord Dunmore the reproof of Lord Dartmouth. He seized property, and imprisoned white men without warrant or propriety; and, in many cases beside that just mentioned, treated the natives with an utter disregard of justice. It is not, then, surprising that Indian attacks occurred along the frontiers from June to September; nor, on the other hand, need we wonder that the Virginians became more and more excited, and eager to repay the injuries received.

To put a stop to these devastations, two large bodies of troops were gathering in Virginia; the one from the southern and western part of the State, under General Andrew Lewis, met at Camp Union, now Lewisburg, near the White Sulphur Springs; the other from the northern and eastern counties, was to be under the command of Dunmore himself, and, descending the Ohio from Fort Pitt, was to meet Lewis' army at the mouth of the Great Kanawha. The force under Lewis, amounting to eleven hundred men, commenced its march upon the sixth of September, and upon the sixth of October reached

* Perkins' Narrative.

the spot agreed upon.* As Lord Dunmore was not there, and as other troops were to follow down the Kanawha under Col. Christian, General Lewis dispatched runners towards Fort Pitt to inform the Commander-in-Chief of his arrival, and proceeded to encamp at the point where the two rivers meet. Here he remained until the ninth of October, when dispatches from the Governor reached him, informing him that the plan of the campaign was altered; that he (Dunmore) meant to proceed directly against the Shawanoes towns of the Scioto, and Lewis was ordered at once to cross the Ohio and meet the other army before those towns. But on the very day when this movement should have been executed, the Indians in force, headed by the able and brave chief of the Shawanoes, Cornstalk, appeared before the army of Virginians, determined then and there to avenge past wrongs and cripple vitally the power of the invaders. Delawares, Iroquois, Wyandots and Shawanoes, under their most noted chiefs, among whom was Logan, formed the army opposed to that of Lewis, and with both the struggle of that day was one of life and death. Soon after sunrise the presence of the savages was discovered; General Lewis ordered out his brother, Colonel Charles Lewis, and Colonel Fleming, to reconnoitre the ground where they had been seen; this at once brought on the engagement. In a short time Colonel Lewis was killed, and Colonel Fleming disabled; the troops, thus left without commanders, wavered, but Colonel Field with his regiment coming to the rescue, they again stood firm; about noon Colonel Field was killed, and Captain Evan Shelby (father of Isaac Shelby, Governor of Kentucky in after time, and who was then Lieutenant in his father's company,) took the command; and the battle still continued. It was now drawing toward evening, and yet the contest raged without decided success for either party, when General Lewis ordered a body of men to gain the flank of the enemy by means of Crooked Creek, a small stream which ran into the Kanawha about four hundred yards above its mouth. This was successfully performed, and resulted in driving the Indians across the Ohio. The Virginians lost in this battle

* Peck's Narrative.

seventy-five men killed, and one hundred and forty wounded—nearly one-fifth of their entire number. Among the slain, were Colonels Charles Lewis and Field, and Captains Buford, Morrow, Wood, Cundiff, Wilson and Robert McClanahan and others. The loss of the enemy could not be fully ascertained. Next morning, Colonel Christian explored the battle ground, and found the dead bodies of thirty-three Indians. It is probable that many others had been carried off before the savages were routed.

In the meantime Lord Dunmore had descended the river from Fort Pitt, and was, at the time he sent word to Lewis of his change of plans, at the mouth of the Hocking, where he built a blockhouse, called Fort Gower, and remained until after the battle at that point. Thence he marched to the Scioto, while Lewis and the remains of the army under his command, strengthened by the troops under Colonel Christian, pressed forward to the same place, with the full hope of annihilating the Indian towns, and punishing the inhabitants for all they had done. However, before reaching the enemy's country, Dunmore was visited by the chiefs asking for peace. He listened to their requests, and, appointing a place where a council was to be held, sent orders to Lewis to discontinue his march against the Shawanoe towns. Lewis, however, saw fit to disobey these orders, and proceeded on. Dunmore now set out in person, and, overtaking Lewis, compelled him to return.

Dunmore remained for some time at Camp Charlotte, upon Sippo Creek, near Westfall, where he met Cornstalk, who, being satisfied of the futility of any further struggle, was determined to make peace and arranged with the governor the preliminaries of a treaty. This action created great dissatisfaction in Virginia, as it had been hoped that the army would strike an effectual blow.* It is believed, however, that the governor of Virginia, foresaw the contest between England and the colonies, and desired to gain the friendship of these savages. When Lord Dunmore retired from the West, he left one hundred men at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, a few more at Fort Pitt, and another corps at Wheeling, then called Fort Fincastle.

* Western Annals, p. 152.

These were dismissed as the prospect of war ceased. Lord Dunmore agreed to return to Pittsburg in the spring, meet the Indians and form a definite peace; but the commencement of the revolt of the colonies prevented.

During "Dunmore's War," as these hostilities were called, the militia was called out and Daniel Boone was appointed by the Governor to the command of three garrisons on the frontier. Peace being now concluded, Boone and his companions turned their attention towards the purchase of lands. Several companies were organized, and negotiations began with a view to purchasing lands from the Indians. These companies, however, failed to gain the support of the government, and their plans were in a great measure thwarted.

From the day of the unpopular treaty at Camp Charlotte, the western settlers had been apprehensive of another Indian outbreak. The tribes were now every day being wrought up to fury by agents of the English who reached their villages through Canada. It was not long before all the inhabitants of the Eastern colonies saw the dangers that were accumulating from this source. Early in the spring of 1775 the Assembly of Massachusetts wrote to a missionary among the Oneidas, informing him that having heard that the English were trying to attach the Six Nations to their interest, it had been thought proper to ask the several tribes, through him, to stand neutral. Steps were also taken to secure the co-operation, if possible, of the Penobscot and Stockbridge Indians; the latter of whom replied that though they could never understand what the quarrel between the Provinces and old England was about, yet they would stand by the Americans. They also offered to do what they could towards winning the Iroquois over from the support of the English.*

But it is not within the scope of our narrative to set forth the important part which the savages took in the war of the Revolution. Confining myself to the war on the borders—the result, in almost every instance, of the encroachments and insolence of English and American settlers—we will follow its desolating train as it retreats before the power of civilization

* Stone's Works—Spark's Washington.

beyond the Rocky Mountains and into the far West. Yet, however, some of the most bloody struggles of the Indians against the onset of civilization, of which we have next to treat, were, in a great measure, consequent upon the war of the Revolution. The savages had, to a great extent, been engaged on the side of England, and in 1776 most of them were regarded by the colonists as being engaged in the war. The nations nearest the Americans, and, perhaps, interested in their behalf, found themselves pressed upon and harrassed by the more distant bands, and through the whole winter of 1776–7, rumors were flying along the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania of approaching troubles. Nor were the people of New York less fearful. Along the Mohawk and upper Susquehanna the settlers were standing in constant dread.* However, the winter and spring of 1777 passed without an outbreak. At length the blow was struck. It was brought on by the murder of Cornstalk, the leading chief of the Shawanoes, of the Scioto. This truly great man, who was himself for peace, but who found all his neighbors, and even those of his own tribe stirred up to war by the agents of England, went over to the American fort at Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha in order to discuss the situation with Capt. Arbuckle, the commandant. This was in the beginning of the summer of 1777. The Americans, being aware that the Shawanoes had taken up arms for England, decided to retain Cornstalk and Redhawk, a young chief of note, who was with him, and make them hostages for the good conduct of their people. The old warrior, accordingly, after he had finished his statement of the position he was in, and the necessity under which he and his friends would be of joining in with the popular voice of his people unless the Americans would guarantee protection, found that in seeking council and safety, he had walked into a snare and was secure there. However he did not complain but waited the result with great composure.† On the following day Ellinipsco, the son of Cornstalk, came to the fort and was also made prisoner.

* Doddridge's Indian Wars—Stone's Works.

† Withers' Border Warfare.

The three noted Indians now sat down calmly and waited the course of events. They had not been confined but three days when two savages in the neighborhood, unknown to the whites, shot a white hunter towards evening. Instantly the friends of the murdered man declared their intention of killing the three chiefs within the fort. The commandant endeavored to prevent them, but they were too furious to listen to his words, and his own life was threatened. They rushed to the house where the captives were confined. Cornstalk met them at the entrance but fell pierced with seven bullets. His son and Red-hawk shared his fate. "From that hour," says Doddridge, "peace was not to be hoped for."

Meanwhile throughout the scattered settlements of Kentucky, Indian hostilities had been raging, but I have no space for the details of these. At times the stations were assailed by large bodies of savages, and again single settlers were picked off by skulking warriors. The numbers of the settlers became fewer and fewer, and from the older settlements little or no aid came to the frontier stations, until Col. Bowman, in August, 1777, came from Virginia with one hundred men. This, as the reader will remember, was a period of great distress throughout all the colonies, but of course none suffered more, or evinced more courage and fortitude, than the settlers of the West. On the other hand, these men bore an important burden of the war for independence. What might have become of the resistance of the colonies had England been allowed to pour her troops upon the rear of the Americans, through Canada, assisted as they would have been by all the Indian tribes? No doubt the contest before the stations of Kentucky and Clark's bold incursions into Illinois, and against Vincennes, had much to do in deciding the fortunes of the great struggle.

# CHAPTER XX.

THE CONQUEST OF ILLINOIS—COLONEL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK—HIS EXPEDITION AGAINST THE POSTS IN ILLINOIS—A BLOODLESS CONQUEST—SINGULAR STRATAGEM—COLONEL CLARK'S SPEECH TO THE INDIANS—INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

THE pioneers of the west, although surrounded by those dangers and difficulties in 1777, held fast to their purposes. In the autumn of this year the settlers of Kentucky began to organize, and George Rogers Clark, her chief spirit, he that had represented her beyond the mountains the year before, was meditating a trip to Williamsburg, for the purpose of urging a bolder and more decided measure than any yet proposed. He understood the whole game of the British.* He saw that it was through their possession of Detroit, Vincennes, Kaskaskia, and the other western posts, which gave them easy and constant access to the Indian tribes of the northwest, that the British hoped to effect such a union of the wild men as would annihilate the frontier fortresses. He knew that the Delawares were divided in feeling, and the Shawanoes but imperfectly united in favor of England ever since the murder of Cornstalk. He was convinced that could the British in the northwest be defeated and expelled, the natives might be easily awed or bribed into neutrality; and by spies sent for the purpose, and who were absent from the twentieth of April till the twenty-second of June, he had satisfied himself that an enterprise against the Illinois settlements might easily succeed.

George Rogers Clark, whose portrait appears on another page, was truly the founder of Kentucky, and the most eminent of the early settlers of the west. He was born November 19th, 1752, in Albemarle county, Virginia.† In early life he

* Western Annals. † Clark's Papers.

had been, like Washington, a surveyor, and more lately had served in Dunmore's war. He first visited Kentucky in 1775, and held apparently at that time the rank of major. Returning to Virginia in the autumn of 1775, he prepared to move permanently to the west in the following spring. Having done this early in 1776, Clark, whose views reached much farther than those of most of the pioneers, set himself seriously to consider the condition and prospects of the young republic to which he had attached his life and fortune.

As we have seen, he was now preparing to move against the British posts in the west; and accordingly, on the first of October, 1777, he left Harrodsburg, Kentucky, and reached the capital of Virginia on the fifth of November. Telling no one of his purpose, he diligently watched the state of feeling among those in power, waiting for the proper moment to present his plan. Fortunately, before his arrival Burgoyne had surrendered, which animated the Americans with new hope. On the tenth of December Colonel Clark presented his scheme to Patrick Henry, who was still governor. Henry received the idea with favor. Already the necessity of securing possession of the western outposts had been presented to Congress, and many events that had taken place on the frontier combined to urge the expediency of the plan. Clark having satisfied the Virginia leaders of the feasibility of his plan, received, on the second of January, 1778, two sets of instructions — the public one authorizing him to enlist seven companies to go to Kentucky, subject to his orders, and to serve for three months from their arrival in the west; the secret orders provided for the expedition against Kaskaskia, the British post in Illinois.*

* "VIRGINIA: SECRET. IN Council — Williamsburg, January 2, 1778. Lieut. Colonel George R. Clark: You are to proceed, with all convenient speed, to raise seven companies of soldiers, to consist of fifty men each, officered in the usual manner, and armed most properly for the enterprise, and with this force attack the British force at Kaskasky.

"It is conjectured that there are many pieces of cannon and military stores to considerable amount at that place, the taking and preservation of which would be a valuable acquisition to the State. If you are so fortunate, therefore, as to succeed in your expedition, you will take every possible measure to secure the artillery and stores, and whatever may advantage the State.

"For the transportation of the troops, provisions, etc., down the Ohio, you are to apply to the commanding officer at Fort Pitt for boats; and during the whole transaction you are to take especial care to keep the true destination of your force secret. Its success

With these instructions and twelve hundred pounds in the depreciated currency of the time, Colonel Clark started for Fort Pitt. As the country was in need of all the soldiers that could be mustered east of the Alleghanies, Clark therefore proposed to raise his men in the neighborhood of Fort Pitt, while, for the purpose of hurrying up the enlistments, Major W. B. Smith went to Holston, and other officers to other points. They did not succeed, however, as they had hoped to. At Fort Pitt Clark found the people unwilling to forsake their own homes, which were in imminent danger, to defend Kentucky. At length Clark, with three or four companies, which was all he could raise, descended the Ohio, which he navigated as far as the falls, where he took possession of and fortified Corn Island, opposite the sight of the present city of Louisville. At this place Colonel Bowman was to meet him with additional troops. At this point he told his army their real mission. Having waited until his arrangements were all completed, he departed on the twenty-fourth of June, and descended the river. His plan was to follow the Ohio down as far as Fort Massac, and thence to go by land direct to Kaskaskia. But little baggage

depends upon this. Orders are therefore given to Captain Smith to secure the two men from Kaskasky. Similar conduct will be proper in similar cases.

"It is earnestly desired that you show humanity to such British subjects and other persons as fall in your hands. If the white inhabitants at that post and neighborhood will give undoubted evidence of their attachment to this State (for it is certain they live within its limits), by taking the test prescribed by law, and by every other way and means in their power, let them be treated as fellow citizens, and their persons and property duly secured. Assistance and protection against all enemies whatever shall be afforded them, and the Commonwealth of Virginia is pledged to accomplish it. But if these people will not accede to these reasonable demands, they must feel the miseries of war under the direction of that humanity that has hitherto distinguished Americans, and which it is expected you will ever consider as the rule of your conduct, and from which you are in no instance to depart.

"The corps you are to command are to receive the pay and allowance of militia, and to act under the laws and regulations of this State now in force, as militia. The inhabitants at this post will be informed by you, that in case they accede to the offers of becoming citizens of this Commonwealth, a proper garrison will be maintained among them, and every attention bestowed to render their commerce beneficial, the fairest prospects being opened to the dominions of both France and Spain.

"It is in contemplation to establish a post near the mouth of the Ohio. Cannon will be wanted to fortify it. Part of those at Kaskasky will be easily brought thither, or otherwise secured, as circumstances will make necessary.

"You are to apply to General Hand, at Pittsburgh, for powder and lead necessary for this expedition. If he can't supply it, the person who has that which Captain Lynn brought from New Orleans can. Lead was sent to Hampshire by my orders, and that may be delivered you. Wishing you success, I am, sir, your humble servant, P. HENRY."

was taken. He depended for success entirely upon surprise. Should he fail, he intended to cross the Mississippi and escape into the Spanish settlements. Before he commenced his march he received two pieces of information of which he made good use at the proper time, by means of which he conquered the west without bloodshed. One of these important items was the alliance of France with the colonies. This at once made the American side popular with the French and Indians of Illinois and the lakes; France having never lost her hold upon her ancient subjects and allies, and England having never secured their confidence. The other item was that the inhabitants of Kaskaskia and other old towns had been led by the British to believe that the "Long Knives" or Virginians were the most fierce, cruel and blood-thirsty savages that ever scalped a foe. With this impression on their minds Clark saw that proper conduct would readily force them to submit from fear, if surprised, and then to become friendly from gratitude when treated with unexpected kindness.

After some time the party landed at Fort Massac, and secured their boats in the mouth of a small creek. From this point their route lay through a wilderness without a path a distance of over one hundred miles. After a tedious journey they approached, on the fourth of July, 1778, near the town, and secreted themselves among the hills east of the Kaskaskia river. Colonel Clark sent forward his spies to watch the proceedings of the people, and after dark put his troops in motion and took possession of a house, where a family lived, about three-quarters of a mile above the town. Here they found boats and canoes. The troops were divided into three parties, two of which were ordered to cross the river, while the other, under the immediate command of Col. Clark, took possession of the fort. Kaskaskia then contained about two hundred and fifty houses. Persons who could speak the French language were ordered to pass through the streets and make proclamation, that all the inhabitants must keep within their houses, under penalty of being shot down in the streets. The few British officers, who had visited these French colonies since the commencement of the rebellion of their Atlantic colonies, as

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they termed the Revolution, had told the most exaggerated stories about the brutality and ferocity of the "Long-Knives;" that they would not only take the property of the people, but would butcher, in a most horrible manner, men, women and children! The policy of these stories was to excite in the minds of these simple-hearted French people the most fearful apprehensions against the colonists, that they might be watchful and be prepared for a determined resistance, should any attempt be made on these remote posts. These stories were a stimulus to the French traders to supply the Indians with guns, ammunition and scalping-knives, to aid their depredations on the settlements of Kentucky.*

Clark had possessed himself of these facts, and respecting them says: "I was determined to improve upon this, if I was fortunate enough to get them into my possession; as I concieved the greater the shock I could give them at first, the more sensibly they would feel my lenity, and become more valuable friends."

Clark's plan was to produce a terrible panic in the town, and then to capture it without bloodshed, and with his keen sagacity, he accomplished it in a perfect manner.

The two parties having crossed the river, entered the quiet and unsuspecting village at both extremes, yelling in the most furious manner, while those who made the proclamation in French, ordered the people into their houses, on pain of instant death. In a few moments all were screaming, "*les long Couteaux! les long Couteaux!*" — the long knives! the long knives!

Not more than half an hour after the surprise of the town, the inhabitants all surrendered and delivered up their arms to their conqueror. No blood had been shed, yet the victory was complete. M. Rocheblave, the governor of the place, was taken in his chamber, but his public papers and documents were either concealed or destroyed by his wife. Throughout the whole of the following night the troops marched up and down the streets, yelling and whooping after the Indian fashion. This was a part of Colonel Clark's plan to terrify the inhabit-

* Peck's narrative.

ants. Indeed, he took every possible measure to raise the fears of the people. The town was in possession of an enemy the inhabitants had been taught were the most ferocious and brutal of all men, and of whom they entertained the most horrible apprehensions, and all intercourse was strictly prohibited between each other, and the conquerors. After five days the troops were removed to the outskirts of the town, and the citizens were permitted to walk in the streets. But finding them engaged in conversation, one with another, Col. Clark ordered some of the officers to be put in irons, without assigning a single reason, or permitting a word of defense. This singular display of despotic power in the conqueror, did not spring from a cruel disposition, or a disregard to the principles of liberty, but it was the course of policy he had marked out to gain his object.

At length M. Gibault, the parish priest, got permission to wait on Col. Clark. He was accompanied by several of the elderly inhabitants of the place. When they came into the presence of Clark and his soldiers, they were shocked at their untidy personal appearance. Their clothes were dirty and torn, their beards of four weeks' growth, and they looked as frightful as native warriors. Finally, the priest, in a very submissive tone and posture, remarked that the inhabitants expected to be separated perhaps never to meet again, and they begged through him, as a great favor from their conqueror, to be permitted to assemble in the church, offer up their prayers to God for their souls, and take leave of each other!

Colonel Clark replied carelessly, saying that the Americans did not trouble themselves about the religion of others, but left every man to worship God as he pleased; that they might go to church if they pleased, but on no account must a single person leave the town. Thus saying, the Colonel dismissed them abruptly, hoping to raise their alarm to the highest pitch.

The priest and the Frenchmen hurried away and in a few hours the whole population assembled in the church, where, as for the last time, they mournfully chanted their prayers and bid each other farewell, "never expecting to meet again in this world." After the service, the priest and the old men of

the town returned to the headquarters of the conqueror and began to plead in behalf of their lives. They were willing to give up all their property, but asked for sufficient clothing for their present requirements, and prayed that they might not be separated from their families.

Clark having now fully accomplished his purpose, addressed them the following reply:

"Who do you take me to be? Do you think we are savages — that we intend to massacre you all? Do you think Americans will strip women and children, and take the bread out of their mouths? My countrymen," said the gallant Colonel, "never make war upon the innocent! It was to protect our own wives and children that we have penetrated this wilderness, to subdue these British posts, from whence the savages are supplied with arms and ammunition to murder us. We do not war against Frenchmen. The King of France, your former master, is our ally. His ships and soldiers are fighting for the Americans. The French are our firm friends. Go, and enjoy your religion and worship when you please. Retain your property — and now please to inform all your citizens for me that they are quite at liberty to conduct themselves as usual, and dismiss all apprehensions of alarm. We are your friends and come to deliver you from the British."

The reader will hardly be able to imagine the sudden revulsion of feeling which this reply produced. In a few moments the news had been communicated to all within the town, and now the bells rang out merrily. The people, headed by the priest, again repaired to the little church, where the *Te Deum* was loudly sung. All now cheerfully acknowledged Col. Clark as commandant of the country.

An expedition was next formed against Cahokia, and Major Bowman, with his detachment mounted on French ponies, was ordered to surprise that post. Several Kaskaskia gentlemen offered their services to proceed ahead, notify the Cahokians of the change of government, and prepare them to give the Americans a cordial reception. The plan was entirely successful, and the post was subjugated without the disaster of a

battle. Indeed, there were not a dozen British soldiers in the garrison.

These cunning Virginians, in their talk with the townspeople, represented that a large army was encamped at the falls of the Ohio, which would soon subjugate all the British posts in the West, and that Post Vincent would be invaded by a detachment from that army. He soon learned from the French that Abbott, the commandant of that post, had gone to Detroit and that the defense of the place was left with the citizens, who were mostly French. M. Gibalt readily undertook the task of bringing the inhabitants of that place over to the Americans, which he accomplished without the aid of a military force, and now the American flag was raised above the fort, and Capt. Helm appointed to the command, much to the disgust of the neighboring savages.

The three months term on which the soldiers had enlisted now expired, but Col. Clark, determined not to leave the country half conquered, opened a new enlistment. He also issued commissions for French officers in the country to command a company of the inhabitants.

A garrison was next established at Cohokia, commanded by Capt. Bowman, and another at Kaskaskia, commanded by Capt. Williams. As we have seen Capt. Helm had been appointed to the command at Fort Vincent. Everywhere throughout Illinois the French enlisted themselves warmly in the support of the Americans. The French Governor, M. Rocheblave, was conducted to Virginia a prisoner of war.

Soon after the House of Burgesses of Virginia created the county of Illinois* and appointed John Todd, Esq., then of

*The act contained the following provisions: "All the citizens of the Commonwealth of Virginia, who are already settled, or shall hereafter settle, on the *western side of the Ohio*, shall be included in a distinct county which shall be called *Illinois county;* and the Governor of this Commonwealth, with the advice of the Council, may appoint a county Lieutenant, or Commander-in-Chief, in that county, during pleasure, who shall appoint and commission so many deputy commandants, militia and officers, and commissaries, as he shall think proper, in the different districts, during pleasure, all of whom, before they enter into office, shall take the oath of fidelity to this Commonwealth, and the oath of office, according to the form of their own religion. And all civil officers to which the inhabitants have been accustomed, necessary to the preservation of peace and the administration of justice, shall be chosen by a majority of citizens in their respective districts, to be convened for that purpose, by the county Lieutenant or Commandant, or his deputy, and shall be commissioned by the said county Lieutenant or Commander-in-Chief."

Kentucky, lieutenant colonel and civil commandant. In November the Legislature passed a complimentary resolution to Clark and his men for the valuable services rendered in subduing the British outposts.

After organizing a civil government and providing for an election of magistrates by the people, Col. Clark directed his attention to the subjugation of the Indian tribes. In this he also displayed great ability. It has been said that no commander ever subdued as many warlike tribes in so short a time and at so little expense of life. His meetings with them began at Cahokia in September, 1778, and his principles of action are worthy of comment. He never loaded them with presents; never manifested any fear of them, yet he always respected their courage and ability. He always waited for them to make the first advance of peace, and after they had concluded their speeches and thrown away the bloody wampum sent them by the English, Clark would coldly tell them that he would give them an answer on the following day, but at the same time cautioned them against shaking hands with the Americans, as peace was not yet concluded. The next day the Indians would come to hear the answer of the "Big Knife," as they called Col. Clark, which they always found full of decision and firmness.

The following is the speech he delivered to the tribes who sued for peace at the Council of Cahokia:

"Men and Warriors: pay attention to my words. You informed me yesterday, that the Great Spirit had brought us together, and that you hoped that as he was good, it would be for good. I have also the same hope, and expect that each party will strictly adhere to whatever may be agreed upon, whether it shall be peace or war, and henceforward, prove ourselves worthy of the attention of the Great Spirit. I am a man and a warrior, not a counseller; I carry war in my right hand, and in my left, peace. I am sent by the Great Council of the Big Knife, and their friends, to take possession of all the towns possessed by the English in this country, and to watch the motions of the red people; to bloody the paths of those who attempt to stop the course of the river; but to clear the roads for us to those that desire to be in peace; that the women and children may walk in them without meeting anything to strike their feet against. I am ordered to call upon the Great Fire for warriors enough to darken the land, and that the red people may hear no sound, but of birds who live on blood. I know

there is a mist before your eyes; I will dispel the clouds, that you may clearly see the causes of the war between the Big Knife and the English; then you may judge for yourselves, which party is in the right; and if you are warriors, as you profess yourselves to be, prove it by adhering faithfully to the party, which you shall believe to be entitled to your friendship, and not show yourselves to be squaws.

"The Big Knife is very much like the red people, they don't know how to make blankets, and powder, and cloth; they buy these things from the English, from whom they are sprung. They live by making corn, hunting and trade, as you and your neighbors, the French, do. But the Big Knife, daily getting more numerous, like the trees in the woods, the land became poor, and the hunting scarce; and having but little to trade with, the women began to cry at seeing their children naked, and tried to learn how to make clothes for themselves; some made blankets for their husbands and children; and the men learned to make guns and powder. In this way we did not want to buy so much from the English; they then got mad with us, and sent strong garrisons through our country (as you see they have done among you on the lakes, and among the French,) they would not let our women spin, nor our men make powder, nor let us trade with any body else. The English said, we should buy every thing from them, and since we had got saucy, we should give two bucks for a blanket, which we used to get for one; we should do as they pleased, and they killed some of our people, to make the rest fear them. This is the truth, and the real cause of the war between the English and us; which did not take place for some time after this treatment. But our women become cold and hungry, and continued to cry; our young men got lost for want of counsel to put them in the right path. The whole land was dark, the old men held down their heads for shame, because they could not see the sun, and thus there was mourning for many years over the land. At last the Great Spirit took pity on us, and kindled a great council fire, that never goes out, at a place called Philadelphia; he then stuck down a post, and put a war tomahawk by it, and went away. The sun immediately broke out, the sky was blue again, and the old men held up their heads, and assembled at the fire; they took up the hatchet, sharpened it, and put it into the hands of our young men, ordering them to strike the English as long as they could find one on this side of the great waters. The young men immediately struck the war post, and blood was shed; in this way the war began, and the English were driven from one place to another, until they got weak, and then they hired you red people to fight for them. The Great Spirit got angry at this, and caused your old Father, the French King, and other great nations, to join the Big Knife, and fight with them against all their enemies. So the English have become like a deer in the woods; and you may see that it is the Great Spirit that has caused your waters to be troubled; because you have fought for the people he was mad with. If your women and children should now cry, you must blame yourselves for it, and not the Big Knife. You can now judge who is in the right; I have already told you who I am; here is a bloody belt, and a

white one, take which you please. Behave like men, and don't let your being surrounded by the Big Knife, cause you to take up the one belt with your hands, while your hearts take up the other. If you take the bloody path, you shall leave the town in safety, and may go and join your friends, the English; we will then try like warriors, who can put the most stumbling blocks in each other's way, and keep our clothes longest stained with blood. If, on the other hand, you should take the path of peace, and be received as brothers to the Big Knife, with their friends, the French, should you then listen to bad birds, that may be flying through the land, you will no longer deserve to be counted as men; but as creatures with two tongues, that ought to be destroyed without listening to anything you might say. As I am convinced you never heard the truth before, I do not wish you to answer before yon have taken time to counsel. We will, therefore, part this evening, and when the Great Spirit shall bring us together again, let us speak and think like men, with one heart and one tongue."

This speech produced the desired effect, and, upon the following day, the "Red People," and the "Big Knives" united in peace. It will be impossible, within the scope of this volume, to give a full account of all the interesting incidents which surrounded the actions of Colonel Clark in the West. Following is one, however, which I cannot omit: A party of Indians, known as the Meadow Indians,* had come to attend the council with their neighbors. These, by some means, were induced to attempt the murder of the invaders, and tried to obtain an opportunity to commit the crime proposed, by surprising Clark and his officers in their quarters. In this plan they failed, and their purpose was discovered by the sagacity of the French in attendance; when this was done, Clark gave them to the French to deal with as they pleased, but with a hint that some of the leaders would be as well in irons. Thus fettered and foiled, the chiefs were brought daily to the council house, where he whom they proposed to kill, was engaged daily in forming friendly relations with their red brethren. At length, when by these means the futility of their project had been sufficiently impressed upon them, the American commander ordered their irons to be struck off, and in his quiet way, full of scorn, said, "Everybody thinks you ought to die for your treachery upon my life, amidst the sacred deliberations

* Peck's Narrative.

of a council. I had determined to inflict death upon you for your base attempt, and you yourselves must be sensible that you have justly forfeited your lives; but on considering the meanness of watching a bear and catching him asleep, I have found out that you are not warriors, only old women, and too mean to be killed by the Big Knife. But," continued he, "as you ought to be punished for putting on breech cloths like men, they shall be taken away from you, plenty of provisions shall be given for your journey home, as women don't know how to hunt, and during your stay you shall be treated in every respect as squaws." These few cutting words concluded, the Colonel turned away to converse with others. The children of the prairie, who had looked for anger, not contempt—punishment, not freedom—were unaccountably stirred by this treatment. They took counsel together, and presently a chief came forward with a belt and pipe of peace, which, with proper words, he laid upon the table. The interpreter stood ready to translate the words of friendship, but, with curling lip, the American said he did not wish to hear them, and lifting a sword which lay before him, he shattered the offered pipe, with the cutting expression that "he did not treat with women." The bewildered, overwhelmed Meadow Indians, next asked the intercession of other red men, already admitted to friendship, but the only reply was, "The Big Knife has made no war upon these people; they are of a kind that we shoot like wolves when we meet them in the woods, lest they eat the deer." All this wrought more and more upon the offending tribe; again they took counsel, and then two young men came forward, and, covering their heads with their blankets, sat down before the impenetrable commander; then two chiefs arose, and stating that these young warriors offered their lives as an atonement for the misdoings of their relatives, again they presented the pipe of peace. Silence reigned in the assembly, while the fate of the proffered victims hung in suspense; all watched the countenance of the American leader, who could scarce master the emotion which the incident excited. Still, all sat noiseless, nothing heard but the deep breathing of those whose lives thus hung by a thread. Presently, he upon whom all depended,

arose, and, approaching the young men, he bade them be uncovered and stand up. They sprang to their feet. "I am glad to find," said Clark, warmly, "that there are men among all nations. With you, who alone are fit to be chiefs of your tribe, I am willing to treat; through you I am ready to grant peace to your brothers; I take you by the hands as chiefs, worthy of being such." Here again the fearless generosity, the generous fearlessness of Clark, proved perfectly successful, and while the tribe in question became the allies of America, the fame of the occurrence, which spread far and wide through the Northwest, made the name of the white negotiator everywhere respected.

## CHAPTER XXI.

CONQUEST OF ILLINOIS CONTINUED — BRAVERY OF GEORGE ROGERS CLARK — RE-TAKING OF POST VINCENNES BY COL. HAMILTON — COURAGE OF CAPT. HELM — CLARK'S EXPEDITION AGAINST HAMILTON — HAMILTON TAKEN PRISONER — RESULTS OF CLARK'S CAMPAIGN.

IT was not long before Vincennes (Vincent) was recaptured by Henry Hamilton, the British Lieut.-Governor of Detroit. He collected an army of thirty regulars, fifty French volunteers, and four hundred Indians, and went down from Detroit, to the Wabash, and thence to Vincennes, where he appeared on the fifteenth of December, 1778. The people did not attempt to defend the place, as Capt. Helm and a man named Henry were the only Americans in the post. Helm, however, placed a cannon in the open gateway, and stood beside it with a lighted match, and as Col. Hamilton's party approached within hailing distance, the bold captain commanded them to halt, whereupon the British commander stopped and summoned the *garrison* to surrender. "No man shall enter here until I know the terms," said Helm. Seeing this firmness, Hamilton replied: "You shall have the honors of war." The fort was then surrendered, and the one officer and the one soldier received due marks of respect for their bravery. Helm was held in the fort as a prisoner, the French were disarmed, and, bands of hostile Indians began to appear around the other posts. Col. Clark's situation now became dangerous. He ordered Major Bowman to evacuate the fort at Cahokia, and join him at Kaskaskia. "I could see," says Clark, "but little probability of keeping possession of the country, as my number of men was too small to stand a seige, and my situation too remote to call for assistance. I made all the preparations

I possibly could for the attack, and was necessitated to set fire to some of the outhouses in the town to clear them out of the way." At this time Clark was trying to conceive a plan for capturing Col. Hamilton, and retaking Post Vincennes. He engaged Col. Francis Vigo, then a wealthy resident of St. Louis, to go to Vincennes and investigate its strength. At Clark's request this brave Spanish officer, with a single attendant, started for Vincennes, but was captured at the Embarrass by a party of Indians, who plundered him and brought him to Col. Hamilton. Being a Spanish subject, Hamilton had no power to hold him prisoner, but, set him at liberty only on the condition that he would return direct to St. Louis. This Vigo did, but remained only long enough to change his dress, when he returned to Kaskaskia, and gave Col. Clark full information of the condition of the British post at Vincennes, the projected movement of Hamilton, and the friendly feelings of the French towards the Americans. From him Col. Clark learned that a portion of the British troops were absent on marauding parties with the Indians, that the garrison consisted of about eighty regular soldiers, three brass field pieces, and some swivels, and that Gov. Hamilton meditated the re-capture of Kaskaskia early in the spring. Col. Clark determined on the bold project of an expedition to Vincennes, of which he wrote to Gov. Henry, and sent an express to Virginia. As a reason for this hazardous project, Col. Clark urged the force and designs of Hamilton, saying to Governor Henry in his letter, "I knew if I did not take him he would take me."

A boat was prepared, carrying two four pounders, and four swivels, and commanded by Capt. John Rogers, with forty-six men, and provisions, was dispatched from Kaskaskia to the Ohio, with orders to proceed up the Wabash as secretly as possible to a place near the mouth of the Embarrass. Two companies of men were raised from Cahokia, and Kaskaskia, commanded by Captains McCarty and Charleville, which, with the Americans, amounted to one hundred and seventy men. The winter was exceedingly wet, and all the streams and low land in that section of the country were overflowed, but notwithstanding this, the fragment of an army, on the seventh of

February, 1779, commenced its march from Kaskaskia. Their route lay through the prairies and points of timber east of the Kaskaskia river — a northeasterly course, through Washington and Marion counties, into Clay county, where the trail, noticeable as late as 1830, crossed the route from St. Louis to Vincennes. "This was one of the most dreary and fatiguing expeditions of the Revolutionary War." After inexpressible hardships, the little army reached the Little Wabash, the low bottoms of which, for many miles, were covered with water from three to four feet deep. On the thirteenth of February they arrived at the mouth of "Muddy River," as it was then called, where they made a canoe and ferried over their baggage, which they placed on a scaffold on the opposite bank, to keep it out of the water. Rains fell nearly every day, but the weather was not extremely cold. Up to this point they had borne their hardships with great fortitude, but now the spirits of many began to flag. Among the party was an Irishman who could sing many comic songs, and as the party were wading in the water up to their waists, this curious fellow sat upon his large drum, which readily floated him, and entertained the half perishing troops with his comic musical talents. On the eighteenth of the same month they heard the morning gun of the fort, and on the evening of the same day they were on the Great Wabash, below the mouth of the Embarrass. This is the spot where, as we have seen, they were to meet the boat with supplies. But now there were no signs of it, and the troops were in the most exhausted, destitute and starving condition. The river had overflowed its banks, all the low ground was covered with water, and canoes could not be constructed to carry them over before the British garrison would discover and capture the whole party. On the twentieth of February they captured a boat from Post Vincennes, and from the crew, whom they detained, they learned that the French population were friendly to the Americans, and that no suspicion of the expedition had reached the British garrison.

The remainder of the march is so full of incident, and so worthy of preservation, that I will permit Col. Clark to give the narrative in his own peculiar language:

"This last day's march,* (February 21st,) through the water, was far superior to any thing the Frenchmen had any idea of; they were backward in speaking—said that the nearest land to us was a small league, called the sugar camp, on the bank of the slough. A canoe was sent off and returned without finding that we could pass. I went in her myself and sounded the water; found it deep as to my neck. I returned with a design to have the men transported on board the canoes to the sugar camp, which I knew would spend the whole day and ensuing night, as the vessels would pass slowly through the bushes. The loss of so much time, to men half starved, was a matter of consequence. I would have given now a great deal for a day's provision, or for one of our horses. I returned but slowly to the troops, giving myself time to think. On our arrival all ran to hear what was the report. Every eye was fixed on me. I unfortunately spoke in a serious manner to one of the officers; the whole were alarmed without knowing what I said. I viewed their confusion for about one minute—whispered to those near me to do as I did—immediately put some water in my hand, poured on powder, blackened my face, gave the war-whoop, marched into the water, without saying a word. The party gazed, fell in, one after another, without saying a word, like a flock of sheep. I ordered those near me to give a favorite song of theirs; it soon passed through the line, and the whole went on cheerfully. I now intended to have them transported across the deepest part of the water, but when about waist deep, one of the men informed me that he thought he felt a path. We examined and found it so, and concluded that it kept on the highest ground, which it did, and by taking pains to follow it we got to the sugar camp without the least difficulty, where there was about half an acre of dry ground, at least not under water, where we took up our lodgings. The Frenchmen that we had taken on the river appeared to be uneasy at our situation. They begged that they might be permitted to go in the two canoes to town in the night; they said they would bring from their own houses provisions without the possibility of any person knowing it;

* Clark's Journal.

that some of our men should go with them as a surety of their good conduct—that it was impossible we could march from that place till the water fell, for the plain was too deep to march. Some of the [officers?] believed that it might be done. I would not suffer it. I never could well account for this piece of obstinacy, and give satisfactory reasons to myself, or any body else, why I denied a proposition apparently so easy to execute, and of so much advantage; but something seemed to tell me it should not be done, and it was not done.

"The most of the weather that we had on this march was moist and warm, for the season. This was the coldest night we had. The ice in the morning was from one-half to three-quarters of an inch thick, near the shores, and in still water. The morning was the finest we had on our march. A little after sunrise I lectured the whole. What I said to them I forget, but it may easily be imagined by a person that could possess my affections for them at that time; I concluded by informing them that passing the plain that was then in full view, and reaching the opposite woods would put an end to their fatigue—that in a few hours they would have a sight of their long wished for object—and immediately stepped into the water without waiting for any reply. A huzza took place. As we generally marched through the water in a line, before the third entered I halted and called to Major Bowman, ordered him to fall in the rear with twenty-five men, and to put to death any man who refused to march, as we wished to have no such person among us. The whole gave a cry of approbation, and on we went. This was the most trying of all the difficulties we had experienced. I generally kept fifteen or twenty of the strongest men next myself, and judged from my own feelings what must be that of others. Getting about the middle of the plain, the water about mid-deep, I found myself sensibly failing; and as there were no trees or bushes for the men to support themselves by, I feared that many of the most weak would be drowned. I ordered the canoes to make the land, discharge their loading, and play backwards and forwards with all diligence, and pick up the men; and to encourage the party, sent some of the strongest men forward with orders, when they got

to a certain distance, to pass the word back that the water was getting shallow; and when getting near the woods to cry out 'Land!' This stratagem had its desired effect. The men, encouraged by it, exerted themselves almost beyond their abilities, the weak holding by the stronger. * * * The water never got shallower, but continued deepening. Getting to the woods where the men expected land, the water was up to my shoulders; but gaining the woods was of great consequence; all the low men and weakly, hung to the trees, and floated on the old logs until they were taken off by the canoes. The strong and tall got ashore and built fires. Many would reach the shore and fall with their bodies half in the water, not being able to support themselves without it.

"This was a delightful dry spot of ground of about ten acres. We soon found that fires answered no purpose; but that two strong men taking a weaker one by the arms was the only way to recover him; and, being a de'ghtful day, it soon did. But, fortunately, as if designed by Providence, a canoe of Indian squaws and children were coming up to town, and took through part of this plain as a nigh way. It was discovered by our canoes as they were out after the men. They gave chase and took the Indian canoe, on board of which was near half a quarter of buffalo, some corn, tallow, kettles, etc. This was a grand prize, and was invaluable. Broth was immediately made and served out to the most weakly with great care; most or the whole got a little; but a great many gave their part to the weakly, jocosely saying something cheering to their comrades. This little refreshment and fine weather, by the afternoon, gave life to the whole. Crossing a narrow deep lake in the canoes, and marching some distance, we came to a copse of timber called the 'Warrior's Island.' We were now in full view of the fort and town, not a shrub between us, at about two miles distance. Every man now feasted his eyes and forgot that he had suffered anything—saying that all that had passed was owing to good policy, and nothing but what a man could bear; and that a soldier had no right to think, etc., passing from one extreme to another, which is common in such cases. It was now we had to display our abilities. The plain

between us and the town was not a perfect level. The sunken grounds were covered with water full of ducks. We observed several men out on horseback, shooting them, within half a mile of us, and sent out as many of our active young Frenchmen to decoy and take one of these men prisoner, in such a manner as not to alarm the others, which they did. The information we got from this person was similar to that which we got from those we took on the river, except that of the British having that evening completed the wall of the fort, and that there were a good many Indians in town.

"Our situation was now truly critical; no possibility of retreating in case of defeat, and in full view of a town that had at this time upwards of six hundred men in it, troops, inhabitants and Indians. The crew of the galley, though not fifty men, would now have been a reinforcement of immense magnitude to our little army, (if I may so call it,) but we would not think of them. We were now in the situation that I had labored to get ourselves in. The idea of being made prisoner was foreign to almost every man, as they expected nothing but torture from the savages if they fell into their hands. Our fate was now to be determined, probably in a few hours. We knew that nothing but the most daring conduct would ensure success. I knew that a number of the inhabitants wished us well, that many were lukewarm to the interest of either, and I also learned that the Grand Chief, the Tobacco's son, but a few days before openly declared in council with the British, that he was a brother and a friend to the Big Knives. These were favorable circumstances, and as there was but little probability of our remaining until dark undiscovered, I determined to begin the career immediately, and wrote the following placard to the inhabitants:

To the Inhabitants of Vincennes.—*Gentlemen:* Being now within two miles of your village, with my army, determined to take your fort this night, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this method to request such of you as are true citizens and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you, to remain still in your houses, and those, if any there be, that are friends to the king, will instantly repair to the fort and join the hair-buyer General and fight like men. And if any such as do not go to the fort shall be discovered afterwards, they may depend on severe punishment.

On the contrary, those who are true friends to liberty may depnnd on being well treated, and I once more request them to keep out of the streets. For every one I find in arms on my arrival I shall treat him as an enemy.

(Signed) G. R. CLARK.

This notice had the desired effect. It inspired the friendly inhabitants with confidence and filled the enemy with terror. On the same day about sunset the little army set off to attack the fort. In order to convince Hamilton that the invaders consisted of a large army, Col. Clark divided his men into platoons, each displaying a different flag, and after marching and counter-marching around some mounds within sight of the fort, and making other demonstrations of numbers and strength till dark, Lieut. Bayley, with fourteen men, was sent to attack the fort. This party secured themselves within thirty yards of the fort, defended by a bank and safe from the enemy's fire, and as soon as a port hole was opened a dozen rifles were directed to the aperture. One soldier fell dead, and the rest could not be prevailed upon to stand to the guns. On the morning of the twenty-fourth, Col. Clark sent a flag of truce with the following letter to Col. Hamilton, while his men, for the first time in six days, were provided with breakfast:

*Sir:* In order to save yourself from the impending storm that now threatens you, I order you immediately to surrender yourself, with all your garrison, stores, etc., etc. For if I am obliged to storm, you may depend upon such treatment as is justly due to a *murderer*. Beware of destroying stores of any kind, or any papers or letters that are in your possession, or hurting one house in town, for, by Heavens, if you do, there shall be no mercy shown you. G. R. CLARK.

To Gov. Hamilton.

Col. Hamilton replied as follows:

Gov. Hamilton begs leave to acquaint Col. Clark that he and his garrison are not disposed to be awed into any action unworthy British subjects.

The attack was renewed with great vigor, and soon after Hamilton sent another message to the invader, as follows:

Gov. Hamilton proposes to Col. Clark a truce for three days, during which time he promises that there shall be no defensive works carried on

in the garrison, *on condition* that Col. Clark will observe, on his part, a like cessation of offensive work: that is, he wishes to confer with Col. Clark, as soon as can be, and promises that whatever may pass between them two and another person mutually agreed on to be present, shall remain secret till matters be finished; as he wishes that whatever the result of the conference may be, it may tend to the honor and credit of each party. If Col. Clark makes a difficulty of coming into the fort, Lieut. Gov. Hamilton will speak with him by the gate.

HENRY HAMILTON.

This message was written on the 24th of February, 1779, and manifested a feeling that Clark had expected. His reply was: "Col. Clark's compliments to Gov. Hamilton, and begs leave to say that he will not agree to any terms other than Mr. Hamilton surrendering himself and garrison prisoners at discretion. If Mr. Hamilton wants to talk with Col. Clark, he will meet him at the church with Capt. Helm."

A conference was held as proposed, when Clark would agree only to a surrender, and threatened to massacre the leading men in the fort for supplying the Indians with the means of annoyance and purchasing scalps, if his terms were not accepted. In a few moments afterwards Col. Clark dictated terms of surrender which were accepted.* On the twenty-fifth of February Fort Sackville was surrendered to the American troops and the garrison treated as prisoners of war. The stars and stripes were unfolded above its battlements and thirteen guns celebrated the victory. Seventy-nine prisoners and stores to the amount of fifty thousand dollars were captured by this bold enterprise, and the whole country along the Mississippi and Wabash remained ever after in the peaceful possession of

* 1st. Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton agrees to deliver up to Col. Clark Fort Sackville, as it is at present, with its stores, etc.

2d. The garrison are to deliver themselves as prisoners of war and march out with their arms and accoutrements.

3d. The garrison to be delivered up to-morrow, at ten o'clock.

4th. Three days' time to be allowed the garrison to settle their accounts with the inhabitants and traders.

5th. The officers of the garrison to be allowed their necessary baggage, etc.

Signed at Post St. Vincennes, the 24th day of February, 1779; agreed to for the following reasons: 1st. Remoteness from succor; 2d. The state and quantity of provisions; 3d. The *unanimity* of the officers and men in its expediency; 4th. The honorable terms allowed; and, lastly, the confidence in a generous enemy.

HENRY HAMILTON,
*Lieutenant-Governor and Superintendent.*

the Americans. In the short contest only one of the Americans was wounded. The British had one killed and six severely wounded. Gov. Hamilton was sent prisoner to Virginia, where he was confined in jail, fettered and alone, as a punishment for his wicked policy of offering rewards for American scalps, but as this punishment was not in accordance with the terms of surrender, he was afterwards set at liberty.

Col. Clark returned to Kaskaskia, where he found his paper money greatly depreciated, and where he was forced to pledge his own credit to procure what he needed to an extent that injured his financial prospects.

It is difficult to estimate the true value of Clark's campaign to American independence. "But for his small army of dripping, but fearless Virginians," says Mr. Peck, "the union of all the tribes from Georgia to Maine against the colonies, might have been effected and the whole current of our history changed. The conquest of Clark changed the face of affairs in relation to the whole country north of the Ohio river, which, in all probability, would have been the boundary between Canada and the United States. This conquest was urged by the American commissioners in negotiating the definite treaty of 1793."

## CHAPTER XXII.

BORDERS OF KENTUCKY—BOONE'S SALT EXPEDITION—HIS CAPTURE—HIS DEFENSE OF BOONSBOROUGH—INVASION OF THE COUNTRY OF THE SIX NATIONS—INDIAN TROUBLES.

LET us now return and bring forward the events in the border settlements of Kentucky. The pioneers were now (1778) suffering much from the want of salt, and the labor and risk of bringing it over the mountains were too great. It was now resolved by the settlers that thirty men, under the guidance of Captain Daniel Boone, one of the earliest and most active settlers of Kentucky, and the founder of Boonsborough, should proceed to the "Lower Blue Licks," on Licking river, and manufacture salt. The enterprise was commenced on New Year's day, 1778.* Boone was to be guide, hunter and scout; the others were to cut wood and attend to the manufacturing department. They succeeded well, and on the seventh of the following month enough had been made to lead to the return of three of the party to the stations with the precious commodity. While Boone was ranging the woods in the vicinity of the salt works he was discovered and captured by a large party of Shawanoes. Boone's companions were next captured, and all were now taken to the Indian village on the Little Miami.† It was no part of the plan of the Shawanoes, however, to retain these men in captivity, nor yet to scalp, slay or eat them. Under the influence and rewards of Governor Hamilton, the British commander in the northwest, the Indians had taken up the business of speculating in human beings, both dead and alive, and the Shawanoes meant to take Boone and

* Western Annals.

† Peck's Narrative.

his comrades to the Detroit market. On the tenth of March, accordingly, eleven of the party, including Daniel himself, were dispatched for the north, and after twenty days of journeying were presented to the English governor, who treated them, Boone says, with great humanity. To Boone himself Hamilton and several other gentlemen seem to have taken an especial fancy, and offered large sums for his release, but the Shawanoes would not part with him; he must go home with them, they said, and be one of them, and become a great chief. So the pioneer found his very virtues becoming the cause of a prolonged captivity. In April the red men, with their one white captive, about to be converted into a genuine son of nature, returned from the flats of Michigan to the rolling valleys of the Miamis. And now the white blood was washed out of the Kentucky ranger, and he was made a son in the family of Blackfish, a Shawanoes chief, and was loved and caressed by father and mother, brothers and sisters, till he was thoroughly sick of them. But disgust he could not show, so he was kind and affable, and knew how to allay any suspicions they might harbor lest he should run away. For some time the newly made Indian, Boone, entered into the savage life with a pretended relish. On the first of June he was returning with a party of Indians to the village, and on arriving he found four hundred and fifty of the choicest warriors of the west painted and armed for battle. Upon inquiring he found that they had formed a plan to destroy Boonsborough and capture the inhabitants. Boone now secretly resolved to risk his life to save the little borough he had founded. And although over one hundred and fifty miles from this town, he departed, on the morning of the sixteenth of June, while all was quiet, and without any breakfast, started on his long and dangerous journey. He traveled at the rate of forty miles a day for four successive days, and ate but one meal during the whole journey. At last he reached the defenseless town, and with the alarmed inhabitants at once commenced repairing the fortifications. But the foe came not. In a few days another escaped captive came in and informed Boone that the Indians were unsettled

in their plans, knowing not what to do since he had departed. Thus his favorite town was saved, at least for the time being.

Boone, with a small party of the settlers, now penetrated the forests to surprise an Indian village; but meeting a small party of Indians he discovered that they were marching on Boonsborough in full force. He had scarcely time to return when the enemy appeared. The Indians, to the number of four hundred and forty, were commanded by Chief Blackfish, and the Canadians, to the number of eleven, by Captain DuQuesne. The advancing enemy displayed both the English and French flags. The invaders demanded Boone to surrender in the name of His Britannic Majesty, and promised a liberal treatment for the prisoners. It was indeed a critical moment. Should they yield there would be no mercy shown them; but, on the other hand, there was but little chance for a successful resistance. They had no provisions, and their cattle were abroad in the woods. Boone asked for two days to consider the matter, and his request was granted. He now set about bringing the cattle to the fort, which was soon accomplished. Being thus supplied with food, he announced the determination of his garrison to fight. Captain DuQuesne was sorely grieved at this, for he had hoped to take the place without bloodshed. He now resorted to treachery. He offered to withdraw his troops if the garrison would make a treaty. Boone suspected all was not right, and at first he refused to yield; but then he did not wish to starve in the fort or have it taken by storm, and he thought, as he remembered Hamilton's kindness to him while in Detroit, that perhaps he would be fairly treated by his representative, so he agreed to treat. Boone and eight of his men now went out of the fort, under cover of the guns of the fortifications, and opened a council about sixty yards distant. The treaty was made and signed, and then the Indians, saying it was their custom for two of them to shake hands with every white man when a treaty was made, expressed a wish to press the palms of their new allies. Boone and his friends must have looked doubtful at this proposal, but it was safer to accede than to refuse and be shot instantly, so they presented each his hand. As anticipated, the warriors seized them with rough and fierce eagerness.

The whites drew back, struggling. The treachery was apparent. The rifle balls from the garrison struck down the foremost assailants of the little band; and, amid a fire from friends and foes, Boone and his fellow deputies bounded back into the station, with the exception of one man, unhurt. Now that the treaty project had failed, the enemy opened a hot fire upon the fortifications, which they continued ten days, though to no purpose. On the twentieth of August the Indians were forced unwillingly to retire, having lost thirty-seven of their number and wasted a vast amount of powder and lead. The garrison picked up from the ground, after their departure, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of their bullets.

Early in the summer of this year a fort was built upon the banks of the Ohio, a little below Fort Pitt, called Fort McIntosh. From this point it was intended to operate in reducing Detroit, where mischief was still brewing. Indeed the natives were now more united than ever against the Americans. The Senecas, Cayugas, Mingoes, Wyandots, Onondagas, Ottawas, Ojibwas, Shawanoes and Delawares were all in the league. Congress now, perhaps for the first time, fully saw the difficulties that were likely to arise from the native tribes.

In the north and west a new cause of trouble was arising. Of the six tribes of the Iroquois, the Senecas, Mohawks, Cayugas and Onondagas had been from the outset inclined to Britain, though all of these but the Mohawks had now and then tried to persuade the Americans to the contrary. During the winter of 1778–9 the Onondagas, who had been for a while nearly neutral, were suspected by the Americans of deception, and this suspicion having become nearly knowledge, a band was sent early in April to destroy their towns and take such of them as could be taken prisoners. The work appointed was done, and the villages and wealth of the poor savages were annihilated. This sudden act of severity startled all. The Oneidas, hitherto faithful to their neutrality, were alarmed lest the next blow should fall on them, and it was only after a full explanation that their fears were quieted. As for the Onondagas, it was not to be hoped that they would sit down under such treatment; and we find, accordingly, that some hundred

of their warriors were at once in the field, and from that time forward a portion of their nation remained hostile to the United Colonies.*

The Americans now determined to invade the country of the Six Nations, which they did, defeating a large number of these Indians at Newton. From this point they were driven from village to village, and their whole country was laid waste. Houses were burned, crops and orchards destroyed, and every thing done to render the country uninhabitable that could be thought of. Forty towns were burnt, and more than one hundred and sixty thousand bushels of corn destroyed. This attack was conducted by General Sullivan He effected a complete conquest of the Indian country, but passed Niagara without attacking it.

On the twenty-second of March, 1779, Washington wrote to Colonel Daniel Brodhead, who had succeeded McIntosh at Fort Pitt, that an incursion into the country of the Six Nations was in preparation, and that in connection therewith it might be advisable for a force to ascend the Alleghany to Kittaning, and thence to Venango, and having fortified both points, to strike the Mingoes and Munceys upon French Creek and elsewhere in that neighborhood, and thus aid General Sullivan in the great blow he was to give by his march up the Susquehanna. Brodhead proceeded up the Alleghany, burned the towns of the Indians and destroyed their crops.

The immediate result of this and other equally prompt and severe measures was to bring the Delawares, Shawanoes, and even the Wyandots, to Fort Pitt, on a treaty of peace. There Brodhead met them on his return in September, and a long conference was held to the satisfaction of both parties.†

During this summer an expedition was sent against the Shawanoes of the Miami, but it failed to accomplish the end originally designed, and the fierce Indians of this tribe were unsubdued.

In the following year, 1780, Kentucky was invaded by a large

* Stone's Works.

† Western Annals.

force of Indians and Canadians, commanded by Colonel Byrd, a British officer. To the number of six hundred, with two field pieces, they marched up the valley of the Licking, and first appeared before Ruddle's Station, on the twenty-second of June, demanding an instant surrender. As the stockades were powerless against cannon, the demand was complied with; but the invaders, for some reason, left the country immediately.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

EXPEDITION AGAINST MORAVIAN INDIANS—THE MASSACRE—TERRIBLE FATE OF COLONEL CRAWFORD—ATTACK OF BRYANT'S STATION—DEFEAT OF THE FRONTIER MEN.

LET us return once more to the villages of the Christian Indians, commonly called the Moravians. In 1781 they suffered from both Americans and from hostile Indians, and in consequence were compelled to leave their home on the Muskingum and go to Sandusky; but in February, 1782, they returned to the number of about one hundred and fifty. This act revived the hatred of the frontier men, who had now learned to suspect them of treachery; and Colonel Williamson in March set out with a party of about one hundred men, without any authority, and made a rapid march to the Muskingum. The professed object was to capture and remove the Christian Delawares, and destroy their houses and fields. A number of people were at work in their corn-fields when this hostile force appeared, who ran to the village of Gnadenhutten. Several men and one woman were killed. They were told it was the intention to take them to Pittsburgh, where they would be protected, and were directed to enter two houses and remain for the night. The commander of the party then proposed to leave it to his men to decide by vote their fate, and orders were given that those who were for sparing their lives should step out in front. Of some ninety men present only seventeen or eighteen voted to spare their lives! This sentence was then announced to the people. They spent the night in prayer and in singing hymns. In the morning the terrible slaughter commenced. No resistance was made. Guns, tomahawks and hatchets were used. Two only escaped. One, a young man

about seventeen years of age, wounded, bleeding and scalped. crept into the bushes and lived; another crawled under the floor, where he lay until the blood of his murdered relations poured in streams upon him.* The buildings were set on fire, and the bodies partially consumed. Colonel Williamson and his men returned to receive the execrations of his countrymen. Both the civil and military authorities of the State and nation reprobated the direful deed. Forty men, twenty-two women, and thirty-two children were thus destroyed.

It was in March, 1782, that this great murder was committed; and another expedition was at once organized to invade the towns of the Moravian Delawares and Wyandots, upon the Sandusky. No Indian was to be spared; friend or foe, every red man was to die! The commander of the expedition was Colonel William Crawford. His troops, numbering nearly five hundred men, marched in June to the Sandusky, uninterrupted. There they found the towns deserted, and the savages on the alert. A battle ensued, and the whites were forced to retreat. In their retreat many left the main body, and nearly all who did so perished. Of Crawford's own fate we give the following account by Dr. Knight:

"Monday morning, the tenth of June, we were paraded to march to Sandusky, about thirty-three miles distant. They had eleven prisoners of us, and four scalps, the Indians being seventeen in number.

"Colonel Crawford was very desirous to see a certain Simon Girty, who lived with the Indians, and was on this account permitted to go to town the same night, with two warriors to guard him, having orders at the same time to pass by the place where the colonel had turned out his horse, that they might, if possible, find him. The rest of us were taken as far as the old town, which was within eight miles of the new.

"Tuesday morning, the eleventh, Colonel Crawford was brought out to us, on purpose to be marched with the other prisoners. I asked the colonel if he had seen Mr. Girty. He told me he had, and that Girty had promised to do everything in his power for him, but that the Indians were very much

* Western Annals.

enraged against the prisoners, particularly Captain Pipe, one of the chiefs. He likewise told me that Girty had informed him that his son-in-law, Colonel Harrison, and his nephew, William Crawford, were made prisoners by the Shawanoes, but had been pardoned. This Captain Pipe had come from the town about an hour before Colonel Crawford, and had painted all the prisoners' faces black. As he was painting me he told me I should go to the Shawanoes towns and see my friends. When the colonel arrived he painted him black also, told him he was glad to see him, and that he would have him shaved when he came to see his friends at the Wyandot town. When we marched the colonel and I were kept back, between Pipe and Wyngenim, the two Delaware chiefs; the other nine prisoners were sent forward with another party of Indians. As we went along we saw four of the prisoners lying by the path, tomahawked and scalped; some of them were at the distance of half a mile from each other. When we arrived within half a mile of the place where the colonel was executed we overtook the five prisoners that remained alive. The Indians had caused them to sit down on the ground, as they did also the colonel and me, at some distance from them. I was there given in charge to an Indian fellow, to be taken to the Shawanoes towns.

"In the place where we were made to sit down, there was a number of squaws and boys, who fell on the five prisoners and tomahawked them. There was a certain John McKinly amongst the prisoners, formerly an officer in the 13th Virginia regiment, whose head an old squaw cut off, and the Indians kicked it about upon the ground. The young Indian fellows came often where the Colonel and I were, and dashed the scalps in our faces. We were then conducted along toward the place where the Colonel was afterwards executed; when we came within about half a mile of it, Simon Girty met us, with several Indians on horseback; he spoke to the Colonel, but as I was about one hundred and fifty yards behind, could not hear what passed between them.

"Almost every Indian we met, struck us either with sticks or their fists. Girty waited till I was brought up, and asked, was

that the Doctor? I told him yes, and went towards him, reaching out my hand, but he bid me begone, and called me a damned rascal, upon which the fellows who had me in charge pulled me along. Girty rode up after me and told me I was to go to the Shawanoe towns.

"When we went to the fire the Colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with sticks and their fists. Presently after, I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the Colonel's hands behind his back and fastened the rope to the ligature between his wrists. The rope was long enough for him to sit down or walk round the post once or twice, and return the same way. The Colonel then called to Girty, and asked if they intended to burn him? Girty answered, yes. The Colonel said he would take it all patiently. Upon this, Captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, made a speech to the Indians, viz.: about thirty or forty men, and sixty or seventy squaws and boys.

"When the speech was finished they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men then took up their guns and shot powder into the Colonel's body, from his feet as far up as his neck. I think that no less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and to the best of my observation, cut off his ears; when the throng had dispersed a little, I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

"The fire was six or seven yards from the post to which the Colonel was tied; it was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood and apply it to his naked body, already burnt black with the powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him with the burning faggots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards, upon which they would carry a quantity of burning coals and hot embers and throw on him,

so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

"In the midst of these extreme tortures, he called to Simon Girty and begged of him to shoot him; but Girty making no answer, he called to him again. Girty, then, by way of derision, told the Colonel that he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him, laughed heartily, and by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene.

"Girty then came up to me and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, that I was not to die at that place, but to be burnt at the Shawanoe towns. He swore by G—d I need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its enormities.

"He then observed that some prisoners had given him to understand, that if our people had him they would not hurt him; for his part, he said, he did not believe it, but desired to know my opinion of the matter, but being at the time in great anguish and distress for the torments the Colonel was suffering before my eyes, as well as the expectation of undergoing the same fate in two days, I made little or no answer. He expressed a great deal of ill-will for Colonel Gibson, and said he was one of his greatest enemies, and more to the same purpose, to all which I paid very little attention.

"Colonel Crawford, at this period of his suffering, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three-quarters or two hours longer, as near as I could judge, when at last, being almost exhausted, he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him, and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me "that was my great captain." An old squaw got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head, after he had been scalped; he then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk round the post; they next put a burning stick to him as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before.

"The Indian fellow who had me in charge, now took me away

to Captain Pipe's house, about three-quarters of a mile from the place of the Colonel's execution. I was bound all night, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June twelfth, the Indian untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanoe town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles distant from that place. We soon came to the spot where the Colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way; I saw his bones lying amongst the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes; I suppose after he was dead they laid his body on the fire. The Indian told me that was my big Captain, and gave the scalp halloo."

Such were some of the more important incidents of border warfare in 1781–82. But still the fury of the Indians was by no means spent. In the middle of August, 1782, the storm burst around Bryant's Station. About six hundred Indians appeared on the fifteenth and made a desperate effort to capture the fort. The garrison had heard, on the day previous, of the defeat of a party of whites not far distant, and during that night were busy in making preparations to march, with daybreak, to the assistance of their neighbors. Mr. James H. Peck, the compiler of the "Western Annals," informs us that all night long their preparations continued, and what little sound the savages made as they approached, was unheard amid the comparative tumult within. Day stole through the forest; the woodsmen rose from their brief slumbers, took their arms, and were on the point of opening their gates to march, when the crack of rifles, mingled with yells and howls, told them in an instant how narrowly they had escaped captivity or death. Rushing to the loop-holes and crannies, they saw about a hundred red men, firing and gesticulating in full view of the fort. The young bloods, full of rage at Estill's sad defeat, wished instantly to rush forth upon the attackers, but there was something in the manner of the Indians so peculiar, that the older heads at once suspected a trick, and looked anxiously to the opposite side of the fort, where they judged the main body of the enemy were probably concealed. Nor were they deceived. The savages were led by Simon Girty. This white savage had

proposed, by an attack on one side of the station with a small part of his force, to draw out the garrison, and then intended, with the main body, to fall upon the other side, and secure the fort; but his plan was defeated by the over-acting of his red allies, and the sagacity of his opponents. These opponents, however, had still a sad difficulty to encounter; the fort was not supplied with water, and the spring was at some distance, and in the immediate vicinity of the thicket in which it was supposed the main force of the Indians lay concealed. The danger of going or sending for water was plain, the absolute necessity of having it was equally so; and how it could be procured, was a question which made many a head shake, many a heart sink. At length a plan, equally sagacious and bold, was hit upon, and carried into execution by as great an exertion of womanly presence of mind as can, perhaps, be found on record. If the savages were, as was supposed, concealed near the spring, it was believed they would not show themselves until they had reason to believe their trick had succeeded, and the garrison had left the fort on the other side. It was, therefore, proposed to all the females to go with their buckets to the spring, fill them, and return to the fort, before any sally was made against the attacking party. The danger to which they must be exposed was not to be concealed, but it was urged upon them that this must be done, or all perish; and that if they were steady, the Indians would not molest them; and to the honor of their sex, be it said, they went forth in a body, and directly under five hundred rifles, filled their buckets, and returned in such a manner as not to suggest to the quick-sighted savages that their presence in the thicket was suspected. This done, a small number of the garrison were sent forth against the attackers, with orders to multiply their numbers to the ear by constant firing, while the main body of the whites took their places to repel the anticipated rush of those in concealment. The plan succeeded perfectly. The whole body of Indians rushed from their ambuscade as they heard the firing upon the opposite side of the fort, and were received by a fair, well-directed discharge of all the rifles left within the station. Astonished and horror-stricken, the assailants turned to the

forest again as quickly as they had left it, having lost many of their numbers. In the morning, as soon as the presence of the Indians was ascertained, and before their numbers were suspected, two messengers had broken through their line, bearing to Lexington tidings of the siege of Bryant's Station, and asking succor. Assistance came about two in the afternoon; sixteen men being mounted, and thirty or more on foot. The savages expected their arrival, and prepared to destroy them, but the horsemen, by rapid riding, and enveloped in dust, reached the fort unharmed, and of the footmen, after an hour's hard fighting, only two were killed and four wounded. The Indian's courage rarely supports him through long-continued exertion; and Girty found his men so far disheartened by their failures, that before night they talked of abandoning the siege. After attempting to terrify the garrison into a surrender, they retired into the woods in the hope that when further assistance arrived at Bryant's Station, a party would pursue them, and fall into their ambuscades. In this hope they were not deceived. Boone and his party arrived at the Station on the eighteenth, and immediately started after the enemy. The trail was plain, and led them to the Lower Blue Licks, where the savages lay concealed in great numbers. Here they attacked the Indians, but were routed with the loss of seventy-seven men killed and taken prisoners, and twelve wounded. The few who escaped the slaughter fled in terror to the settlements.

# CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY — SKETCH OF ARTHUR ST. CLAIR — REVIEW OF THE TREATIES WITH THE INDIANS — INDIAN SPEECHES.

LEAVING the frontier settlements of the provinces, or now the united colonies, we will pass on to notice the events that transpired in the Northwest Territory, which was erected under the ordinance of 1787. It is proper to state here, however, that in making this progress in the narrative we are obliged to omit the details of many contests with the Indians in Ohio and Kentucky, and the several treaties which resulted. But these were of an ordinary character. Without any considerable amount of bloodshed all the savages in these States were subdued, the boundary lines of their country were determined and a treaty of peace concluded.

In the month of July, 1788, Gen. Arthur St. Clair, who had been appointed the first governor of the Northwest Territory by Congress, arrived at Marietta and put the machinery of the new government in motion. He organized the government under the first "grade" of the ordinance,* the government

* I give the ordinance in full as follows, as it is the corner-stone of the Constitutions of the Northwestern States, and is, therefore, worthy of preservation:

AN ORDINANCE FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES, NORTHWEST OF THE OHIO RIVER. — Be it ordained by the United States in Congress assembled, That the said territory, for the purposes of temporary government, be one district, subject, however, to be divided into two districts, as future circumstances may, in the opinion of Congress, make it expedient.

Be it ordained by the authority aforesaid, That the estates, both of resident and non-resident proprietors in said territory, dying intestate, shall descend to, and be distributed among their children and the descendants of a deceased child, in equal parts; the descendants of a deceased child, or grand child, to take the share of their deceased parent in equal parts among them; and where there shall be no children or descendants, then in equal parts to the next of kin in equal degree; and, among collaterals, the children of a deceased brother or sister of the intestate shall have, in equal parts among them, their deceased parents' share; and there shall, in no case, be a distinction between kindred of the whole and half-blood; saving, in all cases, to the widow of the intestate, her third part of the real estate for life, and one-third part of the personal estate; and

consisting of a governor, secretary and three judges, who, conjointly, constituted the law-making power. Winthrop Sargent was appointed secretary, and Samuel H. Parsons, James H. Vernum and John Cleves Symmes judges. In September, the governor and judges prepared and adopted a code of laws.

Arthur St. Clair was the first governor of the Northwest Territory, and as his administration forms a conspicuous part of the narrative, a brief sketch of his life, in this connection, will not be out of place. His portrait also appears on another page. He was a native of Scotland, from which country he came to the British colonies of North America in 1755. He

this law, relative to descents and dower, shall remain in full force until altered by the Legislature of the district. And, until the governor and judges shall adopt laws as hereinafter mentioned, estates in the said territory may be devised or bequeathed by wills in writing, signed and sealed by him or her, in whom the estate may be, (being of full age,) and attested by three witnesses; and real estates may be conveyed by lease and release, or bargain and sale, signed, sealed and delivered by the person, being of full age, in whom the estate may be, and attested by two witnesses, provided such wills be duly proved and such conveyances be acknowledged, or the execution thereof duly proved, and be recorded within one year after, proper magistrates, courts and registers shall be appointed for that purpose; and personal property may be transferred by delivery; saving, however, to the French and Canadian inhabitants, and other settlers of the Kaskaskias, St. Vincents and the neighboring villages who have heretofore professed themselves citizens of Virginia, their laws and customs now in force among them, relative to the descent and conveyance of property.

Be it ordained by the authority aforesaid, That there shall be appointed, from time to time, by Congress, a governor, whose commission shall continue in force for three years, unless sooner revoked by Congress; he shall reside in the district and have a freehold estate therein in one thousand acres of land, while in the exercise of his office.

There shall be appointed, from time to time, by Congress, a secretary, whose commission shall continue in force for four years, unless sooner revoked; he shall reside in the district and have a freehold estate therein in five hundred acres of land, while in the exercise of his office; it shall be his duty to keep and preserve the acts and laws passed by the Legislature, and the public records of the district, and the proceedings of the governor in his executive department, and transmit authentic copies of such acts and proceedings, every six months, to the secretary of Congress. There shall also be appointed a court to consist of three judges, any two of whom to form a court, who shall have a common law jurisdiction and reside in the district, and have each therein a freehold estate in five hundred acres of land while in the exercise of their offices; and their commissions shall continue in force during good behavior.

The governor and judges, or a majority of them, shall adopt and publish in the district such laws of the original States, criminal and civil, as may be necessary and best suited to the circumstances of the district, and report them to Congress from time to time; which laws shall be in force in the district until the organization of the General Assembly therein, unless disapproved of by Congress; but afterwards the Legislature shall have authority to alter them as they shall think fit.

The governor, for the time being, shall be commander-in-chief of the militia, appoint and commission all officers in the same below the rank of general officers; all general officers shall be appointed and commissioned by Congress.

Previous to the organization of the General Assembly, the governor shall appoint such magistrates and other civil officers, in each county or township, as he shall find

joined the Royal Americans or Sixtieth Regiment, and served under Gen. Amherst at the taking of Louisburg in 1758. He carried a standard at the storming and capture of Quebec, under Gen. Wolfe, in 1759. Immediately after the peace of 1763, he settled in Ligonier Valley, in Western Pennsylvania, where he continued to reside until the Revolutionary war. Being a firm friend of liberty and the rights of the colonies, he received from Congress the commission of colonel, and joined the American army with a regiment of seven hundred and fifty men. Having been promoted to the rank of major general, he was tried by a court martial, in 1778, for evacuat-

necessary for the preservation of the peace and good order in the same. After the General Assembly shall be organized, the powers and duties of magistrates and other civil officers shall be regulated and defined by the said assembly; but all magistrates and other civil officers, not herein otherwise directed, shall, during the continuance of this temporary government, be appointed by the governor.

For the prevention of crimes and injuries, the laws to be adopted or made shall have force in all parts of the district, and for the execution of process, criminal and civil, the governor shall make proper divisions thereof; and he shall proceed, from time to time, as circumstances may require, to lay out the parts of the district in which the Indian titles shall have been extinguished, into counties and townships, subject, however, to such alterations as may thereafter be made by the Legislature.

So soon as there shall be five thousand free male inhabitants of full age in the district, upon giving proof thereof to the governor, they shall receive authority, with time and place, to elect representatives from their counties or townships to represent them in the General Assembly: *Provided*, That for every five hundred free male inhabitants, there shall be one representative, and so on progressively with the number of free male inhabitants, shall the right of representation increase, until the number of representatives shall amount to twenty-five; after which the number and proportion of representatives shall be regulated by the Legislature: *Provided*, That no person be eligible or qualified to act as a representative unless he shall have been a citizen of one of the United States three years and be a resident in the district, or unless he shall have resided in the district three years; and, in either case, shall likewise hold in his own right, in fee simple, two hundred acres of land within the same: *Provided*, *also*, That a freehold in fifty acres of land in the district, having been a citizen of one of the States, and being resident in the district, or the like freehold and two years residence in the district, shall be necessary to qualify a man as an elector of a representative.

The representatives thus elected shall serve for the term of two years; and, in case of the death of a representative or removal from office, the governor shall issue a writ to the county or township for which he was a member, to elect another in his stead, to serve for the residue of the term.

The General Assembly, or Legislature, shall consist of the Governor, Legislative Council and a House of Representatives. The Legislative Council shall consist of five members, to continue in office five years, unless sooner removed by Congress, any three of whom to be a quorum; and the members of the Council shall be nominated and appointed in the following manner, to wit: As soon as representatives shall be elected, the governor shall appoint a time and place for them to meet together; and when met they shall nominate ten persons, residents in the district, and each possessed of a freehold in five hundred acres of land, and return their names to Congress; five of whom Congress shall appoint and commission to serve as aforesaid; and whenever a vacancy shall happen in the Council, by death or removal from office, the House of Representa-

ing Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, and unanimously acquitted with the highest honors.

He remained in the service until the peace. Mr. Peck, in writing of this man, truthfully says: "He was rigid, some thought arbitrary, in his government, and, therefore, unpopular, but he was scrupulously honest—had no talent for speculation, and died poor."

In a letter to a friend, St. Clair, in referring to himself, remarks: "In the year 1786, I entered into the public service in civil life, and was a member of Congress, and President of that body, when it was determined to erect a government in

tives shall nominate two persons, qualified as aforesaid, for each vacancy, and return their names to Congress, one of whom Congress shall appoint and commission for the residue of the term. And every five years, four months at least before the expiration of the time of service of the members of the Council, the said House shall nominate ten persons, qualified as aforesaid, and return their names to Congress, five of whom Congress shall appoint and commission to serve as members of the Council five years, unless sooner removed. And the governor, Legislative Council and House of Representatives, shall have authority to make laws in all cases, for the good government of the district, not repugnant to the principles and articles in this ordinance established and declared. And all bills, having passed by a majority in the House and by a majority in the Council, shall be referred to the governor for his assent; but no bill, or legislative act whatever, shall be of any force without his assent. The governor shall have power to convene, prorogue and dissolve the General Assembly, when, in his opinion, it shall be expedient.

The governor, judges, legislative council, secretary, and such other officers as Congress shall appoint in the district, shall take an oath or affirmation of fidelity and of office; the governor before the President of Congress, and all other officers before the Governor. As soon as a Legislature shall be formed in the district, the Council and House assembled in one room, shall have authority, by joint ballot, to elect a delegate to Congress, who shall have a seat in Congress, with a right of debating, but not of voting, during this temporary government.

And, after extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, which form the basis whereon these republics, their laws and constitutions are erected; to fix and establish those principles as the basis of all laws, constitutions and governments, which forever hereafter shall be formed in the said territory; to provide also for the establishment of States, and permanent government therein, and for their admission to a share in the federal councils on an equal footing with the original States, at as early periods as may be consistent with the general interest:

It is hereby ordained and declared by the authority aforesaid, That the following articles shall be considered as articles of compact between the original States and the people and States in said territory, and forever remain unalterable, unless by common consent, to-wit:

ART. 1. No person, demeaning himself in a peaceable and orderly manner, shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments, in the said territory.

ART. 2. The inhabitants of the said territory shall always be entitled to the benefits of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and of the trial by jury, of a proportionate representation of the people in the Legislature; and of judicial proceedings according to the course of common law. All persons shall be bailable, unless for capital offenses, where the proof shall be evident or the presumption great. All fines shall be moderate; and no cruel or

the country to the west, that had been ceded by Virginia to the United States; and in the year 1788, the office of Governor was in a great measure forced on me. The losses I had sustained in the revolutionary war, from the depreciation of the money and other causes, had been very great; and my friends saw in this new government means that might be in my power to compensate myself, and to provide handsomely for my numerous family. They did not know how little I was qualified to avail myself of those advantages, if they had existed. I had neither taste nor genius for speculation in land, neither did I think it very consistent with the office."

unusual punishments shall be inflicted. No man shall be deprived of his liberty or property, but by the judgment of his peers or the law of the land; and should the public exigencies make it necessary, for the common preservation, to take any person's property, or to demand his particular services, full compensation shall be made for the same. And, in the just preservation of rights and property, it is understood and declared, that no law ought ever to be made, or have force in said territory, that shall, in any manner whatever, interfere with or affect private contracts or engagements, *bona fide*, and without fraud, previously formed.

ART. 3. Religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged. The utmost good faith shall always be observed towards the Indians; their lands and property shall never be taken from them without their consent; and, in their property, rights and liberty, they shall never be invaded or disturbed, unless in just and lawful wars authorized by Congress; but laws founded in justice and humanity, shall, from time to time, be made for preventing wrongs being done to them, and for preserving peace and friendship with them.

ART. 4. The said territory, and the States which may be formed therein, shall forever remain a part of this confederacy of the United States of America, subject to the Articles of Confederation, and to such alterations therein as shall be constitutionally made; and to all the acts and ordinances of the United States in Congress assembled, conformable thereto. The inhabitants and settlers in the said territory shall be subject to pay a part of the federal debts contracted, or to be contracted, and a proportional part of the expenses of government, to be apportioned on them by Congress according to the same common rule and measure by which apportionments thereof shall be made on the other States; and the taxes, for paying their proportion, shall be laid and levied by the authority and direction of the Legislatures of the district or districts, or new States, as in the original States, within the time agreed upon by the United States in Congress assembled. The Legislatures of those districts or new States, shall never interfere with the primary disposal of the soil by the United States in Congress assembled, nor with any regulations Congress may find necessary for securing the title in such soil to the *bona fide* purchasers.* No tax shall be imposed on land, the property of the United States; and, in no case, shall non-resident proprietors be taxed higher than residents. The navigable waters leading into the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, and the carrying places between the same, shall be common highways, and forever free, as well to the inhabitants of said territory as to the citizens of the United States, and those of any other States that may be admitted into the Confederacy, without any tax, impost or duty therefor.

* Act of 25th February, 1811, provides the same in Louisiana; and, also, that lands sold by Congress shall not be taxed for five years after sale; in Mississippi, by act of 1st March, 1817, and so of all others.

With his appointment, he received instructions to ascertain the feelings of the Indian tribes in the Northwest, and, if possible, to win their friendship for the future. But St. Clair found deadly foes instead of friends among the natives, and was soon surrounded by many difficulties, growing out of a prolonged war with them.

Before giving an account of these hostilities, it will be proper to call the attention to some matters that took place several years before. By this means, the reader will more clearly understand the causes which led to this struggle. Unfortunately for the Americans, the French had made no extensive purchases from the Western Indians, so that the treaty of Paris in 1763, transferred to England only small grants about the various forts, Detroit, Vincennes, Kaskaskia, etc. Then, as we have seen, followed Pontiac's war and defeat; next we have the grant by the Iroquois at Fort Stanwix, in 1768, of the lands south of the Ohio; following came Dunmore's war, which terminated without any transfer of Indian territory to the whites,

ART. 5. There shall be formed in the said territory, not less than three nor more than five States; and the boundaries of the States, as soon as Virginia shall alter her act of cession, and consent to the same, shall become fixed and established as follows, to-wit: The western State in the said territory, shall be bounded by the Mississippi, the Ohio and Wabash rivers; a direct line drawn from the Wabash and Post St. Vincent's due north, to the territorial line between the United States and Canada; and by the said territorial line, to the Lake of the Woods and Mississippi. The middle State shall be bounded by the said direct line, the Wabash from Post St. Vincent's, to the Ohio; by the Ohio, by a direct line drawn due north from the mouth of the Great Miami, to the said territorial line. The eastern State shall be bounded by the last mentioned direct line, the Ohio, Pennsylvania and the said territorial line: *Provided, however*, and it is further understood and declared, that the boundaries of these three States shall be subject so far to be altered, that if Congress shall hereafter find it expedient, they shall have authority to form one or two States in that part of the said territory which lies north of an east and west line drawn through the southerly bend or extreme of Lake Michigan. And, whenever any of the said States shall have sixty thousand free inhabitants therein, such State shall be admitted, by its delegates, into the Congress of the United States on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever, and shall be at liberty to form a permanent constitution and State government: *Provided*, the constitution and government so to be formed, shall be republican, and in conformity to the principles contained in these articles: and so far as it can be consistent with the general interest of the confederacy, such admission shall be allowed at an earlier period, and when there may be a less number of free inhabitants in the State than sixty thousand.

ART. 6. There shall be neither slavery or involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted: *Provided, always*, That any person escaping into the same, from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed in any one of the original States, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labor or service as aforesaid.

and, therefore, when at the close of the Revolution, in 1783, Great Britain made over her Western claims to the United States, she made over nothing more than she had received from France, excepting the title of the Six Nations, and the Southern Indians to a portion of the territory south of the Ohio. But this, however, was not the view that the Congress of the United Colonies took of the affair. This body conceived that it had, under the treaty with England, a full right to all the lands thereby ceded, and regarding the Indian title as forfeited by the hostilities of the Revolution, proceeded not to purchase lands from the savages, but to grant them peace, and dictate their own terms as to the boundary lines of territory allowed to the Indians.

In October, 1784,* the United States acquired in this way whatever title the Iroquois possessed to the western country both north and south of the Ohio, by the second treaty of Fort Stanwix; a treaty openly and fairly made, but one the validity of which many of the Iroquois always disputed. The ground of their objection appears to have been that the treaty was with a part only of the Indian nations, whereas the wish of the natives was that every act of the States with them should be as with a confederacy, embracing all the tribes bordering upon the great lakes. It will be remembered that the instructions given the Indian commissioners in October, 1783, provided for one convention with all the tribes, and that this provision was changed in the following March for one by which as many separate conventions were to be had, if possible, as there were separate tribes. In pursuance of this last plan the commissioners, in October, 1784, refused to listen to the proposal which is said then to have been made for one general congress of the northern tribes, and in opposition to Brant, Red Jacket, and other influential chiefs of the Iroquois, concluded the treaty of Fort Stanwix. Then came the treaty of Fort McIntosh, in January, 1785, with the Wyandots, Delaware, Ojibwa and Ottawa nations. The third treaty made by the United States was with the Shawanoes, at Fort Finney, in January, 1786, which, it will be remembered, the Wabash tribes refused to

* Western Annals.

attend. The fourth and fifth, which were acts of confirmation, were made at Fort Harmar, in 1789, one with the Six Nations, and the other with the Wyandots and their associates, namely, the Delawares, Ottawas, Ojibwas, Pottawatomies and Sacs. This last treaty the confederated nations of the lake refused to acknowledge as binding, and in their council, in 1793, they explained the reasons in the following speech:

Brothers: A general council of all the Indian confederacy was held, as you well know, in the fall of the year 1788, at this place; and that general council was invited by your commissioner, Governor St. Clair, to meet him for the purpose of holding a treaty with regard to the lands mentioned by you to have been ceded by the treaties of Fort Stanwix and Fort McIntosh.

Brothers: We are in possession of the speeches and letters which passed on that occasion between those deputed by the confederate Indians and Governor St. Clair, the commissioner of the United States. These papers prove that your said commissioner, in the beginning of the year 1789, after having been informed by the general council of the preceding fall that no bargain or sale of any part of these Indian lands would be considered as valid or binding unless agreed to by a general council, nevertheless persisted in collecting together a few chiefs of two or three nations only, and with them held a treaty for the cession of an immense country, in which they were no more interested than as a branch of the general confederacy, and who were in no manner authorized to make any grant or cession whatever.

Brothers: How then was it possible for you to expect to enjoy peace and quietly to hold these lands, when your commissioner was informed, long before he held the treaty of Fort Harmar, that the consent of a general council was absolutely necessary to convey any part of these lands to the United States.

Massas, the Ojibwa chief, who signed the treaty at Fort Harmar, was present at the council at Greenville, in 1795, and declared that he did not fully understand the objects of the compact he had signed, and that his people would not acknowledge it The Wyandots, however, acknowledged even the transfer on the Muskingum, and their chief, Tarke, confirmed it, in behalf of his nation in the following words at the council at Greenville:

Brothers: You have proposed to us to build our good work on the treaty of Muskingum; that treaty I have always considered as formed upon the fairest principles. You took pity on us Indians; you did not do as our

fathers, the English, agreed you should. You might, by that agreement, have taken all our lands, but you pitied us and let us hold part. I always looked upon that treaty to be binding upon the United States and us Indians.

The confederated nations, as a whole, did not sanction the treaty at Fort Harmar, and in their council in 1778, they could not agree concerning it.

Such were the relations between the Indians and the United States in 1789. Territory had been conveyed by the Iroquois, the Wyandots, the Delawares, and the Shawanoes, which could not be objected to, but the Ojibwas, Ottawas, Kickapoos, Weas, Piankeshaws, Pottawatomies, Eel River Indians, Kaskaskias, and the Miamis, were not bound by any existing treaties to yield their claims to the land north of the Ohio, and these tribes wished the Ohio to be the perpetual western boundary of civilization, and would not therefore sell an acre north of it. So strong was their feeling in this determination that the more reckless warriors of these nations could not be restrained from warfare upon the invading Long Knives, and in this way the many attacks upon the settlers of the west took place. In Peck's compilation we find the following: "Washington expressed doubts as to the justness of an offensive war upon the tribes of the Wabash and Maumee; and had the treaty of Fort Harmar been the sole ground whereon the United States could have claimed of the Indians the Northwestern Territory, it may be doubted whether right would have justified the steps taken in 1790, '91, and '94; but the truth was, that before that treaty, the Iroquois, Delawares, Wyandots, and Shawanoes had yielded the south of Ohio, the ground on which they had long dwelt; and neither the sale to Putnam and his associates, nor that of Symmes, was intended to reach beyond the lands ceded. Of this we have proof in the third article of the ordinance of 1787, passed the day before the proposition to sell to the Ohio Company was for the first time debated; which article declares that the lands of the Indians shall never be taken from them without their consent. It appears to us, therefore, that the United States were fully justified in taking possession of the northwest shore of the Belle Riviere, and that

without reference to the treaty at Fort Harmar, which we will allow to have been, if the Indians spoke truly, (and they were not contradicted by the United States commissioners,) morally worthless. But it also appears to us that in taking offensive steps in 1790, and 1791, the federal government acted unwisely, and that it should then, at the outset, have done what it did in 1793, after St. Clair's terrible defeat—namely, it should have sent commissioners of the highest character to the lake tribes, and in the presence of the British, learnt their causes of complaint and offered fair terms of compromise. That such a step was wise and just, the government acknowledged by its after action;* and surely none can question the position that it was more likely to have been effective before the savages had twice defeated the armies of the confederacy than afterward."

According to instructions, Governor St. Clair now sent a deputy into the Indian country of the Miamies and Shawanoes, but these Indians could not, for some reason, tell him the state of their minds, being no doubt under English influence. They requested thirty days in which to send an answer to Fort Knox, (Vincennes) and gave the messenger but little reason to believe their answer would be favorable to the speeches which he had delivered to them. No sooner had the messenger returned to Fort Knox than news came that all the Indians of the Wabash, with many tribes from the lake region, had united against the Americans, and that an American captive had been burned in the village of the Miamies only a few days after the deputy from St. Clair had left. It was now evident that a new trouble was breaking, upon the frontier, and St. Clair hastened to Fort Washington (Cincinnati) to consult with Gen. Harmar in reference to another campaign into the Indian country of the hostile tribes.

* The fair minded student cannot fail to admit of the truthfulness of this comment.—ED.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE ENGLISH, THE INDIANS AND THE AMERICANS — HARMAR'S EXPEDITION — HARMAR'S DEFEAT — MEASURES FOR SUBDUING THE INDIANS — PROCTOR'S MISSION A FAILURE — JEALOUSY OF THE ENGLISH.

BEFORE giving an account of Harmar's campaign, which now follows, the reader is invited to look in upon the operations of the English in their secret measures to keep up Indian hostilities after the peace of 1783. As the narrative has shown, most of the tribes of the Northwest adhered to England during the Revolutionary contest, but when the war closed, Great Britain made no provision for the savages of the Northwest, but transferred them, territory and all, to the Americans. The United States now began to make treaties of peace with the Indians, ceding them tracts of their own lands, regarding the country of the hostile tribes as conquered and forfeited. This produced discontent, and led to the formation of the great Indian confederacy under Brant.*

In order to accomplish the ends for which this league was formed, it was necessary that the British should retain possession of the forts along the lakes. These would be required both for the protection of supplies and for defense. On the other hand, the British claimed that they had a right to hold these posts, as the Americans had broken the treaty of 1783. Again, the trade with the Indians, even though England might be at war with the United States, they regarded as perfectly fair and just. "Having thus a sort of legal right to the position they occupied, the British did, undoubtedly and purposely, aid and abet the Indians hostile to the United States." In 1785, after the formation of his confederacy, Brant went to England, and his arrival was thus announced in the London

* Stone's Life of Brant.

papers: "This extraordinary personage is said to have presided at the late grand Congress of confederate chiefs of the Indian nations in America, and to be by them appointed to the conduct and chief command in the war which they now meditate against the United States of America. He took his departure for England immediately as that assembly broke up; and it is conjectured that his embassy to the British Court is of great importance. This country owes much to the services of Colonel Brant during the late war in America. He was educated at Philadelphia; is a very shrewd, intelligent person, possesses great courage and abilities as a warrior, and is inviolably attached to the British nation."

Brant visited Lord Sidney, the Colonial Secretary, on the fourth of January, 1786, and boldly stated the trouble in America. He closed his remarks with these words: "This (meaning war,) we shall avoid to the utmost of our power, as dearly as we love our lands. But should it, contrary to our wishes, happen, we desire to know whether we are to be considered as His Majesty's faithful allies, and have that support and countenance such as old and true friends expect."

The Colonial Minister answered him indefinitely, and when the Mohawk chieftain returned, he could give but little assurances, to his brethren, that in the event of war, they would receive aid from England. On the other hand, John Johnson, the Indian Superintendent, wrote to him in these words: "Do not suffer an idea to hold a place in your mind, that it will be for your interest to sit still and see the Americans attempt the posts. It is for your sakes chiefly, if not entirely, that we hold them. If you become indifferent about them, they may perhaps be given up; what security would you then have? You would be left at the mercy of a people whose blood calls aloud for revenge; whereas, by supporting them, you encourage us to hold them, and encourage the new settlements, already considerable, and every day increasing by numbers coming in, who find they can't live in the States. Many thousands are preparing to come in. This increase of His Majesty's subjects will serve as a protection for you, should the subjects of the States, by endeavoring to make further encroachments on you,

disturb your quiet." This letter was written in March, 1787, and two months afterwards, Major Matthews, who had been appointed to the command at Detroit by Lord Dorchester, wrote to Brant, in the name of the governor, as follows: "His Lordship was sorry that while the Indians were soliciting his assistance in their preparations for war, some of the Six Nations had sent deputies to Albany to treat with the Americans, who, it is said, have made a treaty with them, granting permission to make roads for the purpose of coming to Niagara; but that, notwithstanding these things, the Indians should have their presents, as they are marks of the king's approbation of their former conduct. In future his lordship wishes them to act as is best for their interest; he cannot begin a war with the Americans, because some of their people encroach and make depredations upon parts of the Indian country; but they must see it is his lordship's intention to defend the posts; and that while these are preserved, the Indians must find great security therefrom, and consequently the Americans greater difficulty in taking possession of their lands; but should they once become masters of the posts, they will surround the Indians, and accomplish their purpose with little trouble. From a consideration of all which, it therefore remains with the Indians to decide what is most for their own interest, and to let his lordship know their determination, that he may take his measures accordingly; but, whatever their resolution is, it should be taken as by one and the same people, by which means they will be respected and become strong; but if they divide, and act one part against the other, they will become weak, and help to destroy each other. This is a substance of what his lordship desired me to tell you, and I request you will give his sentiments that mature consideration which their justice, generosity and desire to promote the welfare and happiness of the Indians, must appear to all the world to merit.

"In your letter to me, you seem apprehensive that the English are not very anxious about the defense of the posts. You will soon be satisfied that they have nothing more at heart, provided that it continues to be the wish of the Indians, and

that they remain firm in doing their part of the business, by preventing the Americans from coming into their country, and consequently from marching to the posts. On the other hand, if the Indians think it more for their interest that the Americans should have possession of the posts, and be established in their country, they ought to declare it, that the English need no longer be put to the vast and unnecessary expense and inconvenience of keeping posts, the chief object of which is to protect their Indian allies, and the loyalists who have suffered with them. It is well known that no encroachments ever have or ever will be made by the English upon the lands or property of the Indians in consequence of possessing the posts; how far that will be the case if ever the Americans get into them, may very easily be imagined, from their hostile perseverance, even without that advantage, in driving the Indians off their lands and taking possession of them."

This assurance from the British authorities and the delay of Congress in answering the address of the confederated tribes, led to the general council which was held in 1788. In this assembly the Indians were divided, and Brant, who was thoroughly English, for the time gave up his interest in the efforts of Western tribes. From this day the Miamis were the leaders among them. Thus I might go on through the whole volume, giving evidences that the Indians were excited to hostility against the Americans by the English. But if the English acted deceitfully, the Americans met the aggressors unwisely. Had the proper persons been sent among the savages to teach them their real situation, a prolonged war would have been averted; but they did not choose to adopt this course. St. Clair called upon Virginia for one thousand, and upon Pennsylvania for five hundred militia. Of these three hundred were to meet at Fort Steuben, (Jeffersonville) to aid the troops from Fort Knox, (Vincennes) against the Indians of the Wabash. Seven hundred were to gather at Fort Washington, (Cincinnati) and five hundred just below Wheeling; the two latter bodies being intended to march with the federal troops

from Fort Washington, under Gen. Harmar, against the towns at the junction of the St. Mary and St. Joseph.*

The troops were organized and moved forward in the following order: The Kentuckians composed three battalions, under Majors Hall, McMullen and Bay, with Lieut. Col. Trotter at their head. The Pennsylvanians were formed into one battalion, under Lieut. Col. Trubley and Major Paul, the whole to be commanded by Col. John Hardin, subject to the orders of Gen. Harmar. This was the detachment sent against the Miami villages when the main army was within thirty-five miles of their forts. On the thirtieth of October, 1790, the General moved out with the federal troops, formed into two small battalions under the immediate command of Major Wyllys and Major Doughty, together with Capt. Ferguson's company of artillery, and three pieces of ordnance. On the third of October Gen. Harmar joined the advanced troops early in the morning; the remaining part of the day was spent in forming the line of march, the order of encampment and battle, and explaining the same to the militia field officers. On the fourth, the army took up the order of march. On the fifth, a reinforcement of horsemen and mounted infantry joined from Kentucky. The dragoons were formed into two troops; the mounted riflemen made a company, and this small battalion of light troops was put under the command of Major Fontaine.†

On the fourteenth this party marched forward, and upon the next day, about three o'clock, reached the villages, but they were deserted. On the morning of the seventeenth the main army arrived and the work of destruction commenced; by the twenty-first, the chief town, five other villages, and nearly twenty thousand bushels of corn in ears had been destroyed. When Harmar reached the Maumee towns and found no enemy, he thought of pushing forward to attack the Wea and other Indian settlements upon the Wabash, but was prevented by the loss both of pack horses and cavalry horses, which the Indians seem to have stolen in quantities to suit themselves, in consequence of the willful carelessness of the owners. The Wabash plan being dropped, Col. Trotter was dispatched with

* American State Papers. † Western Annals.

three hundred men to scour the woods in search of an enemy, as the tracks of women and children had been seen near by.

Parties were sent out in different directions; but through the utter want of discipline but little was accomplished, and in one instance the militia was badly defeated. A few scattering Indians were killed, while on the other hand the invaders lost heavily. The campaign was a complete failure, causing much suffering among the Indians, but in no degree subduing them. Perhaps the most truthful report of this campaign was given by the Indians themselves to the English. It was this: "There have been two engagements about the Miami towns between the Americans and the Indians, in which it is said the former had about five hundred men killed, and that the rest have retreated. The loss was only fifteen or twenty on the side of the Indians. The Shawanoes, the Miamis and the Pottowatomies were, I understand, the principal tribes who were engaged, but I do not learn that any of the nations have refused their alliance or assistance, and it is confidently reported that they are now marching against the frontiers on the Ohio." Nor was the report of the invasion of the settlements on the Ohio short of the truth. On the evening of the second of January, 1791, the Indians surprised a new settlement at a place on the Muskingum called Big Bottom. In this disaster eleven men, one woman and two children were killed; three were taken prisoners and four others made their escape.

At this time the situation of the settlements north of the Ohio was truly deplorable. At Marietta were about eighty houses, in a distance of one mile, with scattering dwellings about three miles up the Ohio. There were a set of mills at Duck Creek, four miles distant, and another mill about two miles up the Muskingum. "Twenty-two miles up this river," says Rufus Putnam, writing to the President, "is a settlement consisting of about twenty families; about two miles from them on Wolf Creek, are five families and a set of mills. Down the Ohio, and opposite the Little Kanawha, commences the settlement called Belle Prairie, which extends down the river, with little interruption, about twelve miles, and contains between thirty and forty houses. Before the last disaster, we

had several other settlements, which are already broken up. I have taken the liberty to inclose the proceedings of the Ohio company and justices of the sessions on this occasion, and beg leave, with the greatest deference, to observe, that unless the government speedily send a body of troops for our protection, we are a ruined people. The removal of the women and children, etc., will reduce many of the poorer sort to the greatest straits; but if we add to this the destruction of their corn, forage and cattle by the enemy, which is very probable to ensue, I know of no way they can be supported; but, if this should not happen, where these people are to raise bread another year is not easy to conjecture, and most of them have nothing left to buy with. But my fears do not stop here; we are a people so far detached from all others, in point of situation, that we can hope for no timely relief, in case of emergency, from any of our neighbors; and among the number that compose our present military strength, almost one-half are young men, hired into the country, intending to settle by and by; these, under present circumstances, will probably leave us soon, unless prospects should brighten; and, as to new settlers, we can expect none in our present situation, so that, instead of increasing in strength, we are likely to diminish daily; and, if we do not fall a prey to the savages, we shall be so reduced and discouraged as to give up the settlement, unless government shall give us timely protection. It has been a mystery with some why the troops have been withdrawn from this quarter and collected at the Miami. That settlement is, I believe, within three or four days' march of a very populous part of Kentucky, from whence, in a few days, they might be reinforced with several thousand men, whereas we are not within two hundred miles of any settlement that can probably more than protect themselves."

After the defeat Harmar marched to Fort Washington, and, as we have seen, the tribes he expected to have conquered were already upon the settlements with furious onslaught. "The spirit thus manifested by the tribes which had just been attacked," says Mr. Peck, "and the general feelings along the frontier in relation to Harmar's expedition, made the United

States government sensible that their first step in the conduct of backwoods warfare had been a failure, and that prompt and strong measures, calculated either to win or force a state of peace, must be adopted." The plan which was resorted to was as follows: 1st. To send a messenger to the Western Indians with offers of peace, to be accompanied by some of the Iroquois chieftains favorable to America. 2d. At the same time to organize expeditions in the West, to strike the Wea, Miami and Shawanoe towns, in case it should be clear the peace messenger would fail in his mission; and, 3d. To prepare a grand and overwhelming force with which to take possession of the country of the enemies and build forts in their midst.

Col. Thomas Proctor was the person selected to carry messages of peace. He received his commission on the twelfth of March, 1791, and immediately left Philadelphia for the settlement of Cornplanter, or Capt. O'Beel, the chief warrior of the Senecas. This chief, who was a firm friend of Washington and the Union, had promised to do all in his power to secure peace, and now Proctor hoped to induce him to accompany him into the west. He might have succeeded in this had not the British commander at Niagara refused them a vessel to carry the ambassadors up Lake Erie. Thwarted in this, Proctor's plan was a failure. After Harman's campaign, the tribes of the Northwest sent a deputation to Lord Dorchester to learn what aid England would give in the contest that had now fairly begun. Dorchester's reply was not definite, but indicated that he was in favor of peace. It would now seem that the English were anxious for peace, expecting it could be obtained while they still held possession of the western outposts. Colonel Gordon, the British commandant at Niagara, wrote a letter to Brant, asking him to urge the western tribes into an honorable peace, and Brant, in turn, wrote a letter to the agent among the Miamies advising peace. Yet, with these views, Brant, Gordon and other influential officers did but very little to promote peace; but the reasons were probably these: First, the Mohawk chieftain, Brant, was offended at the favor shown to Cornplanter, his greatest foe, by the Americans, and by their attempt to divide the Iroquois. Secondly, there is no doubt

but that the representatives of England in Canada were offended at the entire disregard shown by the American government of their influences over the savages of the Northwest. Those tribes were closely connected with the British agents, and under their control, and Lord Dorchester, Colonel Gordon and Brant looked for an appeal to them as mediators in the quarrel about to burst forth; or at any rate for an acceptance by the Americans of their mediation, if asked by the Indians; an acceptance of the kind given in 1793, after St. Clair's defeat, and which was not, of course, dishonorable or degrading. Thirdly, both the Indians and English were puzzled and excited by the seeming want of good faith on the part of the States; which, at the same moment almost, commissioned Scott to war upon the Miamies, Proctor to treat of peace with them, St. Clair to invade and take possession of their lands, and Pickering to hold a council with their brethren for burying the fatal hatchet, and quenching the destructive brand.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

PROCTOR'S PEACE MISSION — ITS FAILURE — ORDERS FOR ST. CLAIR'S CAMPAIGN — ST. CLAIR MARCHES INTO THE INDIAN COUNTRY — HIS DEFEAT — ACCOUNT OF THE DISASTER.

BUT the Americans were also desirous to enlist Brant as a peace-maker, and steps were taken looking to this end, but before he could be approached he had departed for the west. His mission was unknown, although suspected to have been to promote war. Measures were now taken to secure a council of the Six Nations, on the sixteenth of June, 1791, at the Painted Post, near the junction of the Coshocton and Tioga rivers. The object of this council was to secure the neutrality of the Iroquois by presents and speeches. This plan partially succeeded. The council closed on the fifteenth of July, and the Indians returned satisfied.*

It had been calculated that Proctor would return from his mission by the fifth of May, and report the result of his journey at Fort Washington, and upon this calculation had been based the second part of the plan for the campaign. Accordingly, on the ninth of March, 1791, orders were issued to Brigadier General Charles Scott, authorizing him, in conjunction with Harry Innis, John Brown, Benjamin Logan, and Isaac Shelley, to organize an expedition of mounted volunteers against the nations upon the Wabash, to start upon May the tenth, unless countermanded, which would take place in the event of Proctor's success. These orders were obeyed, and the troops were in readiness at the time appointed, but no intelligence of Proctor having reached Fort Washington up to the twenty-second of May, the detachment took up its line of march from the Ohio. Col. John Hardin led the advance party. On the

* American State Papers, p. 181.

first of June the towns of the enemy were discovered.* Gen. Scott immediately detached John Hardin with sixty mounted infantry, and a troop of light-horse under Capt. McCoy, to attack the villages to the left, and moved on briskly with the main body, in order of battle, towards the town, the smoke of which was discernable. The guides were deceived with respect to the situation of the town; for instead of standing at the edge of the plain through which they marched, they found it on the low ground bordering on the Wabash; on turning the point of woods, one house was presented in their front. Capt. Price was ordered to assault that with forty men. He executed the command with great gallantry, and killed two warriors. When Scott gained the summit of the eminence which overlooks the villages on the banks of the Wabash, he discovered the enemy in great confusion, endeavoring to make their escape over the river in canoes. He instantly ordered Lieut. Colonel-commandant Wilkinson to rush forward with the first battalion. The order was executed with promptitude, and this detachment gained the bank of the river just as the rear of the enemy had embarked; and, regardless of a brisk fire kept up from the Kickapoo town on the opposite bank, they, in a few minutes, by a well directed fire from their rifles, destroyed all the savages with which five canoes were crowded. To Scott's great mortification the Wabash was many feet beyond fording at this place; he therefore detached Col. Wilkinson to a ford two miles above, which the guides informed him was more practicable. Wilkinson moved the first battalion up to the fording place but found it impassable and returned. The enemy still kept possession of Kickapoo town, but Scott determined to dislodge them, and for that purpose ordered Capt. King and Logsdone's companies to march down the river below the town, and cross, under the conduct of Major Barboe. Several of the men swam the river, and others passed in a small canoe. This movement was unobserved; and the men had taken post on the bank before they were discovered by the enemy, who immediately abandoned the village. About this time word was brought to Scott that Col. Hardin was

* Peck's Compilation

encumbered with prisoners, and had discovered a stronger village further to his left than those Scott had observed, which he was proceeding to attack. The General immediately detached Captain Brown with his company, to support the Colonel; but the distance being six miles, before the Captain arrived the business was done, and Col. Hardin joined him a little before sun-set, having killed six warriors and taken fifty-two prisoners. Captain Bull, the warrior who had discovered the army in the morning, had gained the main town and given the alarm a short time before the troops reached it, but the other villages were not aware of their approach, and could, therefore, make no retreat. The next morning Gen. Scott detached three hundred and sixty men under Col. Wilkinson, to destroy the important town of Tippecanoe, eighteen miles from the camp on the Wabash. The detachment left at half-past five in the evening, but returned at one o'clock on the next day, having marched thirty-six miles in twelve hours and destroyed the most important settlement of the enemy.

Although this expedition under Scott was successful, Governor St. Clair determined to send another against the villages of Eel river, and Wilkinson was appointed to the command. He marched from Fort Washington on the first of August, and reached the Wabash on the seventh, just above the mouth of the river he was in search of. At this point he received word that the Indians on Eel River had been warned of his approach, and were preparing for a flight. A general charge was immediately ordered. The men, forcing their way over every obstacle, plunged through the river and scaled the banks beyond. The enemy was unable to make the smallest resistance. Six warriors, two squaws and a child were killed, and thirty-four prisoners were taken, and an unfortunate captive released, with a loss on the side of the Americans of two men killed and one wounded. Wilkinson encamped in the town that night, and the next morning he cut up the corn, scarcely in the milk, burnt the cabins, mounted the young warriors, squaws and children, and leaving two infirm squaws and a child, with a short talk, he commenced his march for the Kickapoo town in the prairie. But this village was not reached. The horses

were too sore, and the bogs too deep; but as General Wilkinson said, four hundred acres of corn were destroyed, and a Kickapoo town given to the flames; for which the General was duly thanked by his country. Meantime, while Proctor was attempting to hurry the slow-moving Iroquois, who told him it took them a great while to think; and Wilkinson was floundering up to his arm-pits in mud and water, among the morasses of the Wabash; the needful preparations were constantly going forward for the great expedition of St. Clair, which, by founding posts throughout the western country, from the Ohio to Lake Erie, and especially at the head of the Maumee, was to give the United States a sure means of control over the savages.*

Governor St. Clair received full instructions† for the cam-

* Peck's Compilation.

† The instructions to St. Clair for this campaign were communicated to him by Gen. Knox, in the following language: The President of the United States having, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appointed you a Major General in the service of the United States, and of consequence invested you with the chief command of the troops to be employed upon the frontiers during the ensuing campaign, it is proper that you should be possessed of the views of the government respecting the objects of your command. I am, therefore, authorized and commanded, by the President of the United States, to deliver you the following instructions, in order to serve as the general principles of your conduct.

But, it is only general principles which can be pointed out. In the execution of the duties of your station, circumstances which cannot now be foreseen may arise to render material deviations necessary. Such circumstances will require the exercise of your talents. The government possesses the security of your character and mature experience, that your judgment will be proper on all occasions. You are well informed of the unfavorable impressions which the issue of the last expedition has made on the public mind, and you are also aware of the expectations which are formed of the success of the ensuing campaign.

An Indian war, under any circumstances, is regarded by the great mass of the people of the United States as an event which ought, if possible, to be avoided. It is considered that the sacrifice of blood and treasure in such a war exceed any advantages which can possibly be reaped by it. The great policy, therefore, of the general government is to establish a just and liberal peace with all the Indian tribes within the limits and in the vicinity of the territory of the United States. Your intimations to the hostile Indians, immediately after the late expedition, through the Wyandots and Delawares; the arrangements with the Senecas who were lately in this city, that part of the Six Nations should repair to the said hostile Iddians, to influence them to pacific measures; together with the recent mission of Colonel Proctor to them for the same purpose, will strongly evince the desire of the general government to prevent the effusion of blood, and to quiet all disturbances. And when you shall arrive upon the frontiers, if any other or further measures to effect the same object should present, you will eagerly embrace them, and the reasonable expenses thereof shall be defrayed by the public. But, if all the lenient measures taken, or which may be taken, should fail to bring the hostile Indians to a just sense of their situation, it will be necessary that you should use such coercive means as you shall possess, for that purpose. You are informed that, by an act

paign, and proceeded at once to organize his army. At the close of April, 1791, he was in Pittsburgh (Fort Pitt,) towards which point troops from all quarters, horses, stores and ammunition were going forward.

On the fifteenth of May, St. Clair reached Fort Washington, and at that time, the United States troops in the West amounted to but two hundred and sixty-four non-commissioned officers and privates fit for duty. On the fifteenth of July, this number was more than doubled, as the first regiment, coning two hundred and ninety-nine men, on that day reached Fort Washington. General Butler, who had been appointed second in command, was employed through part of April and

of Congress, passed the second inst., another regiment is to be raised, and added to the military establishment, and provision made for raising two thousand levies, for the term of six months, for the service of the frontiers. It is contemplated that the mass of the regulars and levies may be recruited and rendezvous at Fort Washington, by the tenth of July. In this case, you will have assembled a force of three thousand effectives at least, besides leaving small garrisons on the Ohio, in order to perform your main expedition, hereinafter mentioned. But, in the meantime, if the Indians refuse to listen to the messengers of peace sent to them, it is most probable they will, unless prevented, spread themselves along the line of frontiers, for the purpose of committing all the depradations in their power. In order to avoid so calamitous an event, Brigadier General Charles Scott, of Kentucky, has been authorized by me, on the part of the President of the United States, to make an expedition against the Wea, or Ouiatenon towns, with mounted volunteers, or militia from Kentucky, not exceeding the number of seven hundred and fifty, officers included. You will perceive, by the instructions to Brigadier General Scott, that it is confided to your discretion, whether there should be more than one of the said expeditions of mounted volunteers or militia. Your nearer view of the objects to be effected, by a second desultory expedition, will enable you to form a better judgment than can at present be formed at this distance. The propriety of a second operation would, in some degree, depend on the alacrity and good composition of the troops of which the first may have been formed: of its success; of the probable effects a second similar blow would have upon the Indians, with respect to its influencing them to peace; or, if they should be still hostilely disposed, of preventing them from desolating the frontiers by their parties.

You will observe, in the instructions to Brigadier General Scott, which are to serve as a basis for the instructions of the commanders who may succeed him, that all captives are to be treated with great humanity. It will be sound policy to attract the Indians by kindness, after demonstrating to them our power to punish them, on all occasions. While you are making such use of desultory operations as in your judgment the occasion may require, you will proceed vigorously, in every operation in your power, for the purpose of the main expedition; and having assembled your force, and all things being in readiness, if no decisive indications of peace should have been produced, either by the messenges, or by the desultory operations, you will commence your march for the Miami village, in order to establish a strong and permanent military post at that place. In your advance, you will establish such posts of communication with Fort Washington, on the Ohio, as you may judge proper. The post at the Miami village is intended for the purpose of awing and curbing the Indians in that quarter, and as the only preventive of future hostilities. It ought, therefore, to be rendered secure against all attempts and insults of the Indians. The garrison which should be stationed there ought not only to be sufficient for the defense of the place, but always to afford a detachment of five or six hundred

May in obtaining recruits, but when obtained, there was no money to pay them, nor to provide stores for them. In the quartermaster's department, meantime, everything went on slowly and badly; tents, pack-saddles, kettles, knapsacks and cartridge boxes were all "deficient in quantity and quality." Worse than this, the powder was poor or injured, the arms and accoutrements out of repair, and not even proper tools to mend them. And as the troops gathered at Fort Washington, after wearisome detentions at Pittsburgh and upon the river, a new source of troubles arose, in the habits of intemperance indulged and acquired by the idlers. To withdraw them from temptation, St. Clair was forced to

men either to chastise any of the Wabash, or other hostile Indians, or to secure any convoy of provisions. The establishment of such a post is considered as an important object of the campaign, and is to take place in all events. In case of a previous treaty, the Indians are to be conciliated upon this point, if possible; and it is presumed, good arguments may be offered, to induce their acquiescence. The situation, nature and construction of the works you may direct, will depend upon your own judgment. Major Ferguson, of the artillery, will be fully capable of the execution. He will be furnished with three five and a half-inch howitzers, three six-pounders, and three three-pounders, all brass, with a sufficient quantity of shot and shells, for the purpose of the expedition. The appropriation of these pieces will depend upon your orders.

Having commenced your march, upon the main expedition, and the Indians continuing hostile, you will use every possible exertion to make them feel the effects of your superiority; and after having arrived at the Miami village, and put your works in a defensible state, you will seek the enemy with the whole of your remaining force, and endeavor, by all possible means, to strike them with great severity. It will be left to your discretion whether to employ, if attainable, any Indians of the Six Nations, and the Chickasaws or other Southern nations. Most probably the employment of about fifty of each, under the direction of some discreet and able chief, would be advantageous, but these ought not to be assembled before the line of march is taken up, because they are soon tired and will not be detained. The force contemplated for the garrisons of the Miami village, and the communications, has been from a thousand to twelve hundred non-commissioned officers and privates. This is mentioned as a general idea, to which you will adhere, or from which you will deviate, as circumstances may require. The garrison stationed at the Miami village, and its communications, must have in store at least six months good salted meat, and flour in proportion.

It is hardly possible, if the Indians continue hostile, that you will be suffered quietly to establish a post at the Miami village; conflicts, therefore, may be expected; and it is to be presumed that disciplined valor will triumph over undisciplined Indians. In this event it is probable that the Indians will sue for peace; if this should be the case, the dignity of the United States will require that the terms should be liberal. In order to avoid future wars, it might be proper to make the Wabash, thence over to the Miami, and down the same to its mouth at Lake Erie, the boundary, excepting so far as the same should relate to the Wyandots and Delawares, on the supposition of their continuing faithful to the treaties. But, if they should join in the war against the United States, and your army be victorious, the said tribes ought to be removed without the boundary mentioned. You will also judge whether it would be proper to extend the boundary, from the mouth of the River au Panse of the Wabash, in a due west line to the Mississippi. Few Indians, besides the Kickapoos, would be affected by such a line; this ought to be tenderly managed. The modification of the boundary must be confided to your dis-

remove his men, now numbering two thousand, to Ludlow's Station, about six miles from the fort. Here the army continued until the seventeenth of September, when, being two thousand three hundred strong, exclusive of militia, it moved forward to a point upon the Great Miami, where Fort Hamilton was built, the first in the proposed chain of fortresses. This being completed, the troops moved on forty-four miles farther, and on the twelfth of October, commenced Fort Jefferson, about six miles south of the town of Greenville. On the twenty-fourth, the toilsome march through the wilderness began again. At this time the commander-in-chief, whose duties through the summer had been very severe, was suffering from an indisposition which was by turns in his stomach, lungs and limbs; provisions were scarce, the roads wet and heavy, the troops going with much difficulty, seven miles a day; the militia deserting sixty at a time. Thus toiling along, the army, rapidly lessening by desertion, sickness, and troops sent to arrest deserters, on the third of November reached a stream twelve yards wide, which St. Clair supposed to be the St. Mary of the Maumee, but which was in reality a branch of the

cretion, with this single observation, that the policy and interest of the United States dictate their being at peace with the Indians. This is of more value than millions of uncultivated acres, the right to which may be conceded by some, and disputed by others. The establishment of a post at the Miami village will probably be regarded, by the British officers on the frontiers, as a circumstance of jealousy; it may, therefore, be necessary that you should, at a proper time, make such intimations as may remove all such dispositions. This intimation had better follow than precede the possession of the post, unless circumstances dictate otherwise. As it is not the inclination or interest of the United States to enter into a contest with Great Britain, every measure tending to any discussion or altercation must be prevented. The delicate situation of affairs may, therefore, render it improper, at present, to make any naval arrangement upon Lake Erie. After you have effected all the injury to the hostile Indians of which your force may be capable, and after having established the posts and garrisons at the Miami villages and its communications, and placing the same under the orders of an officer worthy of such high trust, you will return to Fort Washington.

It is proper to observe, that certain jealousies have existed among the people of the frontiers, relative to a supposed interference between their interest, and those of the marine States; that these jealousies are ill-founded, with respect to the present government, is obvious. The United States embrace, with equal care, all parts of the Union; and, in the present case, are making expensive arrangements for the protection of the frontiers, and partly in the modes, too, which appear to be highly favored by the Kentucky people.

The high stations you fill, of commander of the troops, and Governor of the Western Territory, will afford you frequent opportunities to impress the frontier citizens of the entire good disposition of the general government towards them in all reasonable things, and you will render acceptable service, by cordially embracing all such opportunities.

Wabash. Upon the banks of this Stream St. Clair, with his army, about fourteen hundred strong, encamped in two lines. The right wing, composed of Butler's, Clark's and Patterson's battalions, commanded by Major-General Butler, formed the first line; and the left wing, consisting of Bedinger's and Gaither's battalions, and the second regiment, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Drake, formed the second line, with an interval between them of about seventy yards, which was all the ground would allow. The right flank was pretty well secured by the creek, a steep bank, and Faulkner's corps and some of the cavalry covered the left flank. The militia were thrown over the creek, and advanced about a quarter of a mile and encamped in the same order. There were a few Indians who appeared on the opposite side of the creek, but fled with the utmost precipitation, on the advance of the militia.

At this place, which St. Clair judged to be about fifteen miles from the Miami village, he determined to throw up a slight work for the protection of the knapsacks and the baggage, and to move thence on to attack the enemy as soon as the first regiment should come up. But in this he was disappointed, for on the fourth, about half an hour before sunset and when the men had just been dismissed from parade, an attack was made upon the militia, which gave way in a short time and rushed into camp through Major Butler's battalion, the Indians following close at their heels. The fire, however, of the front line checked them, but almost instantly a very heavy attack begun upon that line, and in a few minutes it was extended to the second line. The great weight of it was directed against the centre of each, where the artillery was placed and from which the men were repeatedly driven, with great slaughter. Finding no great effect from the fire of the troops, and confusion beginning to spread from the great number of men who were falling in all quarters, St. Clair resolved to see what could be done with the bayonet. Lieut.-Col. Drake was accordingly ordered to make a charge with a part of the second line and to turn the left flank of the enemy. This was executed with great spirit. The Indians instantly gave way and were driven back three or four hundred yards; but for

want of a sufficient number of riflemen to pursue this advantage, they soon returned, and the troops were obliged to fall back in their turn. At this moment they had entered the camp by the left flank, having pushed back the troops that were posted there. Another charge was made here by the second regiment, Butler's and Clark's battalions, with equal effect, and it was repeated several times and always with success; but in all of them many men were lost, and particularly the officers, a loss altogether irreparable. In the last charge Major Butler was dangerously wounded, and every officer of the second regiment fell except three, one of whom, Mr. Greaton, was shot through the body.

The artillery being now silenced and all the officers killed, except Capt. Ford, who was very badly wounded, and more than half of the army fallen, being cut off from the road, it became necessary to attempt the regaining of it and to make a retreat, if possible. To this purpose the remains of the army were formed as well as circumstances would admit towards the right of the encampment, from which, by the way of the second line, another charge was made upon the enemy, as if with the design to turn their right flank, but in fact to gain the road. This was effected, and as soon as it was open, the militia took along it, followed by the troops, Major Clark, with his battalion, covering the rear.*

The retreat, in those circumstances, was, as may be imagined, a very precipitate one. It was, in fact, a flight. The camp and the artillery were abandoned; but that was unavoidable, for not a horse was left alive to have drawn it off, had it otherwise been practicable. But the most disgraceful part of the business is, that the greatest part of the men threw away their arms and accoutrements, even after the pursuit, which continued about four miles, had ceased. St. Clair found the road strewed with them for many miles, but was not able to remedy it, for having had all his horses killed, and being mounted upon one that could not be pricked out of a walk, he could not get forward himself, and the orders he sent forward either to halt the front, or to prevent the men from parting with

* St. Clair's report.

their arms, were unattended to. The flight continued to Fort Jefferson, twenty-nine miles, which was reached a little after sunset. The action began about half an hour before sunrise, and the retreat was attempted at half an hour after nine o'clock. Maj. Gen. Butler, Lieut. Col. Oldham, of the militia, Major Ferguson, Major Hart and Major Clark were among the killed.

St. Clair, in giving the details of this disaster, closes with these remarks: "I have nothing to lay to the charge of the troops but their want of discipline, which, for the short time they had been in the service, it was impossible they should have acquired." He continues: "We were overpowered by numbers; but it is no more than justice to observe that, though composed of so many different species of troops, the utmost harmony prevailed during the campaign."

In addition to the above brief account of St. Clair's defeat, I give the following from the pen of Mr. Van Cleve, who was in the Quartermaster General's service on the occasion and witnessed the disaster:

We were encamped just within the lines, on the right. The attack was made on the Kentucky militia. Almost instantaneously the small remnant of them that escaped broke through the line near us, and this line gave way. Followed by a tremendous fire from the enemy, they passed me. I threw my bridle over a stump, from which a tent pole had been cut, and followed a short distance, when finding the troops had halted, I returned and brought my horse a little farther. I was now between the fires, and finding the troops giving way again, was obliged to leave him a second time. As I quitted him he was shot down, and I felt rather glad of it, as I concluded that now I should be at liberty to share in the engagement. My inexperience prompted me to calculate on our forces being far superior to any that the savages could assemble, and that we should soon have the pleasure of driving them. Not more than five minutes had yet elapsed, when a soldier near me had his arm swinging with a wound. I requested his arms and accoutrements, as he was unable to use them, promising to return them to him, and commenced firing. The smoke was settled down to about within three feet of the ground, but I generally put one knee on the ground, and with a rest from behind a tree, waited the appearance of an Indian's head from behind his cover, or for one to run and change his position. Before I was convinced of my mistaken calculation, the battle was half over and I had become familiarized to the scene. Hearing the firing at one time unusually brisk near the rear of the left wing, I crossed the encampment. Two levy officers were just ordering a charge. I had fired away my ammunition and some of the

bands of my musket had flown off. I picked up another and a cartridge box nearly full, and pushed forward with about thirty others. The Indians ran to the right, where there was a small ravine filled with logs. I bent my course after them, and on looking round I found I was with only seven or eight men, the others having kept straight forward and halted about thirty yards off. We halted also, and being so near where the savages lay concealed, the second fire from them left me standing alone. My cover was a small sugar tree or beech, scarcely large enough to hide me. I fired away all my ammunition; I am uncertain whether with any effect or not. I then looked for the party near me, and saw them retreating and half way back to the lines. I followed them, running my best, and was soon in. By this time our artillery had been taken, I do not know whether the first or second time, and our troops had just retaken it and were charging the enemy across the creek in front, and some person told me to look at an Indian running with one of our kegs of powder, but I did not see him. There were about thirty of our men and officers lying scalped around the pieces of artillery. It appeared that the Indians had not been in a hurry, for their hair was all skinned off.

Daniel Bonham, a young man raised by my uncle and brought up with me, and whom I regarded as a brother, had by this time received a shot through his hips and was unable to walk. I procured a horse and got him on. My uncle had received a ball near his wrist that lodged near his elbow. The ground was literally covered with dead and dying men, the commander gave orders to take the way — perhaps they had been given more explicitly. Happening to see my uncle, he told me that a retreat had been ordered, and that I must do the best I could and take care of myself. Bonham insisted that he had a better chance of escaping than I had, and urged me to look to my own safety alone. I found the troops pressing like a drove of bullocks to the right. I saw an officer whom I took to be Lieut. Morgan, an aid to Gen. Butler, with six or eight men, start on a run a little to the left of where I was. I immediately ran and fell in with them. In a short distance we were so suddenly among the Indians, who were not apprised of our object, that they opened to us, and ran to the right and left without firing. I think about two hundred of our men passed through them before they fired, except a chance shot. When we had proceeded about two miles, most of those mounted had passed me. A boy had been thrown or fell off a horse, and begged my assistance. I ran, pulled him along about two miles further, until I had become nearly exhausted. Of the last two horses in the rear, one carried two men and the other three. I made an exertion and threw him on behind the two men. The Indians followed but about half a mile further. The boy was thrown off some time after, but escaped and got in safely. My friend Bonham I did not see on the retreat, but understood he was thrown off about this place, and lay on the left of the trace, where he was found in the winter and was buried. I took the cramp violently in my thighs and could scarcely walk until I got within a hundred yards of the rear, where the Indians were tomahawking the old and wounded men; and I stopped

here to tie my pocket handkerchief round a wounded man's knee. I saw the Indians close in pursuit at this time, and for a moment my spirit sunk and I felt in despair for my safety. I considered whether I should leave the road or whether I was capable of any further exertion. If I left the road, the Indians were in plain sight and could easily overtake me. I threw the shoes off my feet, and the coolness of the ground seemed to revive me. I again began a trot and recollect that when a bend in the road offered, and I got before half a dozen persons, I thought it would occupy some time for the enemy to massacre them, before my turn would come. By the time I had got to Stillwater, about eleven miles, I had gained the centre of the flying troops, and, like them, came to a walk. I fell in with Lieut. Shaumburg, who, I think, was the only officer of artillery that got away unhurt, with Corporal Mott, and a woman who was called red-headed Nance. The latter two were both crying. Mott was lamenting the loss of a wife and Nance that of an infant child. Shaumburg was nearly exhausted and hung on Mott's arm. I carried his fusil and accoutrements and led Nance; and in this sociable way we arrived at Fort Jefferson a little after sunset.

The Commander-in-Chief had ordered Col. Darke to press forward to the convoys of provisions and hurry them on to the army. Major Truman, Capt. Sedan and my uncle were setting forward with him. A number of soldiers and pack-horsemen on foot and myself among them, joined them. We came on a few miles, when all, overcome with fatigue, agreed to halt. Darius Curtius Orcott, a pack-horse master, had stolen at Jefferson one pocket full of flour and the other full of beef. One of the men had a kettle, and one Jacob Fowler and myself groped about in the dark until we found some water, where a tree had been blown out of root. We made a kettle of soup, of which I got a small portion among the many. It was then concluded, as there was a bend in the road a few miles further on, that the Indians might undertake to intercept us there, and we decamped and traveled about four or five miles further. I had got a rifle and ammunition at Jefferson from a wounded militia man, an old acquaintance, to bring in. A sentinel was set and we lay down and slept, until the Governor came up a few hours afterward. I think I never slept so profoundly. I could hardly get awake after I was on my feet. On the day before the defeat the ground was covered with snow. The flats were now filled with water frozen over, the ice as thick as a knife blade. I was worn out with fatigue, with my feet knocked to pieces against the roots in the night and splashing through the ice without shoes. In the morning we got to a camp of pack-horsemen, and amongst them I got a doughboy or water-dumpling, and proceeded. We got within seven miles of Hamilton on this day and arrived there soon on the morning of the sixth.

BRANT, THE MOHAWK CHIEFTAIN.

BURNING OF DEERFIELD, MASS.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

RESULTS OF ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT—THE AMERICANS, THE ENGLISH, AND THE INDIANS—BRANT INVITED TO PHILADELPHIA—HORRIFYING SCENES ON ST. CLAIR'S BATTLE FIELD—THE PEACE MAKERS—THEIR INSTRUCTIONS—AMERICANS DESIRE PEACE—THE INIDANS FOR WAR.

THUS was the plan of establishing a chain of forts between Cincinnati and the Miami villages overthrown by the defeat of St. Clair. The savages again victorious, could neither be expected to make terms or show mercy, and along the line of the whole frontier the settlers were filled with anxiety, terror, and despair. Out of St. Clair's army of fourteen hundred men, eight hundred and ninety were killed and wounded. The battle took place on the fourth of November, 1791, and on the eighth of the same month the remains of the army reached Fort Washington. The news of the defeat was at once communicated to Congress, and on the twenty-sixth of December Gen. Knox laid before the President a plan for future operations. It provided for raising and equipping a large force, and the immediate invasion of the Indian country, but Washington desired that before this army was organized every effort should again be made to prevent bloodshed. Col. Pickering, in his meeting with the Iroquois, of June and July, 1791, at the Painted Post, had, among other things, proposed that certain chiefs should, in the following January, go to Philadelphia, while Congress was in session, and "shake hands with their newly adopted father." The importance of the proposed visit became more evident after the news of St. Clair's defeat, for now, the New York Indians were suspected. On the twentieth of December, 1791, Gen. Knox wrote to a missionary among the Iroquois, pressing through him the invitation given

by the commissioner, and especially urging the presence of Brant. To aid the proposed peace measures, a respectful and kind message was sent to the Senecas on the seventh of January, 1792; while, to guard against surprise, means were adopted to learn the purpose of a great council called at Buffalo Creek, and also to ascertain the intentions of the tribes on the Wabash and Miami. While these events were taking place in the north, Wilkinson, commanding at Cincinnati, was instructed to send word to Major Hamtramck, at Vincennes, that the Government wished to secure the agency of the French colonists and friendly Indians in quelling the war spirit. In February, also, further friendly messages were sent to the Senecas, and an invitation forwarded to Brant from the Secretary of War himself asking him to come to Philadelphia.

In March fifty Iroquois chiefs reached the Quaker city and met in council with the Americans, expressing friendly sentiments, and during April and May Capt. Trueman and others were sent from the Ohio to the hostile tribes, bearing messages of friendship. But before relating the unfortunate issue of Trueman's expedition, I will notice the movements made by Congress in reference to military preparations, which were to be carried out in case the peace measures should fail.

St. Clair resigned his position as commander of the Northwestern forces and Gen. Wayne was appointed in his place, and in June, 1792, the latter moved westward to Pittsburgh, and proceeded to organize the army which "was to be the ultimate argument of the American with the Indian confederation."

Through the summer of 1792, the preparation of the soldiers was steadily attended to; "train and discipline them for the service they are meant for," said Washington, "and do not spare powder and lead, so the men be made marksmen." In December, 1792, the forces now recruited and trained, were gathered at a point about twenty-two miles below Pittsburgh, on the Ohio, called Legionville; the army itself having been denominated the Legion of the United States, divided into four sub legions, and provided with legionary and sub-legionary officers. Meantime, at Fort Washington, Wilkinson had succeeded St. Clair as commandant, and in January had

ordered an expedition to examine the field of the late disastrous conflict.

This expedition reached the site of St. Clair's disastrous battle on the first of February, and found one of the most horrifying spectacles ever presented to human eyes. It was evident, from what was found there, that the unfortunate soldiers in St. Clair's army who fell into the enemy's hands with life received the greatest torture—having their limbs torn off. The women were treated with the most indecent cruelty, having stakes as thick as a person's arm driven through their bodies.

But while Wayne's army were gathering and target-shooting near Pittsburgh, the peace measures of the United States were pressed with great effort. In the first place, the Iroquois, through their chiefs who visited Philadelphia, were induced to act as peace-makers between the Americans and the hostile Indians; and, as we have seen, Trueman received instructions to repair to the Miami villages with friendly words. Following is the speech with which he was charged, and which he delivered to these hostile tribes:

Brothers: The President of the United States entertains the opinion that the war which exists is founded in error and mistake on your part. That you believe the United States want to deprive you of your lands, and drive you out of the country. Be assured this is not so: on the contrary, that we should be greatly gratified with the opportunity of imparting to you all the blessings of civilized life; of teaching you to cultivate the earth, and raise corn; to raise oxen, sheep, and other domestic animals; to build comfortable houses, and to educate your children, so as ever to dwell upon the land.

Brothers: The President of the United States requests you to take this subject into your serious consideration, and to reflect how abundantly more it will be for your interest to be at peace with the United States, and to receive all the benefit thereof, than to continue a war which, however flattering it may be to you for a moment, must, in the end, prove ruinous.

This desire of peace has not arisen in consequence of the late defeat of the troops under Major General St. Clair; because, in the beginning of the last year a similar message was sent you by Col. Proctor, but who was prevented from reaching you by some insurmountable difficulties. All the Senecas at Buffalo Creek can witness for the truth of this assertion, as he held, during the month of April last, long conferences with them, to devise the means of getting to you in safety.

War, at all times, is a dreadful evil to those who are engaged therein, and more particularly so where a few people engage to act against so great numbers as the people of the United States.

Brothers: Do not suffer the advantages you have gained to mislead your judgment, and to influence you to continue the war; but reflect upon the destructive consequences which must attend such a measure.

The President of the United States is highly desirous of seeing a number of your principal chiefs, and convincing you, in person, how much he wishes to avoid the evils of war for your sake, and the sake of humanity. Consult, therefore, upon the great object of peace; call in your parties, and enjoin a cessation of all other depredations; and as many of the principal chiefs as shall choose, repair to Philadelphia, the seat of the general government, and there make a peace, founded upon the principles of justice and humanity. Remember that no additional lands will be required of you, or any other tribe, to those that have been ceded by former treaties, particularly by the tribes who had a right to make the treaty of Muskingum in the year 1789.

But if any of your tribes can prove that you have a fair right to any lands comprehended by the said treaty, and have not been compensated therefor, you shall receive full satisfaction upon that head. The chiefs you send shall be safely escorted to this city, and shall be well fed and provided with all things for their journey, and the faith of the United States is hereby pledged to you for the true and liberal performance of every thing herein contained and suggested, and all this is confirmed in your manner by the great white belt hereunto attached.

But this was not all. The Americans were sincere in their desires to conclude a permanent peace with the native tribes, and, therefore, Captain Hendrick, chief of the Stockbridge Indians, was dispatched on the eighth of May, to present the views of the President to the approaching council of the Northwestern Confederacy. General Rufus Putman was also instructed to go into the Indian country, in company with John Heckewelder, and to do all in his power to secure peace and a permanent treaty. Following are a few extracts from the information and orders which he received, which, in addition to the speech of Col. Trueman, go very far to prove that Washington was disposed to treat with the savages on a liberal basis:

The chiefs of the Five Nations of Indians, who were so long in this city, lately, were astonished at the moderation of our claim of land, it being very different from what they had been taught, by designing people, to believe.

It would seem that the Indians have been misled with respect to our claims, by a certain map, published in Connecticut, wherein are laid out ten new States, agreeably to a report of a committee of Congress.

The United States are desirous, in any treaty which shall be formed in future, to avoid all causes of war, relative to boundaries, by fixing the same in such a manner as not to be mistaken by the meanest capacity. As the basis, therefore, of your negotiation, you will, in the strongest and most explicit terms, renounce, on the part of the United States, all claim to any Indian land which shall not have been ceded by fair treaties, made with the Indian nations.

You may say—that we conceive the treaty of Fort Harmar to have been formed by the tribes having a just right to make the same, and that it was done with their full understanding and free consent.

That if, however, the said tribes should judge the compensation to have been inadequate to the object, or that any other tribes have a just claim, in both cases they shall receive a liberal allowance, on their finally settling all disputes upon the subject.

As the United States never made any treaties with the Wabash Indians, although the said Indians have been repeatedly invited thereto, their claims to the lands east and south of the said Wabash have not been defined.

This circumstance will be a subject of your inquiry with the assembled Indian tribes; and you may assure the parties concerned, that an equitable boundary shall be arranged with them.

You will make it clearly understood, that we want not a foot of their land, and that it is theirs, and theirs only; that they have the right to sell, and the right to refuse to sell, and the United States will guarantee to them the said just right.

That it is not only the sincere desire of the United States to be at peace with all the neighboring Indian tribes, but to protect them in their just rights, against lawless, violent white people. If such should commit any injury on the person or property of a peaceable Indian, they will be regarded equally as the enemies of the general government as the Indians, and will be punished accordingly.

Your first great object, upon meeting the Indians, will be to convince them that the United States require none of their lands.

The second, that we shall guaranty all that remain, and take the Indians under our protection.

Thirdly; they must agree to the truce, and immediately to call in all their war parties. It will be in vain to be negotiating with them while they shall be murdering the frontier citizens.

Having happily effected a truce, founded on the above assurances, it will then be your primary endeavor to obtain from each of the hostile and neighboring tribes two of the most respectable chiefs, to repair to the seat of government, and there conclude a treaty with the President of the United States, in which all causes of difference should be buried forever.

You will give the chiefs every assurance of personal protection, while

on their journey to Philadelphia, and, should they insist upon it, hostages of officers for the safe return of the chiefs, and, in case of their compliance, you will take every precaution by the troops for the protection of the said chiefs, which the nature of the case may require.

But if, after having used your utmost exertions, the chiefs should decline the journey to Philadelphia, then you will agree with them on a plan for a general treaty,*

As already mentioned, Brant, the Mohawk chieftain, had been requested to visit Philadelphia and hold a conference with Washington. The English, on hearing this, did all in their power to prevent him from complying with the request. But this independent chief would not listen to their representations, and on the twentieth of June appeared at the Federal Capital. He remained there ten or twelve days, and was treated by all with marked attention. Great pains were taken to give him a correct understanding of affairs, but he left the American Capital still an Englishman at heart.

Notwithstanding the liberal terms offered, and that different peace-makers were sent into the Indian country, all propositions for peace were rejected in one form or another. The recent victories which the savages had gained, and the favorable representations of English agents, closed the ears of the red men, and, no doubt, led them to murder the peace deputies whose fate I now proceed to record.

* American State Papers, v. 234, 236.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

FATE OF THE PEACE-MAKERS—GREAT COUNCIL OF THE MAUMEE—PROPOSITIONS OF PEACE REJECTED BY THE INDIANS—WAYNE MARCHES INTO THE INDIAN COUNTRY—THE SKULLS ON ST. CLAIR'S BATTLEFIELD—FORT RECOVERY ESTABLISHED.

THE FATE of those who were sent out to induce the Indians to measures of peace, may be imagined. Freeman, who left Fort Washington on the seventh of April; Trueman, who left on the twenty-second of May, for the Maumee, and Col. Hardin, who, on the same day, started for Sandusky, were all murdered. Brant did not attend the Western Council, although he had agreed to in Philadelphia. Hendricks gave his message into the hands of Col. McKee, and kept away from the gathering of the confederated nations, and of the three messengers, Trueman, Hendricks and Putnam, Putnam alone reached his destination. He formed a treaty with several of the Wabash tribes, but, as it was not ratified by Congress, it proved of no avail.

Indian councils were now in order—councils where Indians met Indians, and where no white man intruded himself. Probably the largest Indian council ever held was at the mouth of the River Auglaize, in 1792. It was assembled through the influence of the Iroquois, but did not accomplish the desired result. Besides, the New York, Western and Canadian Indians, there were present twenty-seven other nations. At this council the boundary line between the Americans and Indians was fully discussed, and all agreed that it must not extend north of the Ohio. However, nothing was fully resolved, the council agreeing to assemble again in the following spring. This meeting took place, and both the Americans and the Indians were fully represented. The United States Commis-

sioners laid before the savages a plan for the settlement of all difficulties, but it proved dissatisfactory. The speech which was submitted by the Confederated Nations in reply to the commissioners, and which put an end to all negotiations, and opened the way for another bloody contest, is of such importance as to merit preservation in this volume. It was in these words:

*To the Commissioners of the United States.* — Brothers: We have received your speech, dated the thirty-first of last month, and it has been interpreted to all the different nations. We have been long in sending you an answer because of the great importance of the subject. But we now answer it fully, having given it all the consideration in our power.

Brothers: You tell us that after you had made peace with the King, our father, about ten years ago, "it remained to make peace between the United States and the Indian nations who had taken part with the King. For this purpose commissioners were appointed, who sent messages to all those Indian nations, inviting them to come and make peace," and after reciting the periods at which you say treaties were held at Fort Stanwix, Fort McIntosh and Miami, all which treaties, according to your own acknowledgment, were for the sole purpose of making peace, you then say, "Brothers, the commissioners who conducted these treaties in behalf of the United States sent the papers containing them to the general council of the States, who, supposing them satisfactory to the nations treated with, proceeded to dispose of the lands thereby ceded."

Brothers: This is telling us plainly what we always understood to be the case, and it agrees with the declarations of those few who attended those treaties, viz.: That they went to your commissioners to make peace; but, through fear, were oblige to sign any paper that was laid before them, and it has since appeared that deeds of cession were signed by them, instead of treaties of peace.

Brothers: You then say, "after some time it appears that a number of people in your nations were dissatisfied with the treaties of Fort McIntosh and Miami; therefore, the council of the United States appointed Gov. St. Clair their commissioner, with full power, for the purpose of removing all causes of controversy, relating to trade, and settling boundaries, between the Indian nations in the northern department and the United States. He accordingly sent messages, inviting all the nations concerned to meet him at a council fire he kindled at the Falls of the Muskingum. While he was waiting for them some mischief happened at that place and the fire was put out; so he kindled a council fire at Fort Harmar, where near six hundred Indians of different nations attended. The Six Nations then renewed and confirmed the treaty of Fort Stanwix, and the Wyandots and Delawares renewed and confirmed the treaty of Fort McIntosh; some Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies and Sacs were also parties to the treaty of Fort

Harmar." Now, brothers, these are your words, and it is necessary for us to make a short reply to them.

Brothers: A general council of all the Indian confederacy was held, as you well know, in the fall of the year 1788, at this place, and that general council was invited by your commissioner, Gov. St. Clair, to meet him for the purpose of holding a treaty, with regard to the lands mentioned by you to have been ceded by the treaties of Fort Stanwix and Fort McIntosh.

Brothers: We are in possession of the speeches and letters which passed on that occasion between those deputed by the confederated Indians and Gov. St. Clair, the commissioner of the United States. These papers prove that your said commissioner, in the beginning of the year 1789, and after having been informed by the general council of the preceding fall, that no bargain or sale of any part of these Indian lands would be considered as valid or binding unless agreed to by a general council, nevertheless persisted in collecting together a few chiefs of two or three nations only, and with them held a treaty for the cession of an immense country, in which they were no more interested, than as a branch of the general confederacy, and who were in no manner authorized to make any grant or concession whatever.

Brothers: How then was it possible for you to expect to enjoy peace, and quietly to hold these lands, when your commissioner was informed, long before he had the treaty of Fort Harmar, that the consent of a general council was absolutely necessary to convey any part of these lands to the United States. The part of these lands which the United States now wish us to relinquish and which you say are settled, have been sold by the United States since that time.

Brothers: You say "the United States wish to have confirmed all the lands ceded to them by the treaty of Fort Harmar, and also a small tract at the rapids of the Ohio, claimed by Gen. Clark, for the use of himself and his warriors. And, in consideration thereof, the United States would give such a large sum of money or goods as was never given, at any one time, for any quantity of Indian lands, since the white people first set their feet on this island. And, because these lands did every year furnish you with skins and furs, with which you bought clothing and other necessaries, the United States will now furnish the like constant supplies. And, therefore, besides the great sum to be delivered at once, they will every year deliver you a large quantity of such goods as are best fitted to the wants of yourselves, your women and children."

Brothers: Money to us is of no value, and to most of us unknown; and, as no consideration whatever can induce us to sell the lands on which we get sustenance for our women and children, we hope we may be allowed to point out a mode by which your settlers may be easily removed, and peace thereby obtained.

Brothers: We know that these settlers are poor, or they would never have ventured to live in a country which has been in continual trouble ever since they crossed the Ohio. Divide, therefore, this large sum of

money, which you have offered to us, among these people. Give to each, also, a proportion of what you say you would give to us, annually, over and above this very large sum of money; and, as we are persuaded, they would most readily accept of it in lieu of the land you sold them. If you add, also, the great sums you must expend in raising and paying armies, with a view to force us to yield you our country, you will certainly have more than sufficient for the purpose of repaying these settlers for all their labor and their improvements.

Brothers: You have talked to us about concessions. It appears strange that you should expect any from us who have only been defending our just rights against your invasions. We want peace. Restore to us our country and we shall be enemies no longer.

Brothers: You make one concession to us by offering us your money, and another by having agreed to do us justice, after having long and injuriously withheld it; we mean in the acknowledgment you now have made, that the King of England never did, nor never had a right to give you our country, by the treaty of peace. And you want to make this act of common justice a great part of your concessions, and seem to expect that, because you have at last acknowledged our independence, we should for such a favor, surrender to you our country.

Brothers: You have talked, also, a great deal about pre-emption, and your exclusive right to purchase Indian lands, as ceded to you by the king at the treaty of peace.

Brothers: We never made any agreement with the king, nor with any other nation, that we would give to either the exclusive right of purchasing our lands; and we declare to you that we consider ourselves free to make any bargain or cession of lands, whenever and to whomsoever we please. If the white people, as you say, made a treaty that none of them but the king should purchase of us, and that he has given that right to the United States, it is an affair which concerns you and him, and not us; we have never parted with such a power.

Brothers: At our general council, held at the Glaize last fall, we agreed to meet commissioners from the United States, for the purpose of restoring peace, provided they consented to acknowledge and confirm our boundary line to be the Ohio, and we determined not to meet you, until you gave us satisfaction on that point; that is the reason we have never met.

We desire you to consider, brothers, that our only demand is the peaceable possession of a small part of our once great country. Look back and review the lands from whence we have been driven to this spot. We can retreat no farther, because the country behind hardly affords food for its inhabitants; and we have, therefore, resolved to leave our bones in this small space to which we are now confined.

Brothers: We shall be persuaded that you mean to do us justice, if you agree that the Ohio shall remain the boundary line between us. If you will not consent thereto, our meeting will be altogether unnecessary. This is the great point which we hoped would have been explained before you

left your homes, as our message, last fall, was principally directed to obtain that information.

Done in general council, at the foot of the Maumee Rapids, the thirteenth day of August, 1793.

*Nations.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| WYANDOTS, | MIAMIS, | MOHICANS, |
| SEVEN NATIONS, of Canada, | OTTAWAS, | CONNOYS, |
| | POTTAWATOMIES, | MESSASAGOES, |
| DELAWARES, | SENECAS, | OJIBWAS, |
| NANTAKOKIES, | SHAWANOES, | MUNSEES. |
| CREEKS, | CHEROKEES, | |

This communication closed the attempts of the United States to make peace. Wayne had pushed forward his preparations, but was still at "Hobson's choice," near Fort Washington. On the fifth of October, 1793, he wrote to the Secretary of War saying that he could not hope to have more than two thousand six hundred regular troops, three hundred and sixty mounted volunteers, and thirty-six guides and spies to go with him into the country of the enemy. Yet he was hopeful, and thought with this force he would conquer the enemy. On the seventh of the same month, the leigon left Cincinnati, and upon the thirteenth, without any accident, encamped in a strong position. Here, upon the twenty-fourth of October, he was joined by one thousand mounted Kentucky volunteers under Gen. Scott, to whom he had written pressing requests to hasten forward with all the men he could muster. This request Scott hastened to comply with, and the Governor, upon the twenty-eighth of September, had ordered, in addition, a draft of militia. The Kentucky troops, however, were soon dismissed again, until spring; but their march had not been in vain, for they had seen enough of Wayne's army to give them confidence in it and in him; and upon their return home, spread that confidence abroad, so that the full number of volunteers was easily procured in the spring.*

The troops had been attacked once previous to the twenty-third of October, within seven miles of Fort St. Clair, and Lieut. Lowery and Ensign Boyd, with thirteen others, were killed. Although so little opposition had thus far been

* Western Annals.

encountered, General Wayne determined to stay where he was, for the winter, and having seventy thousand rations on hand in October, with the prospect of one hundred and twenty thousand more, while the Indians were sure to be short of provisions, he proceeded to fortify his position; which he named Fort Greenville, and which was situated upon the spot now occupied by the town of that name. This being done on the twenty-third or twenty-fourth of December, a detachment was sent forward to take possession of the field of St. Clair's defeat. They arrived upon the spot upon Christmas day. "Six hundred skulls," says one present, "were gathered up and buried; when we went to lay down in our tents at night, we had to scrape the bones together and carry them out, to make our beds.* Here they built Fort Recovery, which was properly garrisoned and placed under the command of Capt. Alexander Gibson.

During the early months of 1794, Wayne was steadily engaged in preparing everything for a sure blow when the time came, and by means of Capt. Gibson and his various spies, kept himself informed of the plans and movements of the savages. All his information showed the faith in British assistance which still animated the doomed race of red men.

* American Pioneer. Western Annals.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

GENERAL WAYNE'S BATTLE ON THE BANKS OF THE MAUMEE—POSITION OF THE AMERICAN AND INDIAN FORCES—THE VICTORY—NEW FORTS ERECTED—DESTRUCTION OF INDIAN DWELLINGS—THE INDIANS SUE FOR PEACE—THE TREATY OF GREENVILLE.

AT FORT RECOVERY, on the thirtieth of June, 1794, the advanced American post was assailed by Little Turtle, at the head of fifteen hundred warriors. Such was their answer to the messages of peace which the American government had sent among them—and, although repelled, the assailants rallied and returned to the charge, and kept up the attack through the whole of the day. Among the Indians were a large number of British,* who were aiding them, and who, it would seem, expected to find the artillery captured from St. Clair on the fourth of the previous November; but, fortunately, the Americans had already discovered them, and they were now used in defending Fort Recovery.

On the twenty-sixth of July, Scott with some sixteen hundred mounted men from Kentucky, joined Wayne at Greenville, and on the twenty-eighth the whole legion moved forward. On the eighth of August, the army reached the Grand Glaize, near the junction of the Maumee and Auglaize, and at once proceeded to build Fort Defiance.† While engaged upon this fort, Wayne received full information of the movements of the Indians, and the aid they were to receive from the volunteers of Detroit and elsewhere, and, after considering the situation of affairs, he determined to march forward and strike the blow at once. But, however, before taking this step, he sent a special

* General Wayne's Report. American State Papers.

† American Pioneer. Western Annals.

messenger to the hostile Indians, with the following last offer of peace:

*To the Delawares, Shawanoes, Miamis and Wyandots, and to each and every of them, and to all other nations of Indians, northwest of the Ohio, whom it may concern:*

I, Anthony Wayne, Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Federal army now at Grand Glaize, and commissioner plenipotentiary of the United States of America, for settling the terms upon which a permanent and lasting peace shall be made with each and every of the hostile tribes, or nations of Indians northwest of the Ohio, and of the said United States, actuated by the purest principles of humanity, and urged by pity for the errors into which bad and designing men have led you, from the head of my army, now in possession of your abandoned villages and settlements, do hereby once more extend the friendly hand of peace towards you, and invite each and every of the hostile tribes of Indians to appoint deputies to meet me and my army, without delay, between this place and Roche de Bout, in order to settle the preliminaries of a lasting peace, which may eventually and soon restore to you, the Delawares, Miamis, Shawanoes and all other tribes and nations lately settled at this place, and on the margins of the Miami and Auglaize rivers, your late grounds and possessions, and to preserve you and your distressed and hapless women and children from danger and famine, during the present fall and ensuing winter.

The arm of the United States is strong and powerful, but they love mercy and kindness more than war and desolation.

And to remove any doubts or apprehensions of danger to the persons of the deputies whom you may appoint to meet this army, I hereby pledge my sacred honor for their safety and return, and send Christopher Miller, an adopted Shawanoe, and a Shawanoe warrior, whom I took prisoner two days ago, as a flag, who will advance in their front to meet me.

Mr. Miller was taken prisoner by a party of my warriors, six moons since, and can testify to you the kindness which I have shown to your people, my prisoners, that is, five warriors and two women, who are now all safe and well at Greenville.

But, should this invitation be disregarded, and my flag, Mr. Miller, be detained or injured, I will immediately order all those prisoners to be put to death, without distinction, and some of them are known to belong to the first families of your nation.

Brothers: Be no longer deceived or led astray by the false promises and language of the bad white men at the foot of the Rapids; they have neither power nor inclination to protect you. No longer shut your eyes to your true interest and happiness, nor your ears to this overture of peace. But, in pity to your innocent women and children, come and prevent the further effusion of your blood; let them experience the kindness and friendship of the United States of America, and the invaluable blessings of peace and tranquility. ANTHONY WAYNE.

GRAND GLAIZE, August 18th, 1794.

But Wayne did not remain idle waiting for an answer, but moved on with his troops, and on the sixteenth of August he met his messengers returning with information that if the Americans would wait ten days the Indians would decide for peace or war. Wayne replied to this by marching rapidly forward.

After advancing forty-one miles from Grand Glaize, and being near the expected enemy, Wayne, on the eighteenth, halted his army and began the erection of Fort Deposit, which was intended as a protection to the baggage during the expected battle. On the same day five of Wayne's spies, among whom was May, the man who had been sent after Trueman, and who had pretended to desert to the Indians, rode into the very camp of the enemy; in attempting to retreat again, May's horse fell and he was taken. The following day, the day before the battle, he was tied to a tree and shot at as a target.*

On the twentieth Wayne's forces moved down the north bank of the Maumee, the legion on its right, the flank covered by the Maumee; one brigade of mounted volunteers on the left, under Brigadier-General Todd, and the other in the rear under Brigadier-General Barbee. A select battalion of mounted volunteers moved in front of the legion, commanded by Major Price, who was directed to keep sufficiently advanced so as to give timely notice for the troops to form in case of action. Having advanced about five miles, Major Price's corps received a very severe fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the woods and high grass. After a short contest the advanced guard retreated. The legion was immediately formed into two lines in the midst of a close, thick woods, which extended for a considerable distance on either hand. The ground was covered with fallen timber, probably occasioned by a tornado, which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect, and afforded the enemy a favorable opportunity for their peculiar mode of fighting.

The savages were formed into three lines, within supporting distance of each other, and extending nearly two miles at right angles with the river. Wayne soon discovered, from the

* American Pioneer—Western Annals.

weight of the fire and extent of the Indian lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favorite ground, and endeavoring to turn his left flank. He therefore gave orders for the second line to advance and support the first, and directed Major-General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages with the whole of the mounted volunteers, by a circuitous route. At the same time the General ordered the front line to advance and charge with trailed arms and rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and when up to deliver a close and well directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give them time to load again.

Wayne also ordered Captain Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next to the river. All these orders were obeyed with spirit and promptness. Such was the effect of the charge by the first line of infantry that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers were driven from their strongholds before the second line of the legion and the mounted volunteers could get up to participate in the action. The enemy was driven, in the course of one hour, more than two miles through the thick woods already mentioned, by less than one-half their number. From every account the Indians amounted to two thousand combatants. The troops actually engaged against them were short of nine hundred. This horde of savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight, and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving Wayne's victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle.

In reporting the battle to the Secretary of War, Wayne says, "the bravery and conduct of every officer belonging to the army, from the Generals down to the ensigns, merit my highest approbation." The loss in killed and wounded was much heavier on the side of the enemy than in Wayne's army.* For a considerable distance the woods were strewn with the dead bodies of Indians and their white auxiliaries. The Americans

* The loss of the Americans in this action was thirty-three killed and one hundred wounded, including twenty-one officers, of whom only five were killed.—ED.

remained three days and nights on the banks of the river Maumee, in front of the field of battle, during which all the houses and cornfields were consumed and destroyed for a long distance both above and below Fort Miami, as well as within pistol shot of the British garrison.

The army returned to Fort Defiance on the twenty-seventh, laying waste in its return march the villages and cornfields for about fifty miles on either side of the Maumee. Here Wayne remained until the fourteenth of September, strengthening the works. On this date he marched for the Miami villages at the junction of the St. Joseph and St. Mary, to build Fort Wayne, which was named by Col. Hamtramck, who was placed in command of this post on the twenty-second of October.

On the twenty-eighth of October the legion began its return march to Greenville, leaving the posts it had established well fortified and strongly garrisoned. The British now, to a great measure, withheld their support from the Indians, and the latter soon began to sue for peace. On the twenty-eighth of December, 1794, the chiefs of the Chippewas, (Ojibwas) Ottawas, Sacs, Pottawatomies, and Miamis, came to Col. Hamtramck, the commandant at Fort Wayne, with peace messages, and on the twenty-fourth of January, 1795, at Greenville, they entered, together with the Delawares, Wyandots and Shawanoes, into preliminary articles with the Commander-in-Chief. The truth was, the red men had been entirely disappointed in the conduct of their white allies after their defeat on the previous August. Brant, in giving his feelings on this matter, said that a fort had been built in their country under pretence of giving refuge in case of necessity, but when that time came the gates were shut against them as enemies. During the winter, Wayne having entirely laid waste their fertile fields, the poor savages were wholly dependent on the English, who did not half supply them; their cattle and dogs died, and they were themselves nearly starved. Under these circumstances, losing faith in the English, and at last impressed with a respect for American power, the various tribes, by degrees, made up their minds to ask for peace. During the winter and spring

they exchanged prisoners and prepared to meet Wayne at Greenville, in June, for the purpose of forming a definite treaty founded upon the preliminaries which had been established on the previous January, of which mention has already been made.

Accordingly, early in June, 1795, the representatives of the Northwestern tribes began to gather at Greenville, and on the sixteenth of that month General Wayne met in council the Delawares, Ottawas, Pottawatomies, and Eel River Indians. The council continued until the tenth of August. Soon after the council opened other noted chiefs began to arrive. Among these were Buckongehelas, Little Turtle, Tarke, Blue Jacket, and Masass. They had all determined to make a permanent peace with the "Thirteen Fire," and upon the thirtieth of July the treaty was agreed upon, which was to bury the hatchet forever. It was signed by all the nations present, and the presents from the United States distributed forthwith.

This treaty which, perhaps, is the most important one ever made between the red men of the forest and the Americans, contained the following provisions:*

ART. 1. Hostilities were to cease.

ART. 2. All prisoners were to be restored.

ART. 3. The general boundary lines between the lands of the United States and the lands of the said Indian tribes, shall begin at the mouth of Cuyahoga river, and run thence up the same to the portage between that and the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum; thence down that branch to the crossing place above Fort Lawrence; thence westwardly, to a fork of that branch of the Great Miami river, running into the Ohio, at or near which fork stood Laramie's store, and where commences the portage between the Miami of the Ohio and St. Mary's river, which is a branch of the Miami which runs into Lake Erie; thence a westerly course, to Fort Recovery, which stands on a branch of the Wabash; thence southwesterly, in a direct line to the Ohio, so as to intersect that river opposite the mouth of Kentucky or Cuttawa river. And in consideration of the peace now established; of the goods formerly received from the United States; of those now to be delivered; and of the yearly delivery of goods now stipulated to be made hereafter; and to indemnify the United States for the injuries and expenses they have sustained during the war; the said Indian tribes do hereby cede and relinquish, forever, all their claims to the lands lying eastwardly and southwardly of the general boundary line now

* American State Papers. Western Annals.

described; and these lands, or any part of them, shall never hereafter be made a cause or pretense, on the part of the said tribes, or any of them, of war or injury to the United States, or any other people thereof.

And for the same consideration, and as an evidence of the returning friendship of the said Indian tribes, of their confidence in the United States, and desire to provide for their accommodation, and for that convenient intercourse which will be beneficial to both parties, the said Indian tribes do also cede to the United States the following pieces of land, to-wit: 1. One piece of land six miles square, at or near Laramie's store, before mentioned. 2. One piece, two miles square, at the head of the navigable water or landing, on the St. Mary's river, near Girty's town. 3. One piece, six miles square, at the head of the navigable waters of the Auglaize river. 4. One piece, six miles square, at the confluence of the Auglaize and Miami rivers, where Fort Defiance now stands. 5. One piece, six miles square, at or near the confluence of the rivers St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, where Fort Wayne now stands, or near it. 6. One piece, two miles square, on the Wabash river, at the end of the portage from the Miami of the lake, and about eight miles westward from Fort Wayne. 7. One piece, six miles square, at the Ouatanon, or old Wea towns, on the Wabash river. 8. One piece, twelve miles square, at the British fort on the Miami of the lake, at the foot of the rapids. 9. One piece, six miles square, at the mouth of the said river, where it empties into the lake. 10. One piece, six miles square, upon Sandusky lake, where a fort formerly stood. 11. One piece, two miles square, at the lower rapids of Sandusky river. 12. The post of Detroit, and all the lands to the north, the west and south of it, of which the Indian title has been extinguished by gifts or grants to the French or English governments; and so much more land to be annexed to the district of Detroit, as shall be comprehended between the river Rasine on the south, and lake St. Clair on the north, and a line, the general course whereof shall be six miles distant from the west end of Lake Erie and Detroit river. 13. The post of Michilimackinac, and all the land on the island on which that post stands, and the main land adjacent, of which the Indian title has been extinguished by gifts or grants to the French or English governments; and a piece of land on the main to the north of the island, to measure six miles, on Lake Huron, or the strait between Lakes Huron and Michigan, and to extend three miles back from the water on the lake or strait; and also, the Island de Bois Blanc, being an extra and voluntary gift of the Chippewa nation. 14. One piece of land, six miles square, at the mouth of Chicago river, emptying into the southwest end of Lake Michigan, where a fort formerly stood. 15. One piece, twelve miles square, at or near the mouth of the Illinois river, emptying into the Mississippi. 16. One piece, six miles square, at the old Peorias fort and village, near the south end of the Illinois lake, on said Illinois river. And whenever the United States shall think proper to survey and mark the boundaries of the lands hereby ceded to them, they shall give timely notice thereof to the said tribes of Indians, that they may

appoint some of their wise chiefs to attend and see that the lines are run according to the terms of this treaty.

And the said Indian tribes will allow to the people of the United States, a free passage, by land and by water, as one and the other shall be found convenient, through their country, along the chain of posts herein before mentioned; that is to say: from the commencement of the portage aforesaid, at or near Laramie's store, thence along said portage, to the St. Mary's, and down the same to Fort Wayne, and then down the Miami to Lake Erie; again, from the commencement of the portage, at or near Laramie's store, along the portage, from thence to the river Auglaize, and down the same to its junction with the Miami at Port Defiance; again, from the commencement of the portage aforesaid, to Sandusky river, and down the same to Sandusky bay, and Lake Erie, and from Sandusky to the post which shall be taken at or near the foot of the rapids of the Miami of the lake; and from thence to Detroit. Again, from the mouth of Chicago river, to the commencement of the portage between that river and the Illinois, and down the Illinois to the Mississippi; also, from Fort Wayne, along the portage aforesaid, which leads to the Wabash, and then down the Wabash to the Ohio. And the said Indian tribes will also allow to the people of the United States, the free use of the harbors and mouths of rivers, along the lakes adjoining the Indian lands, for sheltering vessels and boats, and liberty to land their cargoes when necessary for their safety.

ART. 4. In consideration of the peace now established, and of the cessions and relinquishments of lands, made in the preceding article, by the said tribes of Indians, and to manifest the liberality of the United States, as the great means of rendering this peace strong and perpetual, the United States relinquish their claims to all other Indian lands, northward of the river Ohio, eastward of the Mississippi, and westward and southward of the Great Lakes, and the waters uniting them, according to the boundary line agreed on by the United States and the King of Great Britain, in the treaty of peace made between them in the year 1783. But from this relinquishment by the United States, the following tracts of land are explicitly excepted: 1st. The tract of one hundred and fifty thousand acres, near the rapids of the river Ohio, which has been assigned to General Clark, for the use of himself and his warriors. 2d. The post at St. Vincennes, on the river Wabash, and the lands adjacent, of which the Indian title has been extinguished. 3d. The lands at all other places, in possession of the French people, and other white settlers among them, of which the Indian title has been extinguished, as mentioned in the 3d article; and 4th. The post of Fort Massac, towards the mouth of the Ohio. To which several parcels of land, so excepted, the said tribes relinquish all the title and claim, which they or any of them may have.

And, for the same consideration, and with the same views as above mentioned, the United States now deliver to the said Indian tribes, a quantity of goods to the value of twenty thousand dollars, the receipt whereof they do hereby acknowledge; and henceforward, every year, forever, the United

States will deliver, at some convenient place, northward of the river Ohio, like useful goods, suited to the circumstances of the Indians, of the value of nine thousand five hundred dollars; reckoning that value at the first cost of the goods in the city or place in the United States, where they shall be procured. The tribes to which those goods are to be annually delivered, and the proportions in which they are to be delivered, are the following:

1st. To the Wyandots, the amount of one thousand dollars. 2d. To the Delawares, the amount of one thousand dollars. 3d. To the Shawanoes, the amount of one thousand dollars. 4th. To the Miamis, the amount of one thousand dollars. 5th. To the Ottawas, the amount of one thousand dollars. 6th. To the Chippewas, the amount of one thousand dollars. 7th. To the Pottawatomies, the amount of one thousand dollars. 8th. And to the Kickapoo, Wea, Eel River, Piankeshaw and Kaskaskia tribes, the amount of five hundred dollars each.

Provided, that if either of the said tribes shall hereafter, at an annual delivery of their share of the goods aforesaid, desire that a part of their annuity should be furnished in domestic animals, implements of husbandry, and other utensils, convenient for them, and in compensation to useful artificers who may reside with or near them, and be employed for their benefit, the same shall, at the subsequent annual deliveries, be furnished accordingly.

ART. 5. To prevent any misunderstanding, about the Indian lands relinquished by the United States, in the fourth article, it is now explicitly declared, that the meaning of that relinquishment is this: the Indian tribes who have a right to these lands, are quietly to enjoy them, hunting, planting and dwelling thereon, so long as they please, without any molestation from the United States; but when those tribes, or any of them, shall be disposed to sell their lands, or any part of them, they are to be sold only to the United States; and until such sale, the United States will protect all the said Indian tribes, in the quiet enjoyment of their lands, against all citizens of the United States, and against all other white persons who intrude upon the same. And the said Indian tribes again acknowledge themselves to be under the protection of the United States, and no other power whatever.

ART. 6. The Indians or United States may remove and punish intruders on Indian lands.

ART. 7. Indians may hunt within ceded lands.

ART. 8. Trade shall be opened in substance, as by provisions in treaty of Fort Harmer.

ART. 9. All injuries shall be referred to law; not privately avenged; and all hostile plans known to either, shall be revealed to the other party

ART. 10. All previous treaties annulled.

This treaty was signed by all the nations named in the fourth article, and dated August third, 1795. It was ratified by the United States on the twenty-second of the following December,

and thus the old Indian boundary wars of the west were put to an end.

Wayne's victory having broken the Indian power, and the treaty of Greenville binding them from further aggression, the Island of Mackinaw, the fort of Detroit and the other posts in the territory, occupied by British troops, were surrendered by the English to their proper owners.*

* Tuttle's History of Michigan.

## CHAPTER XXX.

THE INDIANS CEDE THEIR LANDS—TECUMSEH AND THE PROPHET—THE NEW INDIAN CONFEDERACY—ITS OBJECTS—CURIOUS SPEECH OF THE PROPHET—THE APPROACHING WAR—THE PROPHET DECLARES HIS INNOCENCE.

FROM 1795 to 1804, we have but little border war to record. Settlements in the west progressed rapidly, and in the latter year events took place leading the way for another general Indian war. During the month of August, 1804, a series of treaties were made by Governor Harrison, at Vincennes, by which the claims of several Indian tribes to large tracts of land in Indiana and Illinois were relinquished to the United States. The Delawares sold their claim to a large tract between the Wabash and Ohio rivers, and Pionkeshaws gave up their title to lands granted by the Kaskaskia Indians the preceding year. In November of the same year, Governor Harrison negotiated with the chiefs of the united nations of Sacs and Foxes for their claim to the immense tract of country lying between the Mississippi, Illinois, Fox river of Illinois, and Wisconsin rivers, comprising about fifty millions of acres.* The consideration given was the protection of the United States, and goods delivered at the value of two thousand two hundred and thirty-four dollars and fifty cents, and an annuity of one thousand dollars, (six hundred dollars to the Sacs and four hundred to the Foxes) forever. An article in this treaty provided, that as long as the United States remained the owner of the land, "the Indians belonging to the said tribes shall enjoy the privilege of living and hunting" on the land.

On the fourth of July, 1805, the Wyandots and others at Fort Industry, on the Maumee, ceded all their lands as far west

* Western Annals.

as the western boundary of the Connecticut Reserve, and on the twenty-first of August, of the same year, Governor Harrison, at Vincennes, received from the Miamis a region containing two million acres within what is now the state of Indiana, and again, upon the thirteenth of December, at the same place, he purchased of the Piankeshaws a tract eighty or ninety miles wide, extending from the Wabash west to the cession by the Kaskaskias, which was made in 1803.

At this time, excepting an occasional murder, the Indians were conducting themselves in a peaceful manner. "But," says Mr. Peck, "mischief was gathering." Tecumseh and his brother, the prophet, and other leading men, had formed a union of the tribes at a council at Greenville, by which it was intended to prevent the whites from making further settlements upon their lands. It appears that the efforts of Tecumseh and his brother were directed to accomplish two important ends: First, the reformation of the Tribes, whose habits unfitted them for intelligent effort; and second, such a union of the tribes as would make the purchase of their lands by the United States impossible, and give to the Indians a formidable strength such as the civilized nations would be compelled to respect. The objects were openly avowed and pursued with good success. In the whole country bordering on the lakes, the power of the Shawanoe prophet was felt, and the work of reforming the Indians from habits of intoxication and civilization went rapidly forward.*

It appears to have been Tecumseh's plan to effect a grand union of all the tribes which maintained any intercourse with the United States, and admit of no treaties or sales of lands without the united consent of all the tribes. Such a confederation had never existed, and Tecumseh fully relied upon the success of the plan. He was well educated, could read and write, and had a confidential secretary and adviser, named Billy Caldwell, a half-breed, who was afterwards head chief of the Pottawatomies.

Time passed on, and in 1806 the conviction become stronger that the northwestern tribes were preparing for war against

* Drake's Tecumseh—Peck's Compilation.

the United States. However, nothing of consequence took place during this year, although Tecumseh and the prophet labored on diligently, and with good success, to accomplish their plans. On the twenty-seventh of January, 1807, Governor Hull, of Michigan Territory, having been authorized by the federal government to enter into a treaty with the Northwestern Indians for the lands on the eastern side of the peninsula and for those west of the Connecticut Reserve, as far as the Auglaize, a council was held in Detroit, and a treaty made in November with the Ottawas, Chippewas, Wyandots and Pottawatomies, by which the country from the Maumee to Saginaw Bay, on the eastern side of Michigan, was transferred to the United States.

In my history of the State of Michigan, published in 1873, we find Tecumseh's plan set forth in these words: "These new troubles were indeed nothing more than the Americans might have expected. The Indians saw a new power encroaching upon the inheritance that had been handed down to them from their ancestors. It was not difficult, therefore, to unite them in one last desperate effort to resist this usurping power. Their titles had been only partially extinguished, and they complained that where this had been done the treaties had been unfairly conducted; that the Indians had been deceived; that they were in a state of intoxication at the time they signed away their lands, and that even under these circumstances, only a part of the tribes had given their consent."

It is believed that the dissatisfaction existing among the Indians in the Northwest was increased by the representations of England, who still held a bad feeling towards the Americans, and the agents of the Northwest Fur Company, "who foresaw that if the Americans were permitted to occupy this country they would be cut off from a valuable portion of their trade. The American pioneers of the lake region had no doubt encroached upon the rights of the savages. The English took advantage of these circumstances and did all in their power to rouse the natives towards this war. As we have seen, the prophet had already commenced his mission. He

did all that artful superstition could do to excite the tribes into a war against the Americans.

The principles of the league, with a few exceptions, were similar to those of that grand confederacy, which was, as we have observed in the first part of this narrative, formed by Pontiac. Tecumseh's plan was to surprise and capture Forts Detroit, Wayne, Chicago, St. Louis, Vincennes and the adjacent American posts, and to unite all the tribes east of the Mississippi. As early as 1807 the Shawanoe chieftain and his brother were actively engaged in sending their deputies, with large presents and bloody war belts, to the most distant nations, to persuade them to come into the league, "and when the comet appeared in 1811, the prophet artfully turned it to account by practicing on the superstitions of the savages." Early in May, a special emissary was sent to the distant tribes of Lake Superior, and a grand council being there assembled by the deputy, "he told the Indians that he had been sent by the messenger and representative of the Great Spirit, and that he was commissioned to deliver to them a speech from the first man whom God had created, said to be in the Shawanoes country." He delivered the speech with which he was charged in these words: "I am the father of the English, and of the French, and of the Spaniards, and of the Indians. I created the first man, who was the common father of all these people, as well as of ourselves, and it is through him, whom I have awakened from his long sleep, that I now address you. But the Americans I did not make. They are not my children, but the children of the evil spirit. They grew from the scum of the great water when it was troubled by the evil spirit and the froth was driven into the woods by a strong east wind. But I hate them. My children, you must not speak of this talk to the whites; it must be hidden from them. I am now on the earth sent by the Great Spirit to instruct you that you may be taught. The bearer of this must point out to you the way to my wigwam. I could not come myself, L'Arbre Croche, because this world is changed from what it was. It is broken and leans down, and as it declines the Chippewas and all beyond will fall off and die. Therefore, you must come to me

and be instructed. Those villages which do not listen to this talk will be cut off from the face of the earth."

Such were the measures adopted by the artful prophet to induce the savages to fall into the ranks of Tecumseh's army, and they were in every respect successful. Thus did the cunning Shawanoe chief carry his work forward. Before the month of June, 1806, they had removed from Greenville to the banks of the Tippecanoe, a tributary of the upper Wabash, where a tract of land had been granted them by the Pottawatomies and Kickapoos. In the following July the prophet sent a messenger to Gen. Harrison, begging him not to believe the tale told by his enemies and promising to visit him soon. In August he repaired to Post Vincennes, and by his fine talk convinced the governor that he had no evil designs.

Mr. Brown, in speaking of Chief Tecumseh and his brother, the prophet, in his History of Illinois, says: "Tecumseh entered upon the great work he long contemplated in the year 1805 or 1806. He was then about thirty-eight years of age. To unite the several Indian tribes, many of which were hostile to, and had often been at war with each other, in this great and important undertaking, prejudices were to be overcome, their original manners and customs to be re-established, the use of ardent spirits to be abandoned, and all intercourse with the whites to be suspended. The task was herculean in its character and beset with difficulties on every side. Here was a field for the display of the highest moral and intellectual powers. He had already gained the reputation of a brave and sagacious warrior, and a cool-headed, upright, wise and efficient counsellor. He was neither a war nor a peace chief, and yet he wielded the power and influence of both. The time having now arrived for action, and knowing full well that to win savage attention some bold and striking movement was necessary, he imparted his plan to his brother, the prophet, who adroitly and without a moment's delay, prepared himself for the part he was appointed to play in this great drama of savage life. Tecumseh well knew that excessive superstition was everywhere a prominent trait in the Indian character, and, therefore, with the skill of another Cromwell, brought superstí-

tion to his aid. Suddenly, his brother began to dream dreams and see visions; he became afterward an inspired prophet, favored with a divine commission from the Great Spirit — the power of life and death was placed in his hands — he was appointed agent for preserving the property and lands of the Indians, and for restoring them to their original happy condition. He thereupon commenced his sacred work. The public mind was aroused, unbelief gradually gave way, credulity and wild fanaticism began to spread its circles, widening and deepening, until the fame of the prophet and the divine character of his mission had reached the frozen shores of the lakes and overran the broad planis which stretched far beyond 'the great Father of Waters.' Pilgrims from remote tribes sought with fear and trembling the headquarters of the prophet and the sage. Proselytes were multiplied and his followers increased beyond all former example. Even Tecumseh became a believer, and seizing upon the golden opportunity, he mingled with the pilgrims, won them by his address, and on their return sent a knowledge of his plan of concert and union to the most distant tribes. The bodily and mental labors of Tecumseh next commenced. His life became one of ceaseless activity. He traveled, he argued, he commanded. His persuasive voice was one day listened to by the Wyandots, on the plains of Sandusky; on the next his commands were issued on the banks of the Wabash. He was anon seen paddling his canoe across the Mississippi, then boldly confronting the Governor of Indiana in the council house at Vincennes. Now carrying his banner of union among the Creeks and Cherokees of the south, and from thence to the cold and inhospitable regions of the north, neither intoxicated by success nor discouraged by failure."

It is not my purpose, in this narrative, to explain any of those international disputes which led to the war of 1812. We have only to deal with those events which induced the Indians to join in that war against the Americans, and of these the reader has already observed many.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

TECUMSEH AND THE PROPHET UNITING THE SAVAGES FOR WAR—TROUBLE IN THE COUNCIL AT VINCENNES—GOVERNOR HARRISON DENOUNCES TECUMSEH AND ORDERS HIM TO LEAVE THE VILLAGE—THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE—HARRISON'S VICTORY.

THROUGHOUT the year 1809, we find Tecumseh and the prophet preparing themselves for the contest that was approaching. Governor Harrison again suspected that the Indians were preparing for another war, and he wrote to the Secretary of War to that effect, giving, also, his views of the defenses of the frontier, and the course proper to be pursued in case of a war with England.

In the latter part of the year 1809, the Governor of Indiana made several treaties with the Delawares, Pottawatomies, Miamis, Eel River Indians, Weas and Kickapoos, in which these nations ceded certain lands upon the Wabash, but against all of these Tecumseh entered a bitter protest in the following year, and now it was plain to Governor Harrison that the Shawanoe chieftain had formed a determination to unite all the Western tribes in hostility to the United States, unless the government of the latter should consent to relinquish all the lands bought at the treaties of Fort Wayne, and, for the future, recognize the principle that no purchases could be made unless from a council representing all the tribes united as one nation. By various acts, the feelings of Tecumseh became evident, and in August, 1810, he met Governor Harrison in council at Vincennes. The Governor had made arrangements for holding the council on the portico of his own house, which had been fitted up with seats for the occasion. Here, on the morning of the fifteenth of August, he awaited the arrival of the chief, being attended by the Judges of the Supreme Court, some

officers of the army, a sergeant and twelve men from Fort Knox, and a large number of citizens. At the appointed time Tecumseh arrived, followed by forty of his principal warriors, the others remaining outside of the village. When the chief had approached within thirty or forty yards of the house, he suddenly stopped, as if awaiting some further invitation from the Governor. An interpreter was sent out to tell him to take seats on the portico. To this Tecumseh objected. He did not think, he said, that the place was suitable for holding a council, but preferred that they should repair to a neighboring grove. The Governor said he had no objection to the grove, except that there were no seats in it for their accommodation. Tecumseh replied that that constituted no objection to the grove, "the earth being the most suitable place for the Indians, who loved to repose upon the bosom of their mother." Governor Harrison consented to remove to the grove, where the chiefs were soon seated in order on the grass.

The council was opened by Tecumseh, who stated at length his objections to the treaty of Fort Wayne, made by Governor Harrison in the previous year; and in the course of his speech, boldly avowed the principles of his party to be, that of resistance to every cession of land, unless made by all the tribes, who, he contended, formed but one nation. He admitted that he had threatened to kill the chiefs who signed the treaty of Fort Wayne; and that it was his fixed determination not to permit the village chiefs, in future, to manage their affairs, but to place the power with which they had been heretofore invested, in the hands of the war chiefs. The Americans, he said, had driven the Indians from the sea coast, and would soon push them into the lakes; and, while he disclaimed all intention of making war upon the United States, he declared it to be his unalterable resolution to take a stand, and resolutely oppose the further intrusion of the whites upon the Indian lands. He concluded, by making a brief but impassioned recital of the various wrongs and aggressions inflicted by the white men upon the Indians, from the commencement of the revolutionary war down to the period of that council; all of which was

calculated to arouse and inflame the minds of such of his followers as were present.*

Governor Harrison replied, and the interpreter at once began explaining the speech to the Shawanoe chieftain, who, becoming offended at some portion of it, sprang to his feet, interrupting the interpreter, and began to speak with great force. The governor was completely astonished at this proceeding, but as he did not understand him, thought he was making some explanation, and suffered his attention to be drawn towards Winnemac, a friendly Indian lying on the grass before him, who was renewing the priming of his pistol, which he had kept concealed from the other Indians, but in full view of the governor. His attention, however, was again directed towards Tecumseh, by hearing General Gibson, who was intimately acquainted with the Shawanoe language, say to Lieut. Jennings, "those fellows intend mischief; you had better bring up the guard." At that moment the followers of Tecumseh seized their tomahawks and war clubs, and sprang upon their feet, their eyes turned upon the governor. As soon as he could disengage himself from the arm chair in which he sat, he rose, drew a small sword which he had by his side, and stood on the defensive. Capt. G. R. Floyd, of the army, who stood near him, drew a dirk, and the chief, Winnemac, cocked his pistol. The citizens present were more numerous than the Indians, but were unarmed; some of them procured clubs and brick-bats, and also stood on the defensive. The Rev. Mr. Winans, of the Methodist Church, ran to the governor's house, got a gun, and posted himself at the door to defend the family. During this frightful scene, no one spoke, until the guard came running up, and appeared to be in the act of firing. The governor gave orders for them to halt, and then demanded of the interpreter an explanation of what had happened. He replied that Tecumseh had interrupted him, declaring that all the governor had said was false; and that he and the Seventeen Fires had cheated and imposed on the Indians.

The governor then declared that Tecumseh was a bad man, and ordered him to leave the village at once, which, of course,

* American State Papers.

terminated the council. It was now evident that the savages were bent on war, and Harrison began to strengthen his position, in expectation of it. He soon received reinforcements and marched to the Wabash, where, about sixty miles above Vincennes, he built "Fort Harrison." At this place one of his sentinels was fired upon, and news received which plainly indicated that the Indians were preparing for battle. The governor then determined to move directly upon Tippecanoe—Tecumseh's headquarters—and upon the thirty-first of October, he arrived near the mouth of the Vermilion River, where he built a blockhouse for the protection of his boats, and a place of deposit for his heavy baggage. From this place he marched directly into the prophet's town, where he was met by ambassadors; he told them he had no hostile intentions, provided the Indians were true to existing treaties, and made preparations to encamp.*

The spot where the troops encamped was not altogether what could have been wished, as it afforded great facility to the approach of savages. It was a piece of dry oak land, rising about ten feet above the level of a marshy prairie in front (towards the Indian town) and nearly twice that height above a similar prairie in the rear, through which and near to this bank, ran a small stream clothed with willows and brushwood. Towards the left flank this bench of high land widened considerably, but became gradually narrow in the opposite direction, and at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards from the right flank, terminated in an abrupt point. The two columns of infantry occupied the front and rear of this ground, at the distance of about one hundred and fifty yards from each other on the left, and something more than half that distance on the right flank—these flanks were filled up, the first by two companies of mounted riflemen, amounting to about one hundred and twenty men, under the command of Maj.-Gen. Wells, of the Kentucky militia, who served as a Major; the other by Spencer's company of mounted riflemen, which amounted to eighty men. The front line was composed of one battalion of United

* Dawson's Historical Narrative. American State Papers. Western Annals.

States infantry, under the command of Major Floyd, flanked on the right by two companies of militia, and on the left by one company. The rear line was composed of a battalion of United States troops under the command of Capt. Bean, acting as Major, and four companies of militia infantry under Lieut.-Col. Decker. The regular troops of this line joined the mounted riflemen under General Wells, on the left flank, and Col. Decker's battalion formed an angle with Spencer's company on the left. Two troops of dragoons, amounting, in the aggregate, to about sixty men, were encamped in the rear of the left flank, and Capt. Parke's troop, which was larger than the other two, in the rear of the front line.

For a night attack the order of encampment was the order of battle, and each man slept immediately opposite to his post in the line. In the formation of the troops, single file or Indian file was adopted, for the reason that in Indian warfare there is but little shock to resist, one rank being quite as effective as two; and, again, the extension of the lines is of great importance.

At this place they remained until the seventh of November, when about four o'clock in the morning, just after the governor had risen, the left flank was attacked by the enemy. But a signal gun was fired by the sentinels or by the guard in that direction, which made no resistance, abandoning their posts and fleeing into camp; and the first notice which the troops of that flank had of the danger, was from the yells of the savages within a short distance of the line. But even under these circumstances, the men were not wanting in courage and discipline. Such of them as were awake, or were easily awakened, seized their arms and took their stations; others which were more tardy, had to contend with the enemy in the doors of their tents. The storm first fell upon Capt. Barton's company of the fourth United States regiment, and Capt. Geiger's company of mounted riflemen, which formed the left angle of the rear line. The fire from the Indians was exceedingly severe, and men in these companies suffered considerably before relief could be brought to them. Some few Indians passed into the encampment near the angle, and one or two penetrated to

some distance before they were killed. All the other companies were formed for action before they were fired on.

The morning was dark and cloudy and the fires of the Americans afforded only a partial light, which gave greater advantage to the enemy than to the troops, and they were therefore extinguished. As soon as the governor could mount his horse he rode to the angle that was attacked, where he found that Barton's company had suffered severely and the left of Geiger's entirely broken. He immediately ordered Cook's and Wentworth's companies to march up to the centre of the rear line and form across the angle in support. His attention was then attracted by a heavy fire upon the left of the front line, where were stationed the small company of United States riflemen and the companies of Bean, Snelling and Prescott. As the General rode up he found Major Daviess forming the dragoons in the rear of those companies, and having ascertained that the heaviest fire proceeded from some trees about fifteen or twenty paces in front of those companies, he directed the Major to dislodge them with a part of the dragoons. Unfortunately the Major's gallantry caused him to undertake the execution of the order with a smaller force than was required, which enabled the enemy to avoid him in front and attack his flanks. The Major was mortally wounded and the party driven back.

The Indians were, however, immediately and gallantly dislodged from their advantageous position by Capt. Snelling, at the head of his company. In the course of a few minutes after the commencement of the attack, the fire extended along the left flank, the whole of the front, the right flank and part of the rear line. Upon Spencer's mounted riflemen and the right of Warwick's company, which was posted on the right of the rear line, it was excessively severe. Capt. Spencer and his first and second lieutenants were killed, and Capt. Warwick was mortally wounded, those companies, however, still bravely maintained their posts, but Spencer had suffered so severely, and having originally too much ground to occupy, Harrison reinforced them with Robb's company of riflemen, which had been driven, or by mistake ordered from their position on the

left flank, towards the centre of the camp, and filled the vacancy that had been occupied by Robb with Prescott's company of the Fourth United States regiment. The General's great object was to keep the lines entire, to prevent the enemy from breaking into the camp until daylight, which should enable him to make a general and effectual charge. With this view he had reinforced every part of the line that had suffered much, and with the approach of morning he withdrew from the front line Snelling's, Posey's and Scott's, and from the rear line Wilson's companies, and drew them up upon the left flank, and at the same time ordered Cook's and Bean's companies, the former from the rear, and the latter from the front line, to reinforce the right flank, forseeing that at these points the enemy would make their last efforts. Major Wells, who commanded on the left flank, took command of these companies and charged upon the enemy, driving them at the point of the bayonet into the marsh, where they could not be followed. Meanwhile Capt. Cook and Lieut. Barabee marched their companies to the right flank and formed them under the fire of the enemy, and being then joined by the riflemen of that flank, charged the enemy, killing a number of Indians and putting the rest to a precipitate flight.*

In this battle Gen. Harrison commanded only about seven hundred efficient men, while the Indians numbered nearly one thousand warriors. The loss of the American army was thirty-seven killed on the field, twenty-five mortally wounded and one hundred and twenty-six wounded; that of the Indians about forty killed on the spot, the number of wounded being unknown. The battle of Tippecanoe was fought on the seventh of November, 1811. It was a decisive victory for the United States, and for some time after the frontiers enjoyed peace.

* American State Papers.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

TECUMSEH'S ANGER — HE JOINS THE BRITISH — HULL'S INGLORIOUS CAMPAIGN — SURRENDER OF DETROIT — SURRENDER OF MACKINAC — TRIUMPHS OF THE BRITISH — HULL'S INCAPACITY.

WHILE the prophet was leading the confederated warriors to battle against Harrison's army near Tippecanoe, Tecumseh was absent among the Southern Indians for the purpose of bringing them into the confederacy. On his return a few days after Harrison's victory, he found, to his great dissatisfaction, that many of his followers had dispersed; that his brother had disgraced himself by his imprudence, and that his best hopes were destroyed. He was very angry at his brother, seized him by the hair, shook him violently and threatened to take his life. By his imprudence in attacking the American army at Tippecanoe the prophet had destroyed his own power and ruined the projected confederacy.

Tecumseh immediately sent word to Gov. Harrison that he had returned from the south, and that he was ready to visit the President as had been previously proposed. The Governor gave him permission to proceed to Washington, but not as the leader of a party of Indians, as he desired. The proud chief, who had appeared at Vincennes in 1810 with a large party of braves, had no desire to appear before his "Great Father," the President, without his retinue. The proposed visit was declined and the intercourse between Tecumseh and the Governor terminated. In June, he sought an interview with the Indian agent at Fort Wayne, disavowed any intention of making war on the United States, and reproached Gen. Harrison for having marched against his people during his absence. The agent replied to this; Tecumseh listened with frigid indifference, and after making a few general remarks with a haughty air, left

the council house and departed for Fort Malden, in Upper Canada, where he joined the British standard.*

During the winter of 1811–12 we find the Congress of the United States discussing the subject of war with Great Britain. The reader is probably familiar with the causes which led to this. Even as early as December, 1811, a proposition was openly made to invade Canada in the following spring, before the ice broke up, and in particular was urged the necessity of such operations at the outset of the anticipated contest as should wrest from the enemy the command of the upper lakes and secure the neutrality or favor of the Indian tribes by the conquest of Upper Canada.

Measures were also taken for the defense of the Northwest frontier against Indian hostility, and which, in the event of a rupture with Great Britain, would enable the United States to obtain command of Lake Erie. These steps were, however, by no means suitable to the attainment of this object. In place of a naval force on Lake Erie, the importance of which had been frequently urged, the government proposed to use no other military means, and hoped, by the presence of two thousand soldiers, to effect the capture or destruction of the British fleet. When, therefore, Gen. Hull, to whom the command of the army destined for the conquest of Canada had been confided, commenced his march from Dayton, on the first of June, it was with means which he himself regarded as utterly inadequate to the object aimed at, a fact which sufficiently explains his vascillating, nerveless conduct. Through that whole month, he and his troops toiled on toward the Maumee, busy with their roads, bridges and block-houses. On the twenty-fourth, advices from the Secretary of War, dated on the eighteenth, came to hand, but not a word contained in them made it probable that the long expected war would be immediately declared, although Col. McArthur at the same time received word from Chillicothe warning him, on the authority of Thomas Worthington, then Senator from Ohio, that before the letter reached him, the declaration would have been made public. This information McArthur laid before

* Brown's History of Illinois.

Gen. Hull; and when, upon reaching the Maumee, that commander proposed to place his baggage, stores and sick on board a vessel, and send them by water to Detroit, the backwoodsman warned him of the danger, and refused to trust his own property on board. Hull, however, treated the report of war as the old story which had been current through all the spring, and refused to believe it possible that the government would not give him information at the earliest moment that the measure was resolved on. He, accordingly, on the first of July, embarked his disabled men and most of his goods on board the Cuyahoga packet, suffering his aid-de-camp in his carelessness to send by her even his instructions and army-roll, and then proceeded upon his way. The next day, July second, a letter of the same date of that received upon the twenty-fourth of June, reached him with the intelligence that war had that day been declared. Before his astonishment was over, word was brought of the capture of his packet off Malden, with all his official papers. The latter passed into the hands of the foe, and thus informed them of his purposes and his strength. However no effort was made by the British to prevent the Americans from marching to Detroit, nor to interfere with their passage across the river to Sandwich, where they established themselves on the twelfth of July, preparatory to attacking Malden itself. "And here, at once," says Mr. Peck, in the Western Annals, "the incapacity of Hull showed itself. By his own confession he took every step under the influence of two sets of fears; he dared not, on the one hand, act boldly for fear that his incompetent force would be all destroyed; while, on the other hand, he dared not refuse to act for fear his militia, already uneasy, would desert him." Thus embarrassed, he proclaimed freedom to the Americans, holding out inducements to the British militia to desert, and to the Indians to keep quiet. Satisfied with this he sat still at Sandwich, endeavoring to pacify his bloodthirsty backwoodsmen, who seemed furious to attack Malden. Meanwhile Col. Cass and Col. Miller, by an attack upon the advanced parties of the enemy, demonstrated the willingness and power of their men to push their conquests if the chance were given, but

Hull refused the opportunity, and when the appointed time arrived that the army was to make the assault, Hull, for some reason, returned with most of his army to Detroit, "having effected nothing except the destruction of all confidence in him on the part of the whole force under his control, officers and privates."

By this time, Col. Proctor had reached Malden, and perceiving at once the power which the position of that post gave him over the supplies of the army of the United States, he commenced a series of operations, the object of which was to cut off the communications of Hull with Ohio, and thus not merely neutralize all active operations on his part, but starve him into surrender or force him to detail his whole army in order to keep open his way to the only point from which supplies could reach him. A proper force on Lake Erie, or the capture of Malden, would have prevented this annoying and fatal mode of warfare, but the imbecility of the government and that of the General, combined to favor the plans of Proctor.* He stopped the stores on their way to Detroit, at the river Raisin, and defeated the insufficient band of two hundred men under Van Horn, sent by Hull to escort them. Further than this, he so far withstood a detachment of five hundred under Col. Miller as to cause Hull to recall the remnant of that victorious and gallant band, though it had completely routed both British and Indians. In this way Proctor held the Americans in check until the arrival of Gen. Brock. This officer reached Malden on the thirteenth of August, and immediately began operations for the conquest of Detroit.

On the fourteenth of August, while a party under Col. McArthur was dispatched by Hull to open communication with the river Raisin, Gen. Brock appeared at Sandwich and began to erect batteries to protect his further operations. Hull would not permit any of his men to molest these batteries, saying that if the enemy did not fire on him he would not on them, and though, when summoned to surrender on the fifteenth of August, he stoutly refused, yet, upon the sixteenth, without striking a blow, he surrendered the town of Detroit

* See Hull's Defense—Western Annals.

and territory of Michigan, together with fourteen hundred men, longing for battle, to three hundred English soldiers, four hundred Canadian militia, disguised in red coats, and a band of Tecumseh's warriors.* For this conduct he was accused of treason and cowardice, and convicted of the latter. "Nor can we doubt," says Mr. Peck, "the justice of the sentence. However brave he may have been personally, he was as a commander a coward; and moreover he was influenced, confessedly, by his fears as a father, lest his daughter and her children should fall into the hands of the Indians. In truth his faculties seem to have been paralized by fear; fear that he should fail; fear that his troops would be unfair to him; fear that the savages would spare no one if opposed with vigor; fear of some undefined horrid evil impending."

But the fall of Detroit was not the only misfortune of this summer. On the seventeenth of July a British force, together with Canadians and Indians, numbering in all, one thousand and twenty, attacked the American garrison at Mackinac, and the latter, amounting to but fifty-seven effective men, felt unable to withstand so formidable a body, and to avoid the constantly threatened Indian massacre, surrendered as prisoners of war, and were dismissed on parole.

* McAffee's Account—Hull's Trial—Western Annals.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHICAGO — ITS EARLY SETTLEMENT — ITS CONDITION IN 1812 — ORDER FOR EVACUATION — COUNCIL WITH THE INDIANS — THEIR PROMISES AND THEIR TREACHERY — THE MASSACRE — HEROISM OF WOMEN — ACCOUNTS OF MRS. HELM AND OTHERS — THRILLING INCIDENTS.

WE next come to one of the saddest events in the whole narrative — the massacre of Chicago. A small trading post had been established at Chicago in the period of French explorations, but no village formed; and it will be remembered that at the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, the Pottawatomies, Miamis and other nations agreed to relinquish their right to a peace of land six miles square at the mouth of the Chicago river, "where a fort formerly stood."

The United States erected a small fort upon the site of the present city of Chicago in 1804, called Fort Dearborn. It stood in the same place where the fort was erected in 1833, but was of a different construction, having two block houses on the southern side, and on the northern side, a sally port or subterranean passage from the parade ground to the river. In 1812 the fort was garrisoned by Capt. Heald, commanding, Lieut. Helm, Ensign Ronan, Surgeon Voorhees and seventy-five men, very few of whom were effective.

The Indians in the vicinity had always manifested a friendship for the officers and soldiers of the garrison. However, the principal chiefs and braves of the Pottawatomie nation visited Fort Malden, on the Canada side, annually, received presents to a large amount, and were in alliance with Great Britain. Many Pottawatomies, Winnebagoes, Ottawas and Shawanoes were in the battle of Tippecanoe, yet the principal chiefs in the immediate vicinity were on amicable terms with the Americans at this post. Besides those persons, attached to

the garrison there was in the fort the family of Mr. Kinzie, who had been engaged in the fur trade at that spot from 1804, and a few Canadians, or *engages*, with their wives and children.

On the seventh of April, 1812, a band of hostile Winnebagoes attacked Mr. Lee's settlement, at a place called Hardscrabble, about four miles from Chicago, and massacred a Mr. White, and a Frenchman in his employ. Two other men escaped. For some days after this there were signs of hostile Indians, and repeated alarms at the garrison, but the whole passed off in quietness until all apprehension was dismissed. On the seventh of the following August, Winnemeg, or Catfish, a friendly Pottawattomie chief, arrived at Chicago (Fort Dearborn) bringing dispatches from Governor Hull, the commander-in-chief in the Northwest. These dispatches announced the declaration of war between the United States and Great Britain; that General Hull, at the head of the army in the Northwest, was on his way from Fort Wayne to Detroit, and that the British had possessed themselves of Mackinac. His orders to Captain Heald, were, "to evacuate the post, if practicable, and, in that event, to distribute the property belonging to the United States, in the fort, and in the factory or agency, to the Indians in the neighborhood." *

Chief Winnemeg, after delivering his dispatches, repaired to the house of Mr. Kinzie and stated to him that he was acquainted with the purport of the communications he had brought, and begged him to ascertain if it were the intention of Captain Heald to evacuate the post. He advised strongly that such a step should not be taken, since the garrison was well supplied with ammunition, and with provisions for a six month's siege. He added that it would be far better to remain until a reinforcement could be sent to their assistance. If, however, Capt. Heald should decide on leaving the post, it should by all means be done immediately. The Pottawatomies, through whose country they must pass, being ignorant of Winnemeg's mission, a forced march might be made before the hostile Indians were prepared to interrupt them.

* Western Annals.

Capt. Heald was immediately informed of this advice. He said that it was his intention to evacuate the post, but that inasmuch as he had received orders to distribute the United States property, he would not leave until he had collected the Indians in the neighborhood, and made a fair division of the property among them. Winnemeg then urged the expediency of marching out and leaving all things standing. Possibly, he said, while the savages were engaged in apportioning the spoils, the troops might effect their retreat unmolested. Mr. Kinzie strongly supported this advice, but it did not meet the approbation of the commanding officer. The order for evacuating the post was read on the following morning at parade. For some reason, Capt. Heald relied on his own judgment in this matter, and refused to hold a council with his officers. In the course of the day, finding no council was called, the officers waited upon Capt. Heald, wishing to be informed as to what course he had determined to pursue. When they learned his intention to leave the fort, they remonstrated with him, setting forth the dangers that such a measure would incur upon the garrison. It was highly improbable, they said, that the command would be permitted to pass through the country in safety to Fort Wayne. For, although it had been said that some of the chiefs had opposed an attack upon the post, planned the preceding autumn, yet, it was well known that they had been actuated in that matter by motives of private regard to one family, and not to any general friendly feeling towards the Americans; and that, at any rate, it was hardly to be expected that these few individuals would be able to control the whole tribe, who were thirsty for blood. In the next place, their march must necessarily be slow as their movements must be accommodated to the helplessness of the women and children, of whom there were many with the garrison; that, of their small force, some of the soldiers were superannuated and others invalid; therefore, since the course to be pursued was left discretional, their advice was to remain where they were, and fortify themselves as strongly as possible. Succor from the other side of the peninsula might arrive before they could be attacked by the British from Mackinac, and even should there

not, it were far better to fall into the hands of the latter, than to become the victims of the savages.

Capt. Heald's reply was that a special order had been issued by the War Department, that no post should be surrendered without battle having been given; and that his force was totally inadequate to an engagement with the Indians. That he should, unquestionably, be censured for remaining when there appeared a prospect of a safe march through, and that upon the whole, he deemed it expedient to assemble the Indians, distribute the property among them, and then ask of them an escort to Fort Wayne, with the promise of a considerable reward upon their safe arrival—adding, that he had full confidence in the friendly professions of the Indians, from whom, as well as from the soldiers, the capture of Mackinac had been kept a profound secret.

From this time the officers held themselves aloof, and spoke but little upon the subject, though they considered the project of Capt. Heald little short of madness. The dissatisfaction among the soldiers hourly increased, until it reached a high degree of insubordination. Upon one occasion, as Captain Heald was conversing with Mr. Kinzie, upon the parade, he said, "I could not remain, even if I thought it best, for I have but a small store of provisions." "Why, Captain," said a soldier, who stood near, forgetting all etiquette, in the excitement of the moment, "you have cattle enough to last the troops six months." "But," replied Captain Heald, "I have no salt to preserve the beef with." "Then jerk* it," said the man, "as the Indians do their venison."

The Indians now became daily more unruly. Entering the fort in defiance of the sentinels, they made their way without ceremony into the quarters of the officers. On one occasion, an Indian took up a rifle and fired it in the parlor of the commanding officer, as an expression of defiance. Some were of opinion, that it was intended, among the young men, as a signal for an attack. The old chiefs passed backward and for-

* This is done by cutting the meat in thin slices, placing it upon a scaffold and making a slow fire under it, which dries and smokes it at the same time.

ward, among the assembled groups, with the appearance of the most lively agitation, while the squaws rushed to and fro in great excitement, and evidently prepared for some fearful scene.* Any further manifestation of ill-feeling was, however, suppressed for the present, and Captain Heald, strange as it may seem, continued to entertain a conviction of his having created so amicable a disposition among the Indians, as would insure the safety of the command, on their march to Fort Wayne.

In the midst of this excitement, a messenger arrived among the Indians from Tecumseh, with the news of the capture of Mackinac, the defeat of Van Horne, and the retreat of Gen. Hull from Canada. He desired them to arm immediately, and intimated that Hull would soon be compelled to surrender.

Matters continued in this state until the twelfth of August, when a council was held with the Indians who had collected. None of the military officers attended except Capt. Heald, although requested by him to do so. They had been informed that it was the intention of the young chiefs to massacre them in council, and as soon as the commander left the fort, they took command of the blockhouses, opened the port holes and pointed the loaded cannon so as to command the whole council. This, probably, caused a postponement of their horrid designs.

At the council the captain informed the Indians of his intentions to distribute, the next day, among them, all the goods in the storehouses, with the ammunition and provisions. He requested the Pottawatomies to furnish him an escort to Fort Wayne, promising them a liberal reward upon their arrival there, in addition to the liberal presents they were now to receive. The Indians were profuse in their professions of good-will and friendship, assented to all he proposed, and promised all that he desired. The result shows the true character of the savages. "No act of kindness, nor offer of reward, could assuage their thirst for blood." Mr. Kinzie, who well understood the Indian character and their designs, waited on the commander, in the hope of showing him his real situation. He told him that the Indians had been secretly hostile to the

* Western Annals.

Americans for a long time; that since the battle of Tippecanoe he had dispatched orders to all his traders to furnish no ammunition to them, and pointed out the wretched policy of Capt. Heald in furnishing the enemy with arms and ammunition to destroy the Americans. This argument opened Heald's eyes, and he resolved to destroy the ammunition and liquor. On the thirteenth the goods were distributed, and the liquor and ammunition destroyed.

Meanwhile, Capt. Wells was hastening forward from Fort Wayne to aid the garrison at Chicago. He had heard of the order of Gen. Hull to evacuate Fort Dearborn, and knowing the hostile intentions of the Pottawatomies, he had made a rapid march through the wilderness, to prevent, if possible, the exposure of his sister, Mrs. Heald, the officers and garrison, to certain destruction. But he came too late! The ammunition had been destroyed, and the provisions were in the hands of the enemy. He, therefore, urged an immediate departure, and, accordingly every preparation was made for the march of the troops on the following morning. On the day of Capt. Wells' arrival another council was held with the savages, in which they expressed great dissatisfaction at the destruction of the liquor and ammunition. "Murmurs and threats were heard in every quarter." Among the chiefs and braves were several who, although they partook of the feelings of hostility to the Americans, yet retained a personal regard for the troops and the white families in the place. They exerted their utmost influence to allay the angry feelings of the savage warriors, but to no purpose. Among these was Black Partridge, a chief of some distinction. The evening after the second council, he entered Heald's room and said: "Father, I come to deliver up to you the medal I wear. It was given me by the Americans, and I have long worn it in token of mutual friendship. But our young men are resolved to imbrue their hands in the blood of the whites. I cannot restrain them, and I will not wear a token of peace while I am compelled to act as an enemy." The ammunition that had been reserved—twenty-five rounds to a man—was now distributed. The baggage wagons for the sick, the women and

children were ready, and, "amidst the surrounding gloom, and the expectation of a fatiguing march through the wilderness, or a disastrous issue on the morrow, the whole party, except the watchful sentinels, retired for a little rest." At length the fatal morning of the fifteenth of August arrived. The sun rose in splendor above the placid bosom of Lake Michigan, the air was balmy, and, excepting the distressing apprehensions of the garrison and their families, the morning was delightful.

At an early hour Mr. Kinzie received a message from Topeneebe, a friendly chief of the St. Joseph's band, informing him that the Pottawatomies, who had promised to be an escort to the detachment, designed mischief. Mr. Kinzie had placed his family under the protection of some friendly Indians. This party embarked in a boat, and consisted of Mrs. Kinzie, four children, a clerk of Mr. Kinzie's, two servants and the boatmen, with two Indians as protectors. This boat was intended to pass along the southern shore of the lake to St. Joseph, while Mr. Kinzie and his eldest son had agreed to accompany Capt. Heald and the troops, as he thought his influence over the Indians would enable him to restrain the fury of the savages, as they were much attached to him and his family. Topeneebe urged him and his son to accompany his family in the boat, assuring him the hostile Indians would allow his boat to pass in safety to St. Joseph's. The boat had but reached the lake, when another messenger arrived from the same chief to detain them where they were.

At nine o'clock the troops, with the baggage wagons, left the fort "with martial music and in military array." Capt. Wells, at the head of his band of Miamis, led the advance, with his face blackened after the manner of Indians; the troops with the wagons, containing the women and children, the sick and lame, followed, while, at a little distance behind, were the Pottawatomies, about five hundred in number, who had pledged their honor to escort them in safety to Fort Wayne. The party took the road along the lake shore, and on reaching the point where a range of sand hills commenced, the Pottawatomies defiled on the right into the prairie, so as to bring the sand hills between them and the Americans. They had marched

about a mile and a half from the fort, when Capt. Wells, who, with his Miamis, was in advance, rode furiously back and exclaimed:

"They are about to attack us; form instantly, and charge upon them!"

But these words had scarcely been uttered, when a volly of balls from Indian muskets, behind the sand-hills, poured upon them. The troops were formed as quick as possible and charged up the bank. One man, a veteran soldier of seventy, fell as they mounted the bank. The battle became general. The Miamis fled at the outset, though Capt. Wells did his utmost to induce them to stand their ground. Their chief rode up to the Pottawatomies, charged them with treachery, and, brandishing his tomahawk, declared, "he would be the first to head a party of Americans and punish them." He then turned his horse and galloped after his companions over the prairie.* The American troops charged upon the Indians in a gallant manner, and "sold their lives dearly." Mrs. Helm, wife of Lieut. Helm, was in the thickest of the action, and behaved with singular presence of mind. Indeed every woman present acted with great composure. Mrs. Helm, in giving an account of the battle, or the massacre, said that the horses pranced and bounded, and could hardly be restrained, as the balls whistled around them. She drew off to one side and gazed upon Lieut. Helm, her husband, who was as yet unharmed. She says: "I felt that my hour was come and endeavored to forget those I loved, and prepare myself for my approaching fate. While I was thus engaged, the surgeon, Dr. V., came up; he was badly wounded. His horse had been shot under him, and he had received a ball in his leg. Every muscle of his countenance was quivering with the agony of terror. He said to me, 'Do you think they will take our lives? I am badly wounded, but I think not mortally. Perhaps we might purchase our lives by promising them a large reward. Do you think there is any chance?'

"'Dr. V.,' said I, 'do not let us waste the few moments that yet remain to us in such vain hopes. Our fate is inevitable.

* Western Annals.

Shocking Massacre of Spaniards.

CHARGE OF COL. DAVISS AT TIPPECANOE.

In a few moments we must appear before the bar of God. Let us endeavor to make what preparation is yet in our power.' 'Oh! I cannot die!' exclaimed he; 'I am not fit to die—if I had but a short time to prepare—death is awful!' I pointed to ensign Ronan, who, though mortally wounded, and nearly down, was still fighting with desperation upon one knee.

"'Look at that man,' said I, 'at least he dies like a soldier!'

"'Yes,' replied the unfortunate man, with a convulsive gasp, 'but he has no terrors of the future—he is an unbeliever!'

"At this moment a young Indian raised his tomahawk at me. By springing aside I avoided the blow which was aimed at my skull, but which alighted on my shoulder. I seized him around the neck, and, while exerting my utmost efforts to get possession of his scalping-knife, which hung in a scabbard over his breast, I was dragged from his grasp by another and older Indian.

"The latter bore me, struggling and resisting, towards the lake. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which I was hurried along, I recognized, as I passed them, the lifeless remains of the unfortunate surgeon. Some murderous tomahawk had stretched him upon the very spot where I had last seen him.

"I was immediately plunged into the water, and held there with a forcible hand, notwithstanding my resistance. I soon perceived, however, that the object of my captor was not to drown me, as he held me firmly in such a position as to place my head above the water. This reassured me, and regarding him attentively, I soon recognized, in spite of the paint, with which he was disguised, *The Black Partridge.*

"When the firing had somewhat subsided, my preserver bore me from the water and conducted me up the sand-banks. It was a burning August morning, and walking through the sand in my drenched condition, was inexpressibly painful and fatiguing. I stopped and took off my shoes to free them from the sand, with which they were nearly filled, when a squaw seized and carried them off, and I was obliged to proceed without them. When we had gained the prairie, I was met by my father, who told me that my husband was safe, and but

slightly wounded. They led me gently back toward the Chicago river, along the southern bank of which was the Pottawatomie encampment. At one time I was placed upon a horse without a saddle, but soon finding the motion insupportable, I sprang off. Supported partly by my kind conductor, and partly by another Indian, *Pee-so-tum*, who held dangling in his hand the scalp of Capt. Wells, I dragged my fainting steps to one of the wigwams.

"The wife of *Wau-bee-nee-mah*, a chief from the Illinois river, was standing near, and seeing my exhausted condition, she seized a kettle, dipped up some water from a little stream that flowed near, threw into it some maple sugar, and stirring it up with her hand, gave it to me to drink. This act of kindness, in the midst of so many atrocities, touched me most sensibly, but my attention was soon diverted to another object. The fort had become a scene of plunder to such as remained after the troops had marched out. The cattle had been shot down as they ran at large and lay dead or dying around.

"As the noise of the firing grew gradually less, and the stragglers from the victorious party dropped in, I received confirmation of what my father had hurriedly communicated in our renconter on the lake shore; namely, that the whites had surrendered after the loss of about two-thirds their number. They had stipulated for the preservation of their lives, and those of the remaining women and children, and for their delivery at some of the British posts, unless ransomed by traders in the Indian country. It appears that the wounded prisoners were not considered as included in the stipulation, and a horrible scene occurred upon their being brought into camp.

"An old squaw, infuriated by the loss of friends, or excited by the sanguinary scenes around her, seemed possessed by a demoniac ferocity. She seized a stable fork and assaulted one miserable victim who lay groaning and writhing in the agony of his wounds, aggravated by the scorching beams of the sun. With a delicacy of feeling scarcely to have been expected under such circumstances, *Wau-bee-nee-mah* stretched a mat across two poles between me and this dreadful scene. I was

thus spared, in some degree, a view of its horrors, although I could not entirely close my ears to the cries of the sufferer. The following night five more of the wounded prisoners were tomahawked."

But why dwell upon this painful subject? Why describe the butchery of the children, twelve of whom, placed together on one baggage-wagon, fell beneath the merciless tomahawk of one young savage? This atrocious act was committed after the whites, twenty-seven in number, had surrendered. When Capt. Wells beheld it he exclaimed; "Is that their game? Then I will kill too!" So saying, he turned his horse's head, and started for the Indian camp near the fort, where had been left their squaws and children.

Several Indians pursued him, firing at him as he galloped along. He laid himself flat on the neck of his horse, loading and firing in that position; at length the balls of his pursuers took effect, killing his horse and severely wounding himself. At this moment he was met by Winnemeg and Wau-ban-see, who endeavored to save him from the savages who had now overtaken him; but as they supported him along, after having disengaged him from his horse, he received his death-blow from one of the party, (Pee-so-tum,) who stabbed him in the back.

The heroic resolution of one of the soldier's wives deserves to be recorded. She had, from the first, expressed a determination never to fall into the hands of the savages, believing that their prisoners were always subjected to tortures worse than death. When, therefore, a party came up to her, to make her prisoner, she fought with desperation, refusing to surrender, although assured of safe treatment, and literally suffered herself to be cut to pieces, rather than become their captive.*

The heart of Capt. Wells was taken out and cut into pieces, and distributed among the tribes. His mutilated body was not interred until "Billy Caldwell," Tecumseh's Secretary, arrived and buried it. The head was entirely separated from the body, and the latter was cut into several pieces. The family of Mr. Kinzie had been taken from the boat to their home,

* Western Annals.

by friendly Indians, and there strictly guarded. Very soon a hostile party of the Pottawatomies arrived from the Wabash, and "it required all the skill and bravery of Black Partridge, Waubansee, Billy Caldwell and other friendly Indians to protect them." Messengers had been sent by the Chicago Indians to notify all hostile tribes of the intended evacuation of the fort, and of their plan of attacking the troops. Wherever these messages were delivered, the Indians wasted no time in repairing to the scene of massacre, but most of them arrived too late. These were infuriated at their disappointment, and sought to glut their vengeance on the wounded and prisoners. Mr. Kinzie and his family escaped through the protection of the savages. Of the other prisoners, Capt. Heald and Mrs. Heald were sent across the lake to St. Joseph's, the day after the battle. Capt. Heald had received two wounds, and his wife seven, the ball of one of which was cut from her arm by Mr. Kinzie with a pen-knife, after the engagement. Mrs. Heald was ransomed on the battle-field by a half-breed, for a mule and ten bottles of whisky. Capt. Heald was taken prisoner by an Indian from the Kankakee, who, seeing the wounded and suffering condition of Mrs. Heald, generoulsy released his prisoner, that he might accompany his wife. But when this Indian returned to his village on the Kankakee, he found that his generosity had excited so much dissatisfaction in his band that he resolved to visit St. Joseph's and reclaim his prisoner. News of his intention having reached Topeneebe, Keepotah, Chandonnai and other friendly braves, they sent them in a bark canoe, under the charge of Robinson, a half-breed, along the eastern side of Lake Michigan, three hundred miles, to Mackinac, where they were delivered over to the commanding officer.

Lieut. Helm was wounded in the action and taken prisoner; and afterwards taken by some friendly Indians to the Au Sable, and from thence to St. Louis, and liberated from captivity through the agency of Thomas Forsyth. Mrs. Helm received a slight wound in the ankle; had her horse shot from under her; and, after passing through the agonizing scenes described, went with the family of Mr. Kinzie to Detroit. The soldiers,

with their wives and children, were dispered among the different villages of the Pottawatomies, upon the Illinois, Wabash, Rock River and Milwaukee. The largest proportion were taken to Detroit, and ransomed the following spring. Some, however, remained in captivity another year, and experienced more kindness than was expected from an enemy so merciless.*

In addition to the accounts of the massacre of Fort Dearborn, already given, I will affix the official report of Capt. Heald, which differs in no essential particular from that already given:

"On the ninth of August, I received orders from Gen. Hull to evacuate the post, and proceed with my command to Detroit, leaving it at my discretion to dispose of the public property as I thought proper. The neighboring Indians got the information as early as I did, and came from all quarters to receive the goods in the factory store, which they understood were to be given to them. On the thirteenth, Capt. Wells, of Fort Wayne, arrived with about thirty Miamis, for the purpose of escorting us in by the request of Gen. Hull. On the fourteenth, I delivered the Indians all the goods in the factory store, and a considerable quantity of provisions, which we could not take away with us.

The surplus arms and ammunition, I thought proper to destroy, fearing they would make bad use of it, if put in their possession.

I also destroyed all the liquor on hand, soon after they began to collect. The collection was unusually large for that place, but they conducted with the strictest propriety, till after I left the fort.

On the fifteenth, at nine o'clock A. M., we commenced our march—a part of the Miamis were detached in front, the remainder in our rear as guards, under the direction of Capt. Wells. The situation of the country rendered it necessary for us to take the beach, with the lake on our left, and a high bank on our right, at about one hundred yards distance. We proceeded about a mile and a half, when it was discovered the Indians were prepared to attack us from behind the bank.

I immediately marched up the company to the top of the bank, when the action commenced; after firing one round, recharged, and the Indians gave way in front and joined those on our flanks. In about fifteen minutes, they got possssion of all our horses, provision and baggage of every description, and, finding the Miamis did not assist us, I drew off the few men I had left, and took possession of a small elevation in the open prairie out of shot of the bank or any other cover. The Indians did not follow me, but assembled in a body on the the top of the bank, and after some consultation among themselves, made signs to me to approach them. I

* Peck's Compilation.

advanced towards them alone, and was met by one of the Pottawatomie chiefs called the Blackbird, with an interpreter.

After shaking hands, he requested me to surrender, promising to spare the lives of all the prisoners. On a few moments' consideration, I concluded it would be the most prudent to comply with his request, although I did not put entire confidence in his promise. After delivering up our arms, we were taken back to their encampment near the fort, and distributed among the different tribes.

The next morning they set fire to the fort, and left the place, taking the prisoners with them. Their number of warriors was between four and five hundred, mostly of the Pottawatomie nation, and their loss, from the best information I could get, was about fifteen. Our strength was fifty-four regulars and twelve militia, out of which twenty-six regulars and all the militia, were killed in the action, with two women and twelve children.

Ensign George Ronan and Doctor Isaac V. Van Voorhees, of my company, with Capt. Wells, of Fort Wayne, are, to my great sorrow, numbered among the dead. Lieut. Lina T. Helm, with twenty-five non-commissioned officers and privates, and eleven women and children, were prisoners when we separated.

Mrs. Heald and myself were taken to the mouth of the river St. Joseph, and being both badly wounded, were permitted to reside with Mr. Burnet, an Indian trader. In a few days after our arrival there, the Indians all went off to take Fort Wayne, and in their absence I engaged a Frenchman to take us to Michilimackinac, by water, where I gave myself up as a prisoner of war, with one of my sergeants.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

RAISING AN ARMY TO CONQUER THE ENGLISH IN THE NORTHWEST — EARLY SETTLEMENTS IN ILLINOIS — EXPEDITION UNDER GOVERNOR EDWARDS AND COLONEL RUSSELL — SEIGE OF FORT HARRISON — CAPTAIN TAYLOR'S DEFENSE — THE ARMY UNDER HARRISON, WINCHESTER AND TUPPER.

THE defeat of General Hull, and the victories of English and Indians in the Northwest produced the greatest excitement among the people of the Western States, and especially in Kentucky and Ohio. By the middle of August, 1812, the whole Northwest, with the exception of Fort Wayne and Fort Harrison, was in the possession of the British and the savages. But one desire seemed to actuate the heart of every American on the borders — "to wipe off the disgrace with which our arms had been stained, and to roll back the desolation that threatened the frontier of Ohio and territories beyond."

As we have seen, General Harrison had been appointed Brigadier-General in the army of the United States. The all absorbing theme was now the raising of another army to conquer the British and subdue the red men. The work immediately began. In the course of a few weeks Kentucky had about seven thousand men in the field under Gen. Thos. Todd. A large body of troops was also raised in the same State to march against the Indians of Indiana and Illinois, under Gen. Samuel Hopkins. Meanwhile Governor Edwards, of Illinois, was active in raising men and making preparations for an expedition against the hostile Indians on the Illinois river. Col. Wm. Russell engaged himself in raising a company of rangers to coöperate with Governor Edwards. The place of rendezvous was near the present town of Edwardsville, west of Cahokia, and named "Camp Russell." The scattered set-

tlements of Illinois then extended no further north than Wood river, near Alton. A line drawn from that point past Greenville and Mount Vernon to Shawneetown, would have enclosed all the white population, except a few families on the Wabash, adjacent to Vincennes. The concerted arrangement was, for Gen. Hopkins, with about four thousand mounted riflemen, to move up the Wabash to Fort Harrison, cross over to the Illinois country, destroy all the Indian villages near the Wabash, march across the prairies to the head waters of the Sangamon and Vermilion rivers, form a junction with the Illinois rangers under Governor Edwards and Col. Russell, and sweep over all the villages along the Illinois river.*

As soon as the troops under Gen. Hopkins entered the prairies of Illinois they became disorderly, which defeated the objects of the expedition. By constantly firing at the game with which they came in contact, they made the Indians aware of their approach, and gaining a knowledge of the force of their invaders, they left their villages in flight. The troops under Governor Edwards and Col. Russell, however, accomplished more; they ascended the river to the village of the Peorias and drove the savages into the swamps, killing many and destroying their town.

On the twenty-eighth of August of the same year, the Pottawatomies, Ottawas, and other hostile Indians, made an attack on Fort Wayne, which they continued until the sixteenth of September, cutting off all approach to the fort until relieved by a strong force under Gen. Harrison. Early in September a fierce attack was made on Fort Harrison, situated a short distance above the site of the present city of Terre Haute, and which was commanded by Capt. Z. Taylor. Tecumseh's band and many other hostile Indians appeared before the fort, having first murdered two persons belonging to the post, whom they found in the open fields. They set fire to one of the blockhouses, which was discovered about midnight, and which produced the greatest confusion among the garrison. Capt. Taylor immediately directed the men to get the buckets, carry water from the well and extinguish the fire, but from some cause

* Peck's Compilation.

the men were slow in executing the orders, and in spite of every exertion they could make the flames ascended to the roof. As this blockhouse adjoined the barracks that made part of the fortifications, most of the men immediately gave themselves up for lost, and the Captain had the greatest difficulty in getting his orders executed. Indeed, from the raging of the fire, the yelling and howling of a thousand savages, the cries of women and children in the fort, and the despondency of so many men, his own feelings were unpleasant. The situation became worse on account of the sickness which at the time prevailed in the fort. Two of the strongest men of the garrison, regarding resistance out of reason, jumped the pickets and left. In this terrible moment Capt. Taylor conceived a plan by which the fort and garrison were saved. He explained to the men that by throwing off a part of the roof that joined the blockhouse that was on fire and keeping the end perfectly wet, the whole row of buildings might be saved. In this way the fire would leave only an opening of eighteen or twenty feet for the entrance of the Indians after the house was consumed, and that a temporary breastwork might be erected to prevent their entering there. The men were taken with the plan and went to work in a good spirit to execute it; meanwhile those unable for such arduous duty kept up a constant fire from the other blockhouse and the two bastions. The men who undertook the execution of the Captain's plan succeeded by the loss of only one of their number. In a few moments the roof was removed, and before the dawn of the following morning a temporary breastwork had been erected over the ashes of the blockhouse. During the whole of the siege but two of the men were killed within the fort. Of those who jumped the pickets, one was murdered in the most cruel manner by the Indians, the other escaped to the fort with his arm broken. The savages kept up a continual fire until about six o'clock on the following morning, when it was returned with such effect that they were driven away.

The Indians drove up the horses that belonged to the settlers of the post, and as they could not catch them they shot the whole of them before the eyes of the commandant, as also the

hogs and cattle, amounting to over one hundred head. By the burning of the blockhouse the garrison were deprived of all their provisions and were compelled to live upon green corn until relief came.

Meanwhile, extensive preparations were going on in Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, to bring a large and efficient army into service—a force that would compel the British to retire, and subjugate the savages. Three points needed defence, Fort Wayne and the Maumee, the Wabash, and the Illinois river: the troops destined for the first point were to be under the command of Gen. Winchester, a revolutionary officer; those for the Wabash were to be under Harrison, whose name since the battle of Tippecanoe was familiar everywhere; while Governor Edwards, of the Illinois Territory, was to command the expedition up the river of the same name. Such were the intentions of the Government, but the wishes of the people frustrated them, and led, first, to the appointment of Harrison to the command of the Kentucky volunteers, destined to assist Hull's army, and next to his elevation to the post of commander-in-chief over all the forces of the west and northwest, as already observed. Meantine Fort Wayne had been relieved, and the line of the Maumee secured; so that when Harrison found himself placed at the head of military affairs in the West, his main objects were, first, to drive the Indians from the western side of the Detroit river; second, to take Malden; and third, having thus secured his communications, to recapture the Michigan Territory and its dependencies. To do all this before winter, and thus be prepared to conquer Upper Canada, Harrison proposed to take possession of the rapids of the Maumee and there to concentrate his forces and his stores; in moving upon this point he divided his troops into three columns, the right to march from Wooster through Upper Sandusky, the centre from Urbana, by Fort McArthur, on the head of the Scioto, and the left from St. Mary's by the Auglaize and Maumee,—all meeting of course at the Rapids. This plan, however, failed; the troops of the left column, under Winchester,* worn out and starved, were found on the verge of

* Peck's compilation.

mutiny, and the mounted men of the centre, under Gen. Tupper, were unable to do anything, partly from their own want of subordination, but still more from the shiftlessness of their commander.* This condition of the troops, and the prevalence of disease among them, together with the increasing difficulty of transportation after the fall freshets, forced the commander to the necessity of waiting until the winter had bridged the streams and swamps with ice, and even when that had taken place, he was doubtful as to the wisdom of an attempt to conquer without a naval force on Lake Erie. Thus it will be seen the year 1812 closed, leaving the British and Indians in possession of their conquests. Winchester, with the left wing of the army, was on his way to the Rapids, his men enfeebled by sickness, want of clothes and want of food; the right wing was approaching Sandusky, and the centre resting at Fort McArthur.

In December, however, Gen. Harrison dispatched a party of six hundred against the Miami villages upon the Mississineway, a branch of the Wabash. This body, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Campbell, destroyed several villages, and fought a severe battle with the Indians, who were defeated; but the severity of the weather, the large number of the wounded, the scarcity of provisions, and the probability of being attacked by Tecumseh at the head of six hundred warriors, induced Col. Campbell to retreat immediately after the battle, without destroying the principal towns of the enemy.

Winchester reached the Rapids with his troops on the tenth of January, 1813. Harrison was still at Sandusky with the right wing, and Tupper with the centre at Fort McArthnr.

* McAfee.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WAR OF 1812 — DEFEAT AT FRENCHTOWN — GROGHAN'S HEROIC DEFENSE OF FORT STEPHENSON — DEFEAT OF THE AMERICANS — PREPARATIONS FOR A NEW CAMPAIGN — PERRY'S VICTORY — HARRISON'S TRIUMPH — THE INDIANS SUBDUED — THE ENGLISH DEFEATED — CLOSE OF THE WAR.

WINCHESTER was now besieged with messengers from Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, representing the danger to which that place was exposed, and begging for protection. Agreeably to these requests, Col. Lewis was dispatched with five hundred men to the River Raisin, and soon after Col. Allen followed with over one hundred more. This was in January, 1813. Marching along the frozen borders of the bay and lake, on the afternoon of the eighteenth, the detachment reached and attacked the enemy who were posted in the village, and after a severe contest defeated them. Having gained possession of the town, Col. Lewis wrote for reinforcements, and prepared to defend the possession he had gained. And it was evident that all his means of defense would be needed, as the place was but eighteen miles from Malden, where the whole British force was collected under Proctor. Winchester, on the nineteenth, having heard of the action of the previous day, marched with two hundred and fifty men, which was the most he dared detach from the Rapids, to the aid of the captor of Frenchtown, which place he reached on the next evening. But instead of placing his men in a secure position, and taking measures to prevent the secret approach of the enemy, Winchester suffered the troops he had brought with him to remain in the open ground, and took no efficient measures to protect himself from surprise, although informed that an attack might be expected at any moment. The consequence was that during

the night of the twenty-first, the whole British force approached undiscovered, and erected a battery within three hundred yards of the American camp. From this, before the troops were fairly under arms in the morning, a discharge of bombs, balls and grape shot, "informed the devoted soldiers of Winchester, of the folly of their commander, and in a moment more the dreaded Indian yell sounded on every side." Lewis' troops were, it would seem, on their guard, protected by the pickets of a garden. Those under Winchester were in the open field, and against them the main effort of the enemy was directed. In a few moments Winchester's troops yielded, broke and fled, under a fire which mowed them down like grass. Winchester and Lewis were both taken prisoners, the latter having left his security to aid his superior officer. Upon Lewis' troops, however, who fought from behind their slight defenses, no impression could be made, and it was not until Winchester sent them advice to surrender that they thought of doing so.* This Proctor persuaded him to do, by telling him that the Indians would massacre all the Americans should resistance be continued longer. To this he added a promise of help and protection to the wounded, and of a removal at the earliest moment. It was only in consideration of the last promise that Lewis' troops consented to yield, even when required by their general. "But," says Mr. Peck, "the promise, even if given in good faith, was not redeemed, and the horrors of the succeeding night and day will long be remembered." Of the American army, which was nearly eight hundred strong, one-third were killed in the battle and the massacre which followed, and but thirty-three escaped.

As before mentioned, Gen. Harrison was at Sandusky when Winchester reached the Rapids. On the night of the sixteenth word came to him of the arrival of the left wing at that point, and of its meditated movements. He at once proceeded with all speed to Lower Sandusky, and on the morning of the eighteenth, sent forward a battalion of troops to the support of Winchester. On the nineteenth, he received farther intelligence as to the proposed movement of Winchester, and, with

* Peck's Compilation.

additional troops, he immediately started for the falls, where he arrived early on the morning of the twentieth. At this point he joined the battalion, which had started before him. The troops now moved forward to aid Winchester, but meeting a few of the survivors of his disaster, and learning of what had taken place, they returned to the Rapids. At this place a consultation took place, the result of which was a determination to retreat yet farther in order to prevent the possibility of being cut off from the convoys of stores and artillery upon their way from Sandusky. On the next morning, therefore, the block-house, which had been built, was destroyed, together with the provisions it contained, and the troops retired to Portage river, eighteen miles in the rear of Winchester's position, there to await the guns and reinforcements which were daily expected, but which, as it turned out, were detained by rains until the thirtieth of January. Finding his army seventeen hundred strong, Gen. Harrison, on the first of February, again advanced to the Rapids, where he took up a new and stronger position, at which point he ordered all the troops as rapidly as possible to gather. He did this in the hope of being able before the middle of the month to advance upon Malden, but the long continuance of warm and wet weather kept the roads in such a condition that his troops were unable to join him, and the project of advancing upon the ice was entirely frustrated; so at length the winter campaign had to be abandoned, as the autumnal one had been before.

So far the military measures for the recovery of the Northwest forts had proved a failure. The Americans had been defeated at almost every turn, and hundreds of them had fallen under the merciless tomahawk. Tecumseh and his warriors, on the other hand, were full of hope. Victory had crowned their efforts, and made them more valuable as British allies.

But while these discouraging events were taking place in the Northwest, a series of events transpired at the National Capital, which was preparing the way for another campaign, which was destined to victory. Gen. Armstrong had succeeded Dr. Eustis in the War Department, and in October, 1812, he urged upon the government the great necessity of obtaining the

command of the lakes. Naval operations were the basis of his plan. Among the defensive operations of the spring and summer of 1813, that at Fort or Camp Meigs, the new post taken by Harrison,* at the Rapids, and that at Lower Sandusky, deserve to be especially noticed. It had been anitcipated that, with the opening of spring, the British would attempt the conquest of the position upon the Maumee, and measures had been taken by the general to forward reinforcements, which were detained, however, as usual by the spring freshets and the bottomless roads. As had been expected, on the twenty-eighth of April, the English forces began the investment of Harrison's camp, and by the first of May had completed their batteries; meantime, the Americans behind their tents had thrown up a bank of earth twelve feet high, and upon a basis of twenty feet, behind which the whole garrison withdrew the moment that the gunners of the enemy were prepared to commence operations. Upon this bank, the ammunition of His Majesty was wasted in vain, and down to the fifth, nothing was effected by either party. On that day, Gen. Clay, with twelve hundred additional troops, came down the Maumee in flatboats, and, in accordance with orders received from Harrison, detached eight hundred men under Col. Dudley to attack the batteries upon the left bank of the river, while, with the remainder of his forces, he landed upon the southern shore, and after some loss and delay, fought his way into camp. Dudley, on his part, succeeded perfectly in capturing the batteries, but instead of spiking the cannon, and then instantly returning to his boats, he suffered his men to waste their time in skirmish with the Indians, until Proctor was able to cut them off from their only chance of retreat; taken by surprise, and in disorder, the greater part of the detachment became an easy prey, only one hundred and fifty of the eight hundred escaping captivity or death. This sad result was partially, though but little alleviated by the success of a sortie made from the fort by Col. Miller, in which he captured and made useless the batteries that had been erected south of the Maumee. The result of the day's doings had been sad enough for the Americans, but still

* Mr. Peck's Compilation.

the British General saw in it nothing to encourage him; his cannon had done nothing, and were in fact no longer of value; his Indian allies found it "hard to fight people who lived like groundhogs;" news of the American successes below had been received, and additional troops were approaching from Ohio and Kentucky. Proctor, weighing all things, determined to retreat, and upon the ninth of May returned to Malden.

The ship-building going forward at Erie had not, meanwhile, been unknown to, or disregarded by, the English, who proposed all in good time to destroy the vessels upon which so much depended, and to appropriate the stores of the Republicans: "the ordnance and naval stores you require," said Sir George Prevost to Gen. Proctor, "must be taken from the enemy, whose resources on Lake Erie must become yours. I am much mistaken, if you do not find Capt. Barclay disposed to play that game." Capt. Barclay was an experienced, brave and able seaman, and was waiting anxiously for a sufficient body of troops to attack Erie. A sufficient force was promised him, on the eighteenth of July, at which time the British fleet went down the lake to reconnoitre, and, should a favorable opportunity be presented, to make the proposed attempt upon the Americans at Erie. No attack, however, was made. About the same time, Proctor, with his soldiers and savages, again surrounded Fort Meigs, but accomplished nothing. Being unable to accomplish anything at this point, he moved on to Sandusky, into the neighborhood of the commander-in-chief. The principal stores of Harrison were at Sandusky, while he himself was at Seneca. Major Groghan commanded at Fort Stephenson or Lower Sandusky.* This latter post being deemed indefensible against heavy cannon, and it being known that Proctor was approaching with artillery, the General and a council of war, called by him, thought it best to abandon it; but before this could be done, the appearance of the enemy upon the thirty-first of July, 1813, made it impossible. The commandant of this post was but twenty-one years

* I depend, in this portion of the narrative, very materially upon the compilation of Mr. Peck, entitled the Western Annals. Published by Mr. Albach at St. Louis, in 1851.—Ed.

of age, and the garrison consisted of but one hundred and fifty soldiers. There was within the fort only one piece of cannon, and the fortifications were deemed insecure. On the other hand, the investing force, including Tecumseh and his warriors, was over three thousand three hundred strong, with six pieces of artillery.

Proctor at once demanded a surrender, and told Groghan that unless he did so at once a general massacre would follow. To this the daring young officer replied by saying, that "the Indians would have none left to massacre, if the British conquered, for every man of the garrison would have died at his post." Proctor at once opened fire upon the fort, concentrating his aim upon the northwest angle of the fort. This led Groghan to believe that the British intended to make a breach there, and carry the works by assault; he, therefore, at once proceeded to strengthen that point by bags of sand and flour, while under cover of night he placed his single six pounder in a position to rake the angle threatened, and then, having charged his infant battery with slugs, and hidden it from the enemy, he waited the event. During the night of the first of August, and till late in the evening of the second, the firing continued upon the devoted northwest corner; then, under cover of the smoke and gathering darkness, a column of three hundred and fifty men approached unseen to within twenty paces of the walls. The musketry opened upon them, but with little effect. The ditch was gained, and in a moment filled with men: at that instant, the masked cannon, only thirty feet distant, and so directed as to sweep the ditch, was unmasked and fired, killing at once twenty-seven of the assailants. The effect was decisive, the column recoiled, and the little fort was saved with the loss of one man. On the next morning the British and their allies, having the fear of Harrison before their eyes, were gone, leaving behind them in their haste, guns, stores, and clothing.

But now all were active, preparing for the attack on Malden. Kentucky sent her best men in vast numbers, under Governor Shelby and Richard M. Johnson, and on the fourth of August Perry got his vessels out of Erie into deep water. But of that

contest we need say nothing, for Perry's victory has become a household word throughout America.

Meanwhile the American army had received reinforcements, and was only awaiting the expected victory of Commodore Perry, to embark. On the twenty-seventh of September, it set sail for the shores of Canada, and in a few hours stood around the ruins of the deserted and wasted Malden, from which Proctor had retreated to Sandwich, intending to make his way to to the heart of Canada, by the valley of the Thames.* On the twenty-ninth Harrison was at Sandwich, and McArthur took possession of Detroit and the territory of Michigan. At this point Col. Johnson's mounted rifle regiment, which had gone up the west side of the river, rejoined the main army. On the second of October, the Americans began their march in pursuit of Proctor, whom they overtook upon the fifth. He had posted his army with its left resting upon the river, while the right flank was defended by a marsh; the ground between the river and the marsh was divided lengthwise by a smaller swamp, so as to make two distinct fields in which the troops were to operate. The British were in two lines, occupying the field between the river and small swamp; the Indians extended from the small to the large morass, the ground being suitable to their mode of warfare, and unfavorable for cavalry. Harrison ordered Col. Johnson with his mounted men to charge, and try to break the regular troops, by passing through their ranks and forming in their rear. In arranging to do this, Johnson found the space between the river and small swamp too narrow for all his men to act in with effect; so, dividing them, he gave the right hand body opposite the regulars in charge to his brother James, while crossing the swamp with the remainder, he himself led the way against Tecumseh and his savage followers. The charge of James Johnson was perfectly successful. The Kentuckians received the fire of the enemy, broke through their ranks, and forming beyond them, "produced such a panic by the novelty of the attack that the whole body of troops yielded at once." On the left the Indians fought courageously, and the American

* McAfee, 324 to 328—Western Annals.

horsemen were forced to dismount; but in a few moments Tecumseh, the great Shawanoe chieftain, who, more than any other man brought about this war, fell dead. He was pierced by a bullet either from the Americans or from his own followers who become enraged at his defeat. The exact source of his death is a matter of dispute. The Indians were now disconcerted. They soon gave up the contest, and now all was over except the pursuit of Proctor, who had fled at the beginning of the engagement. Such were the glorious victories of our arms over the British and the Indians. Commodore Perry had been triumphant on Lake Erie, and the scarcely less brave Harrison conquerer in the battle of the Thames.

This last contest practically closed the war in the Northwest. Tecumseh having fallen, the Indians lost their power and prestige, and the British having been thoroughly defeated, gave but little trouble afterwards.

However, the Americans made one unsuccessful attempt to invade Canada afterwards. They also failed in an expedition against the British at Mackinac. Meanwhile, upon the twenty-second of July, 1814, a treaty had been formed at Greenville, under the direction of Gen. Harrison and Governor Cass, by which the United States and the faithful Wyandots, Delawares, Shawanoes, and Senecas, gave peace to the Miamis, Weas, and Eel river Indians, and to certain of the Pottawatomies, Ottawas, and Kickapoos; and all the Indians engaged to aid the Americans should the war with Great Britain continue. But such, happily, was not to be the case, and on the twenty-fourth of December, the treaty of Ghent was signed by the representatives of England and the United States.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BLACK HAWK—BLACK HAWK DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF AS A WARRIOR—BLACK HAWK JOINS THE BRITISH—THE SACS DRIVEN BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI—BLACK HAWK REMONSTRATES—DESCRIPTION OF THE PRINCIPAL SAC VILLAGE AT ROCK RIVER.

WE WILL now turn our course westward to the more recent, and perhaps the more interesting incidents of border warfare in that direction. The life and times of Black Hawk will next engage the reader's attention. One writer has truthfully said, "Black Hawk may die, his name may be forgotten, and the smoke of his wigwam be seen no more, but 'The Black Hawk War' will long form a page of deep interest in the history of this country."

Black Hawk, the Sac chieftain, was born at the principal Sac village on Rock river, in the year 1767. As with many other distinguished warriors, he was not a chief's son, but rose to that station through his own ability. At the early age of fifteen he distinguished himself by killing an enemy, and was at once permitted to paint himself after the custom of the Sac braves. At a later day he was also permitted to wear feathers according to the ancient customs of his tribe.

As early as 1783, he united in an expedition against the Osages, and had the high fortune to kill several of the enemy. For this brave act he was now permitted, for the first time, to join in the scalp dance. Subsequently he became the leader of a small band of his own tribe, and again performed acts of great valor. His band was soon increased, and presently he found himself at the head of more than a hundred braves. With this band he marched to an Osage village on the Missouri, but finding it deserted, most of his followers became dis-

couraged and returned home. Black Hawk, however, with only half a dozen followers, pursued the enemy, and after several day's march, succeeded in overtaking a small party and killing one man and a boy. Securing their scalps, he returned home, being greeted with additional respect.

In 1786 he was again marching at the head of two hundred braves into the country of the enemy. On this occasion he met a party quite equal to his own in numbers, and a battle took place in which he was victorious, having killed one hundred and losing only nineteen. Nearly a score of the enemy fell by his own hand. This successful event had a two-fold result—that of keeping the Osages in check and winning glory for Black Hawk. The Sacs, with this brave at their head, now turned their attention to the Cherokees, who had committed several depredations upon them. A battle was fought between these tribes upon the Merrimack river, below St. Louis, in which Black Hawk's father was killed, but the Cherokees were defeated and compelled to retreat with a loss of twenty-eight men, the Sacs losing but seven. So great was his success at this battle that he was immediately promoted to the high station of chief.

In the year 1800, "he made another excursion," says Mr. Conclin, "against the Osages, at the head of about five hundred Sacs and Foxes, and a hundred Iowas, who had joined him as allies. After a long march they reached and destroyed about forty lodges of the enemy, killing many of their bravest warriors, five of whom were slain by the leader of the invading army." In 1802, he waged a successful war against the Chippewas, Kaskaskias and Osages, killing over one hundred warriors.

In 1803, Black Hawk made a visit to St. Louis, to see his "Spanish father." He was well received, but found many sad faces because the United States were about to take possession of their country. Soon after, Lieut. Pike visited the camp of Black Hawk, made several presents, and delivered a speech to the Sacs, telling them that their American father would treat them well. He presented them with an American flag, which was hoisted, and requested them to pull down the British flag

and give him their British medals, promising to give them others from their American father. This, however, Black Hawk declined, saying that his people wished to have two fathers.

Soon after, the building of Fort Edwards near the head of the Des Moines rapids, gave great uneasiness to the Sacs. They sent a deputation to that point, which returned with unsatisfactory reports. Black Hawk now placed himself at the head of a strong force and marched to Fort Madison, which stood on the west bank of the Mississippi, some distance down the Des Moines. This fort was garrisoned with about fifty men. Black Hawk's spies having ascertained that the soldiers marched out of the fort every morning for exercise, he determined to conceal his party near the place and shoot them down. On the morning of the proposed attack several soldiers defiled out upon the plain, and three of their number was instantly shot down. The Indians then opened fire upon the fort, but being unable to accomplish anything in this way they returned to their village.

Upon the opening of the war of 1812, the Sacs tendered their services to the United States, but their offer was declined. They had not been as liberally supplied with presents by the Americans as they had anticipated, and in the meantime the British agents had "artfully fomented their discontent, and labored to win their confidence by the most liberal distribution among them of goods and ardent spirits." Soon after the declaration of war a British trader appeared among them with two boats loaded with goods. The British flag was immediately hoisted, and the trader told Black Hawk that he had been sent by Col. Dixon, who was then at Green Bay, with a large quantity of goods, and who was desirous that the Sac chieftain should raise a party of warriors and join him. Black Hawk had but little difficulty in raising two hundred braves. At the head of this band he marched to Green Bay, where he found Col. Dixon encamped with a large body of Indians from various tribes, who had already been furnished with arms and ammunition.

Dixon received Black Hawk with many marks of respect, told him that the English were about to drive the Americans

from their hunting grounds, and placing a medal about his neck he said, "you are to command all the braves that will leave here the day after to-morrow to join our braves near Detroit." Arms, clothing, knives and tomahawks were now distributed among Black Hawk's band, and at the appointed time five hundred warriors left Green Bay on their march to Detroit to join the British army. This was in August, 1812, shortly after the massacre at Fort Dearborn.

Black Hawk was unsuccessful among the British, and being tired with successive defeats he returned to his village on Rock river, where, in all probability, he would have remained neutral had it not been for the murder of his adopted son. By this lawless act he was again roused to vengeance against the Americans, and after remaining a few days at the village, and raising a band of braves, prepared for offensive operations upon the frontiers. The party, consisting of about thirty, descended the Mississippi in canoes to the site of old Fort Madison, which had been abandoned by the American troops and burned. Continuing their course they landed near Cap au Gis, where they killed one of the United States rangers, but were finally dispersed by a detachment from Fort Howard. The Indians, however, returned to the contest and a battle ensued between Black Hawk's party and the troops of Fort Howard, under Lieut. Drakeford of the United States Rangers. In this battle the Americans lost ten killed and several wounded, the loss being about equal on both sides.

In 1815, when the Indians along the Mississippi valley had been notified of the peace between the United States and England, they, for the most part, ceased hostilities; but Black Hawk and his band, and some of the Pottawatomies, were not inclined to live in peace. In the spring of 1816 they, in connection with the British, captured the garrison at Prairie du Chien, and attacked some boats that were ascending the Mississippi to that point with troops and provisions. One of the boats was captured and several of the crew killed. The boats were compelled to return. In 1816, however, Black Hawk and his tribe concluded a peace with the Americans, by which the hatchet was

buried; and now, we hear but little of this wonderful Indian until the hostilities which broke out in 1832.

Soon after this treaty the United States government built Fort Armstrong, upon Rock Island, in the Mississippi river, and but a few miles from the Indian village where Black Hawk resided. The Sac Indians were jealous of this movement, for they loved to look upon Rock Island as one of their choicest resorts. They had a traditionary belief that this island was the favorite residence of a good spirit which dwelt in a cave in the rocks on which Fort Armstrong was afterwards built. This spirit had often been seen by the Indians, but after the erection of the fort, alarmed by its noise and intrusion of the white man, it spread its beautiful wings and departed.

In the autumn of 1818, Black Hawk and some of his band went on a visit to their British father at Malden, and received many presents from him. A medel was given to Black Hawk for his fidelity to the British, and he was requested to make annual visits with his band, and receive such presents as had been promised him by Col. Dixon in 1812. These visits were regularly made down to 1830. In the latter year Black Hawk and his party encamped at two rivers for the purpose of hunting, and while there was so badly treated by some white men, that his prejudices against the Americans were greatly revived.

In the ensuing summer the Americans urged the whole of the Sacs and Foxes to remove to the west side of the Mississippi. This policy was urged upon them by the agent at Fort Armstrong. The principal Fox chief, and several of the Sac chiefs, among whom was Keokuk, assented to the removal. The latter sent a message through the village informing the Indians that it was the wish of their great father, the President, that they should all go to the west side of the Mississippi, and he pointed out the Iowa river as a suitable place for their new village. There was a party among the Sacs called the "British Band," who were bitterly opposed to a removal; and they appealed to their old leader, Black Hawk, for his decision on the question. He claimed the ground on which their village stood had never been sold, and that, therefore, the Americans had no right to insist upon the measure.

Black Hawk was now becoming old, and he felt that his power in the tribe was waning before the rising popularity of Keokuk, his rival. He now resolved to place himself at the head of a band, and, if possible, recover his influence.

However, during the following winter, while Black Hawk and his party were absent on a hunting expedition, several white families arrived at their village, destroyed some of their lodges, and commenced making fences over their cornfields. As soon as the old Sac chieftain heard of this movement, he promptly returned to Rock Island, where he found his own lodge occupied by the whites. He next went to Fort Armstrong and made complaint to the interpreter, the agent being absent. He next visited the prophet, Wabokiesheik, or White Cloud, whose opinions were held in much respect by the Sacs. This distingnished man urged Black Hawk not to remove, but to persuade Keokuk and his party to return to Rock river.

Black Hawk now returned to his hunting party, and in the spring when the band returned to their village they found the white settlers still there, in possession of their lodges and cornfields. About the same time Keokuk visited Rock river, and did all in his power to persuade the remaining Sacs to accompany him to the new village on the Iowa, but Black Hawk said it would be an act of cowardice to yield up their village and the graves of their fathers to strangers, who had no right to the soil. Keokuk's influence was exerted in vain and he returned to the western village.

The settlers began to increase, and it would seem that the Sac village on Rock river was the principal point of attraction. At this place the Sacs had had their principal village for more than seventy years. Their women had broken the surface of the surrounding prairies with their hoes and inclosed with a kind of pole-fence many fields which were annually cultivated by them in the raising of corn, beans and squashes. They had also erected several hundred houses of various dimensions, some probably one hundred feet in length by forty or fifty feet broad, which were constructed of poles and forks, arranged so as to form a kind of frame, which was then inclosed with the bark of trees, which, being pealed off and

dried under a weight, for the purpose of keeping it expanded, was afterwards confined to the walls and roof by means of cords composed of the bark of other trees. This was, indeed, a delightful spot. On the northwest rolled the majestic Mississippi, while the dark forests which clothed the island of Rock river, with its several rippling streams on the south coast, formed a delightful contrast which was rendered still more pleasing from the general declivity of the surrounding country as it sinks gradually away to the shores of these rivers. This ancient village literally became the graveyard of the Sac nation. Scarcely an individual could be found in the whole nation who had not deposited the remains of some relatives in or near to this place. Thither the mother, with mournful and melancholy step, annually repaired to pay a tribute of respect to her departed offspring, while the weeping sisters and loud lamenting widows joined the procession of grief, sometimes in accordance with their own feelings, no doubt, but always in pursuance of an established custom of their nation from time immemorial. On these occasions they carefully cleared away every spear of grass or other vegetable which they found growing near the graves, and made such repairs as seemed necessary. They also carried to the grave some kind of food which they left for the spirit of the deceased, and before they concluded these ceremonies they often, in a very melancholy and lamenting mood, addressed the dead, inquiring how they fared, and who, or whether any one performed for them the kind offices of mother, sister or wife, together with many other inquiries which a frantic imagination happened to suggest. This being one of the most important religious duties, was scrupulously observed by all the better class of this people.*

* Chronicle of North American Savages.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN BLACK HAWK AND THE SETTLERS AT ROCK RIVER—A MILITARY FORCE CALLED OUT TO REMOVE THE SAC INDIANS WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI—SKETCH OF KEOKUK—HIS BRAVERY, SAGACITY AND ELOQUENCE.

THE SETTLERS who established themselves at Rock river, in violation of the laws of Congress, and the provisions of all treaties, committed various aggressions upon the Indians, such as destroying their corn, killing their domestic animals, and whipping the women and children.* They took with them as articles of traffic, whisky and other liquors, and by distributing it among the savages, produced all the horrors of debauchery. Black Hawk remonstrated against this, and, upon one occasion, he, with two of his companions entered one of the houses where the liquor was kept, rolled out a barrel of whisky, broke in the head and emptied the contents upon the ground. Thus matters continued for several years. The settlers were pushing their claims in defiance of the rights of the Indians, and the latter could obtain no redress. According to the treaty which defined the rights and wrongs of this matter, "as long as the lands which are now ceded to the United States remain their property, the Indians belonging to said tribes shall enjoy the privilege of living and hunting upon them." None of the lands in the vicinity of Rock river were brought into market by the United States until the year 1829. Previous to this date, of course, the white settlers there were tresspassers of the law and of justice. In the latter year, however, a tract of land at the mouth of the Rock river, including the Sac village, was sold. This was done with a view of removing the Sac Indians to the west side of the Mississippi. Therefore, in the

* Life of Black Hawk.

spring of 1830, when Black Hawk and his band returned from the winter's hunt to occupy their lodges, and prepare for raising their crop of vegetables, they found that their lands had been purchased by the settlers. Black Hawk, greatly disturbed by this change, applied to the Indian agent at that place, wishing redress, but was informed that since the government had sold his land he had no longer any right to it. The chief still refused to cross the river, and in the course of that season he visited Malden, to talk with his British father on the subject. He also called upon Governor Cass at Detroit on the same subject. Both of these persons told him that if he remained quietly upon their lands, the Americans would not interfere with them. Consequently Black Hawk returned home determined to keep possession of his old village. But it was late in the fall when he arrived, his people had gone to the hunting grounds, and he was not long in following them. During this winter Keokuk exerted his best influence to induce them to desert Black Hawk and follow him to the new village on the Iowa, but without success. They were so firmly attached to their old chief, and to their ancient village that they returned with him to it in the following spring of 1831.

The traders at Rock river now attempted to induce Black Hawk and his band to leave by making him presents, and after a long persuasion the old chief agreed to go, provided the government would distribute six thousand dollars' worth of goods among his people. This the government promptly declined to do, and threatened to send an armed force to drive him from the village if he and his people did not leave at once. The squaws had planted their corn, and it was beginning to grow, but the settlers, claiming that the Indians had no right to the ground, plowed it up again. Matters had, at last, come to a crisis. The old chief could stand it no longer, and he notified every settler to leave the village at once. Meanwhile, not satisfied with their encroachments upon the rights of the savages, the settlers united in a memorial to the governor of the Territory of Illinois, in which they declared that the Sac Indians "had threatened to kill them; that they had acted in a most outrageous manner; threw down their fences; turned

horses into their cornfields; stole their potatoes, saying the land was theirs, and that they had not sold it; leveled deadly weapons at the citizens, and, on some occasions, hurt the citizens, for attempting to prevent the destruction of their property."

"One of these eight afflicted memorialists," says Mr. Conclin, "swore the other seven to the truth of their statements, and. with an earnest prayer for immediate relief, it was placed before his Excellency on the nineteenth of May."

But this was not the only complaint. Every day reports were coming in to the governor's office representing the lawless acts of "General Black Hawk" and his "British Band." These representations had the desired effect. A strong force was sent against the Sac Indians, and they were driven in terror to the west of the Mississippi.

Before passing on to the consequences of this measure, let us glance, for a moment, at Keokuk, Black Hawk's rival, who figures conspicuously in our narrative. He was a native Sac, and was born near the Rock river village, about the year 1780. Like Black Hawk, he was not a chief's son, but worked his way to the distinguished position of chief by his own native force of character, bravery and address. He began to manifest rare qualities at a very early period of his life. While but a youth he engaged in a battle against the Sioux. In the engagement he encountered and killed a Sioux warrior, with his spear, while on horseback; and, as the Sioux are distinguished for their horsemanship, this feat was looked upon as marvelous. A public feast was made in commemoration of it by his tribe, and the youthful warrior was from that day ranked among the greatest Sac braves.

During the war of 1812, and before Keokuk was old enough to be admitted to the councils of his nation, the American government, as we have already seen, sent an expedition against the Peoria Indians. During the advance of this detachment, a rumor reached the Sac village on Rock river, that the expedition would also attack the Sacs. This news threw the whole tribe into confusion. A council was immediately held, and all agreed to abandon their village. As soon as Keokuk heard of

this decision, he advanced to the door of the council house and asked to be admitted. This being granted, he next demanded permission to speak, which was also freely granted him. He said that he had heard their decision with surprise and regret; that he was opposed to a flight,until the strength of the enemy could be ascertained. He said, "make me your leader! Let your young men follow me, and the pale faces shall be driven back to their towns. Let the old men and the women, and all who are afraid to meet the white man stay here, but let your braves go to battle." The speech had a magic effect, and every warrior present declared that he was ready to follow the gallant Keokuk. He was chosen at once to lead them against the enemy. Of course, it turned out that the rumor was without foundation, and there was no enemy to battle with, but the eloquence and bravery of Keokuk placed him very high in the ranks of the Sac braves.

But it was not long before events transpired which gave him an opportunity to display his warlike spirit. At one time Keokuk was hunting with a party in the country which laid between the Sac and Sioux villages. As is well known, these tribes had been at war for many years. Unexpectedly a party of Sioux came upon them, mounted and ready for battle. The Sacs were also mounted, but the situation and numbers were both in favor of the Sioux. Keokuk instantly formed his men into a compact circle, ordered them to dismount, and take shelter behind their horses. By this ingenious movement they were enabled to screen themselves from the flying missiles of the Sioux. It also placed them in a position by which they could avail themselves of their superior skill as marksmen. The battle was a long and hard one, but Keokuk was triumphant, and routed the enemy with great loss. He had many other opportunities of showing his military skill, and was almost always successful.

Keokuk's eloquence and ability in civil matters were quite equal to his military talents. Some of his speeches are splendid evidences of his sagacity. While Black Hawk led many of the Sac braves against the Americans in the war of 1812, Keokuk and a majority of them remained neutral, but in

this he was exposed to great danger. He requested the agent of the American government to send to his village, on the west side of the Mississippi, a white man who understood the Sac language, and who might bear witness to his sincerity and faithfulness to the whites. Such a person was sent. The excitement among his people, kindled by the power of Black Hawk, every day increased, until Keokuk stood on a mine liable to be exploded by a single spark. He was in peril of being slain as the friend of the Americans; but he remained calm and unawed, ruling his turbulent little State with mildness and firmness, but at the constant risk of his life. One day a new emissary arrived from Black Hawk's party. Whisky was freely introduced into the camp, and Keokuk saw that the crisis was at hand. He warned the white man, who was his guest, of the impending danger, and advised him to conceal himself. A scene of tumult followed. The emissary spoke of the blood that had been shed; of their relations who had been driven from their hunting grounds; of many insults and injuries which had been boldly perpetrated by the Americans; hinted at the ready vengeance that might be taken on an exposed frontier; of defenseless cabins, and of rich booty. The braves began to dance around the war pole, to paint and to give evidences of a warlike character. Keokuk watched the impending storm, and prepared himself to take an important part in it. He drank and listened, and apparently assented to all that was said. At length his warriors called out to be led to battle, and he was asked to lead them. He rose and spoke with that power that had never failed him. He sympathized with their wrongs, their thirst for vengeance, and won their confidence by giving utterance to the passions by which they were moved, and echoing back their own thoughts with a master spirit. He then considered the proposition to go to war, spoke of the power of the whites, and the hopelessness of the contest. He told them he was their chief; that it was his duty to rule them as a father at home, or to lead them to war if they determined to go. But, in the proposed war, there was no middle course. The power of the United States was such that unless they conquered that great nation, they must perish; that he would lead

them instantly against the whites on one condition, and that was, that they would first put all their women and children to death, and then resolve that, having crossed the Mississippi, they would never return, but perish among the graves of their fathers, rather than yield them to the white men.

This proposal, desperate as it was, presented the true issue, and it calmed the spirits of the clamorous warriors, who now regarded Keokuk as their ruler, and obeyed his counsel.

It will be seen that the Sacs were divided, part under Black Hawk and part under Keokuk. This division created many dissensions in the tribe, and at length led to the overthrow of the latter, a young brave being elected to his place. Keokuk received the change with a good grace, and took his place among the common warriors without a word. But it was not long before the incapacity of his successor manifested itself, and Keokuk was again called upon to rule the councils of his nation, and lead the warriors to battle.

In 1832, five Sacs, belonging to Keokuk's party, murdered a settler in Illinois. One of the guilty party was his own nephew, but he was immediately seized and delivered up to the civil authorities, the other four having escaped. Some time after the Americans demanded the other four prisoners, but they could not be found. Keokuk called a council and stated the matter at length, saying that something must be done to appease the wrath of the President. An expedient was soon offered. Four young warriors came forward and gave themselves up, manifesting a willingness to die for the crimes of their brethren. These brave men were turned over to the proper officers and imprisoned. Keokuk was present at their trial, and testified that the prisoners were not guilty, but that they had offered to die in order to satisfy the law. He said that the real murderers had escaped. The prisoners were, of course, set at liberty.

Some time after, Keokuk, Black Hawk and several Sac chiefs made a visit to Washington and the principal cities of the Eastern States, in which they were well received. In Boston they created great excitement, which was caused by the war dance on the common. In all the savage virtues, Keokuk was a superior Indian, far in advance of Black Hawk.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE BLACK HAWK WAR—THE SACS VIOLATE THEIR TREATY—THEY ARE ORDERED TO RETURN WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI—THEY REFUSE—PURSUED BY AMERICAN TROOPS—BLACK HAWK AND HIS BAND VICTORIOUS—DESOLATION IN THE BORDER SETTLEMENTS OF ILLINOIS—BLACK HAWK DEFEATED—STARVATION AMONG THE SAVAGES.

WE NOW have before us two men—Black Hawk and Keokuk. A glance at their different virtues has enabled the reader to judge somewhat of these Indians. Let us now notice, briefly, the principal acts of their lives.

Black Hawk and his band had not been long in their new village before difficulties began to arise which terminated in a violation of the treaty which he had made subsequent to his removal. They had been sent away from their homes too late in the season to admit of planting corn and beans, and before autumn was over they were suffering for provisions. It is not surprising that in this condition they should attempt to steal the corn which they had planted on the opposite side of the river in the spring. Many events followed, trivial in their character, but all well qualified to foster the hatred which already existed between Black Hawk's band and the Americans. In April, 1832, the whole party, under this chief, crossed over the river, and in open violation of their treaty of the previous year, ascended the Rock river to the territory of their friends, the Winnebagoes, having been invited thither to raise corn. General Atkinson, with a body of troops, was then at Fort Armstrong, having been ordered by the government to that point for the purpose of quelling a war which existed between the Menominies and the Foxes. Black Hawk had not proceeded far up the river when he was overtaken by a messenger

from Gen. Atkinson with an order for him and his party to return and recross the Mississippi. This the chief refused to obey, saying that the General had no right to issue such an order. He declared that he was at peace with the Americans, and that he was peaceably traveling towards the village of his friends. They journeyed on, but were soon overtaken by another messenger, who brought word that unless the Sacs returned and recrossed the Mississippi at once, an armed force would be sent to compel them. Black Hawk's reply was decisive; he would not return. Arriving at the village to which he was traveling, the Sac chief found that in case he should be pursued by the troops at Fort Armstrong, he would be unable to obtain any assistance from these Indians, and he therefore resolved, if overtaken, to return peaceably. He encamped at Kish-wa-cokee and began preparations for a dog-feast, with which to compliment the Pottawatomies.

Meanwhile the Illinois militia was ordered out and formed a junction with the regular troops under Gen. Atkinson, at Rock Island. From this point the militia, being for the most part mounted, proceeded by land to Dixon's ferry, on Rock river, about half way between the fort and Black Hawk's present encampment. Gen. Atkinson, with three hundred militia and three hundred regulars, ascended the river in boats to the same point. "Major Stillman," says Mr. Conclin, "having under his command a body of two hundred and seventy-five mounted volunteers, obtained leave of Gen. Whitesides, then in command of the Illinois militia at Dixon's ferry, to go out on a scouting expedition. He proceeded up Rock river about thirty miles, to Sycamore creek, which empties into that river on the east side. This movement brought him within a few miles of the camp of Black Hawk and a part of his braves at the time when the old chief was engaged in getting up a dog-feast in honor of his Pottawatomie visitors."

While engaged in this ancient ceremony, on the fourteenth of May, Black Hawk received intelligence of the advance of a large number of mounted volunteers, which were reported as being about eight miles distant. "I immediately started," says the old chief, "three young men with a white flag to meet

them and conduct them to our camp, that we might hold a council with them and descend Rock river again; and directed them, in case the whites had encamped, to return, and I would go and see them. After this party had started, I sent five young men to see what might take place. The first party went to the encampment of the whites and were taken prisoners. The last party had not proceeded far before they saw twenty men coming towards them in full gallop. They stopped, and finding that the whites were coming so fast, in a warlike attitude, they turned and retreated, but were pursued and overtaken, and two of them killed. The others made their escape. When they came in with the news, I was preparing my flags to meet the war chief. The alarm was given. Nearly all my young men were absent, about ten miles off. I started with what I had left, about forty, and had proceeded but a short distance before we saw a part of the enemy approaching. I raised a yell, and said to my braves, 'some of our people have been killed—wantonly and cruelly murdered! we must avenge their death!' In a little while we discovered the whole army coming towards us in full gallop! We were now confident that our first party had been killed. I immediately placed my men in front of some bushes, that we might have the first fire, when they approached close enough. They made a halt some distance from us. I gave another yell, and ordered my brave warriors to charge upon them, expecting that we would all be killed! They did charge. Every man rushed and fired, and the enemy retreated in the utmost confusion and consternation before my little but brave band of warriors. After pursuing the enemy for some distance, I found it useless to follow them, as they rode so fast, and returned to my encampment with a few of my braves, about twenty-five having gone in pursuit of the enemy. I lighted my pipe and sat down to thank the Great Spirit for what he had done. I had not been long meditating when two of the three young men I had sent out with the flag to meet the American war chief entered. My astonishment was not greater than my joy to see them living and well. I eagerly listened to their story, which was as follows:

"'When we arrived near to the encampment of the whites a number of them rushed out to meet us, bringing their guns with them. They took us in the camp, when an American who spoke the Sac language a little, told us that his chief wanted to know how we were, where we were going, where our camp was, and where Black Hawk was. We told him that we had come to see his chief; that our chief had directed us to conduct him to our camp, in case he had not encamped, and in that event to tell him that he (Black Hawk) would come to see him; he wished to hold a council with him, as he had given up all intention of going to war. At the conclusion of this talk a party of white men came in on horseback. We saw by their countenances that something had happened. A general tumult arose. They looked at us with indignation, talked among themselves for a moment, when several cocked their guns; in a second they fired at us in the crowd; our companion fell dead. We rushed through the crowd and made our escape. We remained in ambush but a short time before we heard yelling like Indians running an enemy. In a little while we saw some of the whites in full speed. One of them came near us. I threw my tomahawk and struck him on the head, which brought him to the ground. I ran to him and with his own knife took off his scalp. I took his gun, mounted his horse, and took my friend here behind me. We turned to follow our braves, who were running the enemy, and had not gone far before we overtook a white man whose horse had mired in a swamp. My friend alighted and tomahawked the man, who was apparently fast under his horse. He took his scalp, horse and gun. By this time our party was some distance ahead. We followed and saw several white men lying dead on the way. After riding about six miles we met our party returning. We asked them how many of our men had been killed. They said none, after the Americans had retreated. We inquired then how many whites had been killed. They replied they did not know, but said we would soon ascertain, as we must scalp them as we go back. On our return we found ten men beside the two we had killed before we joined our friends. Seeing that they did not yet recognize us, it being dark, we again

asked how many of our braves had been killed. They said five. We asked who they were. They replied that the first party of three who went out to meet the American war chief had all been taken prisoners and killed in the encampment, and that out of a party of five who followed to see the meeting of the first party and the whites, two had been killed. We were now certain that they did not recognize us, nor did we tell them who we were until we arrived at our camp. The news of our death had reached it some time before, and all were surprised to see us again.'"

"The precipitate flight of the troops under Major Stillman," says Conclin, "has no justification." No effort was made to rally the troops, and all the baggage of the army, blankets, saddle-bags, camp equipage and provisions fell into the hands of the Indians. Black Hawk, finding that his peace flag had been fired upon, and being intoxicated with his success, determined on war. Indeed, with the provision and other supplies which he had secured in this contest, he was not poorly qualified for the undertaking. He assembled his braves and began active preparations for a border war. He immediately sent out spies to watch the movements of Gen. Atkinson, and prepared to remove his women and children from the seat of war further up the Rock river, where, as he thought, they would be secure from the whites. In passing to this point he was met by a band of Winnebagoes, who, having heard of his victory, signified a willingness to join him.

But meanwhile the defeat of the troops spread consternation throughout the settlements of Illinois. The Indian forces were greatly misrepresented, and everywhere Black Hawk and his band were spoken of as bold and cunning warriors. Gen. Atkinson at once fortified his camp at Dixon's Ferry, and the Governor of the State issued a call for more mounted volunteers. The Secretary of War sent one thousand troops from the East under Gen. Winfield Scott, who was to have the command of the campaign against the Black Hawk forces.

And now we come to the horrors of another border war in which many frontier families were massacred or carried away into captivity, torture and death. The catalogue begins with

the Indian creek massacre. At this point a party of hostile Pottawatomies, thirty in number, fell upon a little settlement on Indian creek, one of the tributaries of Fox river, and murdered fifteen men, women and children, taking two prisoners, the Misses Hall, who were afterwards returned to their friends by the Winnebagoes.

It was, indeed, a war of detail. A party of Indians stole the horses belonging to Capt. Stephenson, who resided not far from Galena. The captain pursued them with twelve men. A battle or skirmish ensued, in which six Indians and three soldiers were killed. Soon after, a party of eleven Sacs killed five white men at Stafford's farm. Vengeance followed; General Dodge followed and overtook them in a swamp, when they were all shot down and scalped. Three soldiers fell in the contest. On the twenty-fourth of June, 1832, the Indians made an attack upon the fort at Buffalo Grove, not far from Dixon's Ferry. The post was garrisoned by one hundred and fifty men, commanded by Capt. Dement. In this contest many of the soldiers and forty horses were killed. After accomplishing this, and seeing that they could not take the fort, they commenced a retreat. They had not gone far when they were overtaken by a detachment under Col. Posey. This is Black Hawk's account of the contest which followed: "We concealed ourselves until they came near enough, and then commenced yelling and firing, and made a rush upon them. About this time their chief (Posey,) with a party of men, rushed up to the rescue of those we had fired upon. In a little while they commenced retreating, and left their chief and a few braves, who seemed willing and anxious to fight. They acted like braves, but were forced to give way when I rushed upon them with my braves. In a short time the chief returned with a larger party. He seemed determined to fight and anxious for battle. When he came near enough, I raised the yell, and firing commenced from both sides. The chief, who is a small man, addressed his warriors in a loud voice, but they soon retreated, leaving him and a few braves on the battlefield. A great number of my warriors pursued the retreating party and killed a number of their braves as they ran. The chief and

his braves were unwilling to leave the field; I ordered my braves to rush upon them, and had the mortification of seeing two of my chiefs killed before the enemy retreated. This young chief deserves great praise for his courage, but fortunately for us, his army was not all composed of such brave men." The numbers on both sides were about equal in this engagement. On the fourth of July, the army under Gen. Atkinson, consisting of four hundred regulars and over one thousand mounted volunteers, arrived at the foot of Lake Cashconong. Two brigades of the volunteers, under Gen. Dodge, pursued the Indians from this point, and overtook them on the twenty-first of July, about sundown, on the banks of the Wisconsin. An attack was made, resulting in the route of the Indians, with a heavy loss. One of the troops was killed and eight wounded. "The exact loss of the Indians in this engagement cannot be ascertained. One account," says Mr. Conclin, "places the number at sixteen." Black Hawk says that he had but fifty warriors with him in this engagement, the rest being engaged in assisting the women and children in crossing the Wisconsin to an island, to protect them from the fire of the whites. This was undoubtedly a mistake, as one of his own men gives the number engaged in the battle at sixty or seventy. "A party of Black Hawk's band, including many women and children, now attempted to descend the Wisconsin upon rafts and in canoes, that they might escape by recrossing the Mississippi." But in this attempt they were overtaken and attacked by troops which had been stationed on the banks of the river. Many of the savages were killed, some were taken prisoners, others escaped to the neighboring woods, where they soon perished from hunger. Another party, among whom was Black Hawk, having, it is said, abandoned all idea of continuing the war, and being unwilling to trust themselves to a capitulation, started across the country, hoping to escape west of the Mississippi. In this route they lost many of their people from starvation. Reaching the Mississippi, a number of the women and children undertook to descend the river in canoes to Prairie du Chien. Many of them were drowned in this attempt, and those who did reach

their destination were found to be in a starving condition. But let us turn to Black Hawk and his party. On the first of August, while in the act of crossing the Mississippi, he was attacked by the steamboat Warrior, with an armed force on board.

In this engag ment the Indians lost twenty-three killed, and a great many wounded, while on board the Warrior, not one of the gallant little crew was killed, only one being slightly wounded. On the following morning, the whole of General Atkinson's army was upon them. The Warrior also assisted, killing three by the first shot. In Atkinson's army nine were killed and seventeen wounded. The Indians were, of course, cruelly put to flight.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

BLACK HAWK'S DEFEAT—HE AND HIS BAND ARE DRIVEN INTO THE MISSISSIPPI—TERRIBLE INDIAN SLAUGHTER—THE WAR ENDED—BLACK HAWK CAPTURED, AND WITH OTHER CHIEFS CONFINED IN IRONS—HE VISITS WASHINGTON AND THE EASTERN CITIES—HIS RECEPTION.

GEN. ATKINSON was not satisfied with his triumph upon the Wisconsin, but pushed forward with his whole army in pursuit of the Indians, making forced marches over a rough, uneven country. On the morning of the second of August, when within ten miles of the Mississippi, it was ascertained that the enemy was then on the bank of the river in their front, preparing to embark, at a place called Bad Axe. Arrangements were at once made for an attack. Gen. Dodge's squadron was placed in front, followed by the infantry, and these by the brigades of Henry, Alexander and Posey. They had proceeded in this order for about five miles, when they discovered a small party of Indians, and immediately fired upon them. This band retreated to the main body on the bank of the river. In order to prevent the Indians from escaping, Generals Alexander and Posey were directed to form the right wing of the army, and to march to the river above the Indian encampment, and then to move down along the bank. Gen. Henry formed the left wing, and the United States infantry and Gen. Dodge's squadron occupied the centre. In this order the army descended into the valley of the river, which was covered with weeds and heavy brushwood. Gen. Henry was the first to discover the enemy. He opened a heavy fire upon them, which was returned. Gen. Dodge's troops and the United States infantry joined him in the action, and the whole, with Gen. Henry's men, rushed upon the savages, killing them without mercy. Only a few of them escaped.

Meanwhile, the brigades of Alexander and Posey, which were approaching along the river's bank, fell in with another party of Indians, putting them to rout with great slaughter. The Indians were driven to the edge of the river, where they hoped to escape by swimming to the opposite side, but they were shot in the water, until nearly all had perished. Among the few who escaped was Black Hawk.

Generals Atkinson, Dodge and Posey, descended the Mississippi to Prairie du Chien in the Warrior, and there awaited the arrival of the mounted volunteers. The latter arrived on the fourth. The few Indians who escaped in this battle, reached the western side of the Mississippi, only to fall a prey to the tomahawks of their enemies, the Sioux. The loss of the Indians was about a hundred and fifty killed, thirty-nine women and children taken prisoners. The American loss did not exceed ten killed and fifteen wounded.

Soon after this fatal battle, Black Hawk and the prophet, Wabokieshiek, who had escaped into the country of the Sioux, were captured by two chiefs belonging to the Winnebagoes, and delivered as prisoners to the Indian agent at Prairie du Chien. The prisoners were all conducted to Fort Barracks, a few miles below St. Louis.

Soon after, Gen. Scott arrived at Rock Island from the East, and made some investigations into the causes which led to the Black Hawk War, from which it was made to appear that the whole contest might have been avoided.

On the twenty-first of September, Gen. Scott and Governor Reynolds concluded a treaty with the Winnebagoes and the Sacs and Foxes. For the faithful performance of the provisions of this treaty on the part of the Indians, it was stipulated that Black Hawk, his two sons, the prophet and six other chiefs of the hostile band, should be retained as hostages during the pleasure of the President. All the other prisoners were set at liberty. The hostages were confined in Fort Barracks, and put in irons.

"We were now confined," says the old chief, Black Hawk, "to the barracks, and forced to wear the ball and chain. This was extremely mortifying and altogether useless. Was the

White Beaver (Gen. Atkinson) afraid that I would break out of his barracks and run away, or was he ordered to inflict this punishment upon me? If I had taken him prisoner, upon the field of battle, I would not have wounded his feelings so much by such treatment, knowing that a brave war chief would prefer death to dishonor. But I do not blame the White Beaver for the course he pursued. It is the custom among white soldiers, and, I suppose, was a part of his duty.

"The time dragged heavily and gloomily along throughout the winter, although the White Beaver did everything in his power to render us comfortable. Having been accustomed, throughout a long life, to roam through the forests, to come and go at liberty, confinement under any such circumstances could not be less than torture.

"We passed away the time making pipes, until spring, when we were visited by the agent, trader and interpreter, from Rock Island, Keokuk and several chiefs and braves of our nation, and my wife and daughter. I was rejoiced to see the two latter, and spent my time very agreeably with them and my people, as long as they remained."

Keokuk made exertions to obtain the release of Black Hawk, pledging himself to be responsible for his good conduct. But while the rival chief was endeavoring to effect this, an order arrived from the Secretary of War to have the prisoners sent to Washington City. Accordingly they set out, and reached the National Capital in the latter part of April, 1833. They were immediately sent to Fortress Monroe, "there to remain until the conduct of their nation was such as to justify their being set at liberty." The chiefs were much dissatisfied with this part of their reception, and remonstrated bitterly. The prophet said: "We expected to return immediately to our people. The war in which we have been involved was occasioned by our attempting to raise provisions on our own lands, or where we thought we had a right to do so. We have lost many of our people, as well as the whites. Our tribes and families are now exposed to the attacks of our enemies, the Sioux and the Menominies. We hope, therefore, to be permitted to return home to take care of them.'

Black Hawk concluded his complaint by saying: "We did not expect to conquer the whites. No; they had too many horses, too many men. I took up the hatchet, for my part, to revenge injuries which my people could no longer endure. Had I borne them longer without striking, my people would have said Black Hawk is a woman. He is too old to be a chief. He is no Sac. These reflections caused me to raise the war-whoop. I say no more of it; it is known to you. Keokuk once was here, and when he wished to return to his home, you were willing. Black Hawk expects that, like Keokuk, we shall be permitted to return, too." The President assured them that their women and children should be protected against their enemies, and that as soon as he was satisfied that peace was restored to the frontiers, he would set them at liberty.

It was on the twenty-sixth of April that the chiefs entered Fortress Monroe, at Old Point Comfort, where they remained until the fourth of June, when they were released. When about to depart Black Hawk waited upon the commandant of the fort and said:

"Brother, I have come on my own part and in behalf of my companions to bid you farewell. Our great father has at length been pleased to permit us to return to our hunting grounds. We have buried the tomahawk, and the sound of the rifle will hereafter only bring death to the deer and the buffalo. Brother, you have treated the red men very kindly. Your squaws have made them presents, and you have given them plenty to eat and drink. The memory of your friendship will remain until the Great Spirit says it is time for Black Hawk to sing his death song. Brother, your houses are as numerous as the leaves of the trees, and your young warriors like the sand upon the shore of the big lake that rolls before us. The red man hath but few houses and few warriors, but the red man has a heart which throbs as warmly as the heart of his white brother. The Great Spirit has given us our hunting grounds, and the skin of the deer which we kill there is his favorite, for its color is white, and this is the emblem of peace. This hunting dress and these feathers of the eagle are white. Accept them, my brother. I have given one like this

to the White Otter. Accept of it as a memorial of Black Hawk. When he is far away this will serve to remind you of him. May the Great Spirit bless you and your children. Farewell."

On the fifth of June Black Hawk and his five companions left the Fortress under the charge of Major John Garland, of the United States army. Before leaving the place they visited Norfolk and the navy-yard at Gosport. They were taken on board of some of the war ships, and Black Hawk expressed a desire to see the chiefs who commanded them.

At Norfolk they were greeted by crowds of citizens, who tendered them a cordial reception. From the balcony of his hotel the Prophet Wabakieshiek addressed them as follows:

"The Great Spirit sent us here, and now happily we are about to return to our own Mississippi and to our own people. It affords us much happiness to rejoin our friends and kindred. We would shake hands with all our white friends assembled here. Should any of them go to our country, on the Mississippi, we would take pleasure in returning their kindness to us. We will go home with peaceable dispositions towards our white brethren, and make our conduct hereafter more satisfactory to them. We bid you all farewell, as it is the last time we shall see each other."

Black Hawk also made a speech, after which the party left for Baltimore. Here, as everywhere else in the East, they were greeted by crowds of curious spectators. The President happened to be at Baltimore at the same time, and at an interview with him he addressed the old chief as follows:

"When I saw you in Washington I told you that you had behaved very badly in raising the tomahawk against the white people and killing men, women and children upon the frontier. Your conduct last year compelled me to send my warriors against you, and your people were defeated with great loss, and your men surrendered, to be kept until I should be satisfied that you would not try to do any more injury. I told you I would inquire whether your people wished you to return, and whether, if you did return, there would be any danger to the frontier. Gen. Clark and Gen. Atkinson, whom you know, have informed me that Keokuk, your principal chief, and the

rest of your people, are anxious you should return, and Keokuk has asked me to send you back. Your chiefs have pledged themselves for your good conduct and I have given directions that you should be taken to your own country.

"Major Garland, who is with you, will conduct you through some of our towns. You will see the strength of the white people. You will see that our young men are as numerous as the leaves in the woods. What can you do against us? You may kill a few women and children, but such a force will soon be sent against you as would destroy your whole tribe. Let the red men hunt and take care of their families; but I hope they will not again raise their hands against their white brethren. We do not wish to injure you. We desire your prosperity and improvement. But if you again plunge your knives into the breasts of our people, I shall send a force which will severely punish you for all your cruelties. When you go back, listen to the counsels of Keokuk and the other friendly chiefs. Bury the tomahawk and live in peace with the frontier, and I pray the Great Spirit to give you a smooth path and a fair sky to return."

Black Hawk and the prophet both replied to this speech, promising not to go to war again. The captives were next conducted to Philadelphia, where they arrived on the tenth of June, and remained at Congress Hall until the fourteenth. While in this city they were taken to see all the features of interest, and before they left they had the pleasure of witnessing a grand military display in front of the quarters. Black Hawk at once inquired whether or not these were the soldiers who had conquered him and his warriors on the previous summer. In speaking of his war he said:

"My heart grew bitter against the whites and my hands were strong. I dug up the tomahawk and led my warriors to fight. I fought hard; I was no coward. Much blood was shed. But the white men were mighty. They were as many as the leaves in the forest. I and my people failed. I am sorry the tomahawk was raised. I have been a prisoner. I see the strength of the white men; they are many, very many. The Indians are but few; they are not cowards; they are braves;

but they are few. While the Great Spirit above keeps my heart as it now is, I will be the white man's friend. I will remain in peace. I will go to my people and speak good of the white man. I will tell them they are as the leaves of the forest, very many, very strong, and that I will fight no more against them."

They were next taken to New York city, where, immediately upon their arrival, they had the pleasure of witnessing a balloon ascension at Castle Garden. This novel sight greatly pleased the red men, and one of them appealed to the prophet to know if the air ship was "going to see the Great Spirit." When the crowd ascertained that Black Hawk was present, the air was rent with shouts of welcome, and the press of the multitude to see the strangers was so great that they could not reach their lodgings until placed in carriages and committed to the care of the police. It was with much difficulty that they reached the Exchange Hotel, which was immediately surrounded by thousands who would not be dispersed until "General Black Hawk" would show himself, which he did. While in New York they were treated with many civilities. They were conducted to all public places of interest, and were much pleased with their visit.

The party was conducted to Albany, Buffalo, and thence to Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, where they arrived about the middle of August. "In passing by the site of the old Sac village, Black Hawk was deeply affected, and expressed much regret for the causes which compelled him to emigrate beyond the Mississippi. The return of the prophet was also attended with melancholy associations. His village, over which he had long presided, was entirely broken up, his wigwam in ashes, his family dispersed and he a suppliant for a home in the village of some other chief."

## CHAPTER XL.

CEREMONIES OF LIBERATING BLACK HAWK—KEOKUK'S TRIUMPH—BLACK HAWK'S ANGER—HE WILL NOT CONFORM TO THE COUNCILS OF KEOKUK—HIS SPEECH—HE DEPARTS TO HIS SQUAWS—INTERESTING INCIDENTS AT ROCK ISLAND.

FORT ARMSTRONG had been chosen as the proper place for the ceremonies of the liberation of Black Hawk and his party. Its central position enabled the commander to assemble the surrounding Indians at short notice, runners being sent out for that purpose. The first to arrive were the friendly Keokuk and his band. He ascended the Mississippi by water, and led the van with two large canoes lashed side by side, handsomely decorated, with a canopy erected over them, "beneath which sat the chief and his three wives, with the American flag waving over them. More than twenty canoes followed the chieftain, each containing from four to eight of his warriors, whose shouts and songs swept over the transparent waters of the Mississippi and were echoed from shore to shore." The little fleet passed slowly up the river, opposite the camp of the captives, and landed on the west side of the river. At this place Keokuk and his party spent several hours in arranging their dress, painting and equipping themselves for the occasion. When this important duty had been completed they crossed the river. Reaching the bank the great Keokuk turned to his followers and said: "The Great Spirit has sent our brother back; let us shake hands with him in friendship." He then approached Black Hawk, followed by his warriors. The old chief was seated in front of his temporary lodge, surrounded by his followers, and appeared to be deeply affected by the scene. Now the rivals met face to face—Keokuk in his glory and Black Hawk in disgrace, fallen, forsaken! But the

TECUMSEH, THE SHAWANOE CHIEFTAIN.

BLACKHAWK, THE SAC CHIEFTAIN.

proud ruler did not exult in his well-merited triumph. Approaching the old chief, Keokuk stretched forth his hand in friendship, which Black Hawk grasped with a degree of cordiality. Keokuk and his followers then took seats, which was followed by a long silence. The pipe was lighted and passed from hand to hand, followed by friendly sentiments expressed by both parties. At length Keokuk arose and shook hands with the fallen chief, saying, "We will return to-morrow." He then re-crossed the river to his own camp.

On the following day the grand council for the liberation of the captives was held. "It presented," says Mr. Conclin, "the novel spectacle of a chief, compelled by a third power, to acknowledge the authority of a rival, and formally descend from the rank which he had long sustained among his people. Fort Armstrong presented a commodious room for the ceremonies of the day, and it was fitted up for the occasion. About ten o'clock in the forenoon Keokuk and one hundred followers re-crossed the river and proceeded in martial array to the garrison. They were conducted into the council room and shown the seats which they were to occupy. Keokuk was seated with Pashepahow (the Stabber) on one side, Wapellar (the Little Prince) on the other—the former a chief of the Sacs, the latter of the Foxes. The remainder of his band took their seats in the rear, and maintained throughout the ceremony profound silence."

In a few minutes Black Hawk and his followers came into the council. As they entered, Keokuk and the two chiefs by his side rose and greeted them. The old chief and his associates were seated directly opposite Keokuk. Black Hawk was accompanied by his son, Nasinewiskuk, and both appeared to be displeased. They had, the day previous, offered great objections to the council, saying it was altogether unnecessary and would be very painful to them, and it was now with the greatest reluctance that they came into it.

For several minutes a profound silence reigned over the assembly, at the end of which Major Garland rose and addressed the council. He said he was pleased to see the Sacs and Foxes greet Black Hawk with friendship, and he believed that here-

after they would live in peace. At this point Major Garland caused the speech delivered to Black Hawk at Baltimore by the President to be again interpreted to him. This ended, Keokuk rose, and after shaking hands with those around him, said:

"I have listened to the talk of our great father. It is true we pledged our honor, with those of our young braves, for the liberation of our friends. We thought much of it; our councils were long; their wives and childred were in our thoughts; when we talked of them our hearts were full. Their wives and children came to see us, which made us feel like women; but we were men. The words which we sent to our great father were good; he spoke like the father of children. The Great Spirit made his heart big in council. We received our brothers in friendship; our hearts were good towards them. They once listened to bad council; now their ears are closed. I give my hand to them; when they shake it they shake the hands of all! I will shake hands with them and then I am done."

Major Garland again rose and said that the President, their great father, would hereafter recognize Keokuk as the principal chief of the Sac and Fox nations, and that he wished and expected that Black Hawk would conform to his (rival's) councils. All unfriendly feelings between them must be buried, and the band of Black Hawk must be hereafter merged in that of Keokuk. And just here I cannot resist from making a single comment: Was it not enough that Black Hawk, whose once powerful band of warriors had been shot down by American soldiers, had been left without any followers, that he had suffered the shame of a long, and, in some respects, merciless confinement? Why crush out the last spark of pride within him?

On hearing the words of Major Garland, the old chief, who had suffered his captivity and imprisonment with fortitude, lost all control of himself and became deeply excited. The great spirit which had borne him through the daring struggles of his great war, and made his name terrible wherever it was spoken, suddenly returned and burst forth with great violence.

He leaped to his feet, trembling with anger, his eyes sparkling with rage, and exclaimed:

"I am a man! an old man! I will not conform to the councils of any one! I will act for myself! None shall govern me! I am old; my hair is gray. I once gave councils to my young men. Am I to conform to others? I shall soon go to the Great Spirit, where I shall be at rest. What I said to our great father, I say again. I will always listen to him. I am done."

This speech created great excitement in the council, and the interpreter was directed to explain to Black Hawk that the President had only *requested* him to listen to the counsel of Keokuk. But the old man was displeased and would make no reply. Keokuk approached him and whispered, "Why do you speak so before the white men; I will speak for you; you trembled. You did not mean what you said." Keokuk then took his place, and remarked to the council: "Our brother has again come to us, has spoken, but he spoke in wrath. His tongue was forked. He spoke not like a man—a Sac. He knew his words were bad; he trembled like the oak whose roots have been wasted away by many rains. He is old—what he said let us forget. He says he did not mean it; he wishes it forgotten. I have spoken for him. What I have said are his own words, not mine. Let us say he spoke in council to-day—that his words were good. I have spoken." Several other specches were made, after which Major Garland rose and told Black Hawk that he was at liberty to go where he pleased; that the people of the United States, as well as himself, were pleased with the uniform good conduct of all the captives while among them; that they were convinced their hearts were good, but they had listened to bad councils. The Major, in conclusion, said he hoped that peace and harmony would long exist between them.

Black Hawk rose in reply, and made a short and appropriate speech, asking the reporters to draw a line over the speech he had made. He said he did not mean it. The council was then broken up.

In the evening of the same day, Major Garland invited the

principal chiefs to his own quarters, and, after treating them to champagne, all indulged in speeches. Black Hawk, who was the last one who spoke, said:

"I feel that I am an old man; once I could speak, but now I have but little to say; to-day we met many of our brothers; we were glad to see them. I have listened to what my brothers have said; their hearts are good; they have been like Sacs since I left them; they have taken care of my wife and children, who had no wigwam; I thank them for it; the Great Spirit knows that I thank them. Before the sun gets behind the hills to-morrow I shall see them; I want to see them. When I left them I expected soon to return; I told our great father when in Washington, that I would listen to the councils of Keokuk. I shall soon be far away. I shall have no village, no band. I shall live alone. What I said in council to-day I wish forgotten. If it has been put on paper, I wish a mark drawn over it; I did not mean it. Now we are alone, let us say we will forget it. Say to our Great Father and Governor Cass, that I will listen to them. Many years ago I met Governor Cass in councils, far across the prairies, to the rising sun. His councils were good; my ears were closed; I listened to the Great Father across the waters. My father listened to him whose band was large. My band was once large; now I have no band. I and my son and all the party, thank our Great Father for what he has done. He is old; I am old; we shall soon go to the Great Spirit, where we shall rest. He sent us through his great villages. We saw many of the white people, who treated us with kindness. We thank them; we thank you and Mr. Sprague for coming with us. Your road was long and crooked. We never saw so many white men before. When you were with us, we felt as though we had some friends among them. We felt safe; you knew them all. When you come upon the Mississippi again, you shall come to my wigwam. I have now none. On your road home, you will pass where my village was once; no one lives there now; all are gone. I give you my hand; we may never meet again. I shall long remember you. The Great Spirit will be with you and your wives and children. Before the sun rises I

shall go to my family; my son will be here to see you before we go. I will shake hands with my brothers here, and then I am done."

On the following morning Black Hawk crossed the river and wasted no time in reaching his wife. The other Indians also repaired to their villages.

I affix to this chapter the following article, which appeared in the "Baltimore American," soon after Black Hawk's death. The article was written by one acquainted with the circumstance. It gives an account of the death of Tecumseh, and many interesting points in the life of the Sac chieftain:

"During a residence of several years in what is now the Territory of Iowa, I had many opportunities of seeing and conversing with this noted warrior, and often look back with feelings of great pleasure to the many tokens of good will and friendship that he has frequently bestowed upon men. His lodge was always open to a stranger, and he was ever ready to share that with him which he might most want, either his furs and blankets for a couch, or his corn and venison for a repast. He always spoke in terms of high regard of the whites, saying that in war he fought like a brave man, but in peace he wished to forget that his hand had ever been raised against them. His career as a warrior commenced at a very early age; when he was but fourteen years old, his father, Pawheese, led a war party against the Osages, in which expedition he accompanied him. They succeeded in reaching the village of Osages, which they attacked, and after a very severe encounter, they routed their enemies and burnt their town. In this battle Black Hawk's father was killed, but he revenged his death by killing and scalping the Osage who had slain him. He was fond of recounting his earlier exploits, and often boasted of his being at the right hand of Tecumseh, when the latter was killed at the battle of the Thames. His account of the death of this distinguished warrior, was related to me by himself, during an evening that I spent in his lodge some winters ago. In the course of our talk, I asked him if he was with Tecumseh when he was killed. He replied:

"'I was, and I will now tell you all about it. Tecumseh,

Shaubinne and Caldwell, two Pottawatomie chiefs, and myself, were seated on a log near our camp fire, filling our pipes for a smoke, on the morning of the battle, when word came from the British general, that he wished to speak with Tecumseh. He went immediately, and after staying some time rejoined us, taking his seat without saying a word, when Caldwell, who was one of his favorites, observed to him, 'my father, what are we to do? Shall we fight the Americans?' 'Yes, my son,' replied Tecumseh, '*we shall go into their very smoke*—but you are now wanted by the general. Go, my son, I never expect to see you again.' Shortly after this (continued Black Hawk,) the Indian spies came in, and gave word of the near approach of the Americans. Tecumseh immediately posted his men in the edge of a swamp, which flanked the British line, placing himself at their head. I was a little to his right, with a small party of Sacs. It was not long before the Americans made their appearance; they did not perceive us at first, hid as we were by the undergrowth, but we soon let them know where we were by pouring in one or two volleys as they were forming into a line to oppose the British. They faltered a little, but very soon we perceived a large body of horse (Col. Johnson's regiment of mounted Kentuckians) preparing to charge upon us in the swamp. They came bravely on, yet we never stirred until they were so close that we could see the flints of their guns, when Tecumseh, springing to his feet, gave the Shawanoe war cry, and discharged his rifle. This was the signal for us to commence the fight; but it did not last long; the Americans answered the shout, returning our fire, and at the first discharge of their guns, I saw Tecumseh stagger forwards over a fallen tree near which he was standing, letting his rifle drop to his feet. As soon as the Indians discovered he was killed, a sudden fear came over them, and thinking that the Great Spirit was displeased, they fought no longer, and were quickly put to flight. That night we returned to bury our dead, and search for the body of Tecumseh. He was found lying where he had first fallen; a bullet had struck him above the hip, and his skull had been broken by the butt end of the gun of some soldier, who had found him, perhaps, when life was not yet

quite gone. With the exception of these wounds, his body was untouched; lying near him, however, was a large, fine looking Pottawatomie, who had been killed, decked off in his plumes and war paint, whom the Americans no doubt had taken for Tecumseh; for he was scalped, and every particle of skin flayed from his body. Tecumseh himself, had no ornaments about his person save a British medal. During the night we buried our dead, and brought off the body of Tecumseh, although we were within sight of the fires of the American camp.'

"This is somewhat different from the account which is commonly given of Tecumseh's death, yet I believe it to be true; for after hearing Black Hawk relate it, I heard it corroborated by one of the Pottawatomie chiefs, mentioned by him. I asked him if he had ever fought against the whites after the death of Tecumseh. He said not—that he returned home to his village on the Mississippi, at the mouth of Rock river, and there he remained until driven away by the whites, in the year 1832. The wish to hold possession of this village, was the cause of the war which he waged against the whites during that year. He told me that he never wished to fight; that he was made to do so; that the whites killed his warriors when they went with a white flag to beg a parley, and that after this was done, he thought they intended to kill him at all events, and therefore he would die like a warrior.

"In speaking of his defeat, he said it was what he expected; that he did not mind it; but what hurt him more than anything else, was our government degrading him in the eyes of his own people, and setting another chief (Keokuk) over him. This degradation he appeared to feel very sensibly, still he continued to possess all his native pride. One instance that came under my observation, I recollect well, in which it was strongly displayed. He happened to be in a small town in Iowa, on the same day in which a party of dragoons, under Capt. —— arrived; and in paying a visit to a friend with whom he always partook of a meal, whenever he stopped at the village, he met with the captain, who had been invited to dine. Black Hawk remained, also expecting the usual invitation to stay and eat

with them; but when the dinner was ready, the host took him aside, and told him the captain, or rather the white man's chief, was to dine with him that day, and he must wait until they had finished. The old chief's eye glistened with anger as he answered him, raising the forefinger of one hand to his breast, to represent the officer, 'I know the white man is a chief, but *I*,' elevating the finger of the other hand far above his head, 'was a chief, and led my warriors to the fight long before his mother knew him. *Your meat—my dogs should not eat it!*' Saying this, he gathered the folds of his blanket about him, and stalked off, looking as proudly as if he still walked over ground that he could call '*my own.*'

"Black Hawk possessed, to a great degree, one fine trait which is not usual for us to concede to the Indian—kindness and affection for his wife. He never had but one, and with her he lived for upwards of forty years; they had several children, three of whom still survive, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son is now one of the most promising young braves of the nation, and bids fair to be one of its most noble men. The daughter is still quite young, and is considered to be the most beautiful maiden belonging to her tribe.

"He has now departed on his long journey, to join those of his people who have gone before him to the happy hunting grounds, far beyond the setting sun. May the Great Spirit grant him a clear sunshine, and a smooth path."

In addition to this, it will be proper to add that in September, 1838, while on his way to Rock Island to receive his portion of the annual payment, he took a heavy cold, which resulted in a fatal attack of bilious fever, which terminated his life on the third of October, after an illness of only a few days. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, mourned deeply during his sickness. She said on the day before he died, "he is getting old, he must die. Monotah calls him home." After his death, he was dressed in the uniform presented to him by the President while in Washington, and buried. "The grave was six feet deep, and of the usual length, situated upon a little eminence about fifty yards from his wigwam. The body was placed in the middle of the grave, in a sitting posture, upon a

seat, constructed for the purpose. On his left side, the cane, given him by Henry Clay, was placed upright, with his right hand resting upon it. Many of the old warrior's trophies were placed in the grave, and some Indian garments, together with his favorite weapons."

## CHAPTER XLI.

INDIAN TRIBES WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI—THE MANDANS, THEIR DWELLINGS, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—THEIR TRADITIONS OF THE FLOOD—THEIR SINGULAR CEREMONIES—HOW THEY WERE DESTROYED—THEIR SUPPOSED ORIGIN.

HAVING reached the proper point, I will now interrupt the narrative to give the reader a very brief history of the tribes of Indians which existed in that vast territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast about the year 1800. But in this undertaking I find myself surrounded with difficulties of a kind not encountered in the review of the tribes east of the Mississippi at the beginning of this work, as the tribal divisions of the Western Indians are, both in language and customs less distinguishing than those of the former. Yet, avoiding the finer details of difference, we shall have but little difficulty in presenting the general characteristics of the various nations of the great West. It will be difficult, however, to give any boundaries of territory owned or occupied by these nations as, either by their roving habits or by the results of conquest, they were continually changing their abode. Along the borders of the Missouri, and high up the western tributaries of the Mississippi, we find the various tribes belonging to the Sioux or Dahcotah nation, called by the early explorers and travelers, Naudowesses. These Indians lived principally by the chase, a few only practicing any degree of husbandry. The tribal divisions of this nation were as follows: the Waupeentowas, the Tintons, the Afracootans, the Mawhaws, (called by some the Omawhas,) and the Schians. These tribes, with a few exceptions, dwelt in the prairie country, near the borders of the St. Peter. The Assinaboins, and several other tribes, were, by some of the oldest writers, classed in the same nation.

Mr. Gallatin, an able writer on these and other tribes, classes them as follows: The Winnebagos, of Wisconsin; the Sioux proper, or Dahcotas, and the Assinaboins; the Minetari, and tribes allied to them; and the Osages, and other kindred tribes. The same writer, I believe, holds that the Minetari include the Crows, and the Mandans. The latter, however, are a distinct nation, and differ widely from all other Indians in America in many important peculiarities. In 1832, we find the Mandans situated in two villages on the left bank of the Missouri, about two hundred miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone. At this time their population did not exceed two or three thousand. However, according to their best traditions, and as evinced by the ruins of their former settlements they had, at an earlier date, been a populous and powerful nation. In the date above mentioned we find them in their principal town upon the Missouri well fortified against the enemy. Within the pickets the houses were exceedingly compact, leaving but little room for the gaudy inhabitants to move to and fro. These dwellings were partially sunk in the ground, the roofs being made of earth and clay. On entering them one would be surprised with their neatness, comfort and spacious dimensions. "They were all of a circular form," says Mr. Catlin, "and are from forty to sixty feet in diameter. Their foundations are prepared by digging some two feet in the ground and forming the floor of earth by leveling the requisite size for a lodge." These singular dwellings were not devoid of comfort. "They consisted," says Mr. Brownell, "of a row of perpendicular stakes or timbers six feet or thereabouts in height, supporting long rafters for the roof. A hole was left in the center for air, light, and the escape of the smoke." The rafters were first covered by boughs, and lastly by earth. A small excavation in the center of the hut served as a fire-place. The furniture was not elegant, although comfortable. A rude bedstead was erected at one side, abundantly provided with buffalo skins, with ornamented curtains, not of European manufacture, for they did not import their goods, but of various skins of wild animals. "This arrangement of beds, and arms, etc.," says Mr. Catlin, "combining the most vivid display and arrangement of colors,

of furs, of trinkets, of barbed and glistening points and steel, of mysteries and hocus-pocus, together with the sombre and smoked color of the roof and sides of the lodge; and the wild, and rude, and red—the graceful (though uncivil) conversational, garrulous, story-telling, and happy, though ignorant and untutored groups, that are smoking their pipes—wooing their sweethearts, and embracing their little ones about their peaceful and endeared fire-sides; together with their pots and kettles, spoons, and other culinary articles of their own manufacture, around them, present, altogether, one of the most picturesque scenes to the eye of a stranger that can be possibly seen, and far more wild and vivid than could ever be imagined."

But if the interior was full of interesting scenes, we have only to open another book to find that the exterior was also replete with interest. Of this Mr. Brownell says: "In the center of the village an open court was left for purposes of recreation and for the performances of the national religious ceremonies. Upon the rounded roofs of the domicils numerous busy or indolent groups were sitting or lounging in every possible attitude, while in the central area some were exercising their wild horses, or training and playing with their dogs. Such a variety of brilliant and fanciful costumes, ormamented with plumes and porcupine quills, with the picturesque throng of Indians and animals, the closely crowded village, the green plain, the river, and the blue hills in the distance, formed a happy subject for the artist.

But the attractions of a Mandan village were not all confined within the narrow limits encompassed by the pickets. Outside, at a little distance, could be seen the scaffolds upon which the dead were placed. The funeral rites of this nation were very peculiar and not without interest. The body of the dead person was wrapped in a buffalo skin, which included the arms used by the deceased during his life, and the usual provision of tobacco, flint and steel, knife and food. A slight scaffold was arranged, high enough to be out of the reach of wild beasts, and there the body was placed to decay in the open air. "Day after day," continues Mr. Brownell, "those who had lost friends would come out from the village to this strange ceme-

tery to weep and bewail over their loss. Such genuine and long-continued grief as was exhibited by the afflicted relatives, puts to shame the cold-heartedness of too many among the cultivated and enlightened. When, after the lapse of years, the scaffolds had fallen, and nothing was left but bleached and mouldering bones, the remains were buried, with the exception of the skulls. These were placed in circles upon the plain, with the faces turned inward, each resting upon a bunch of wild sage; and in the center, upon two slight mounds, 'medicine-piles' were erected, at the foot of which were the heads and horns of a male and female buffalo. To these new places of deposit, each of which contained not far from one hundred skulls, do these people again resort to evince their further affection for the dead—not in groans and lamentations, however, for several years have cured the anguish, but fond affections and endearments are here renewed, and conversations are here held and cherished with the dead."

Alone on that far distant river's bank, away from the encroachments of civilization, the wife or mother would sit for hours by the side of the skull of the loved and lost, addressing it with the most affectionate and loving words, or perhaps lying down and falling asleep with it in her embrace.

The Mandans were a hospitable race, friendly in their treatment of each other, and mindful of the wants of travelers. They were for the most part a fine looking people, many of their women being very handsome. With a few exceptions, they were a clean, tidy people. They indulged in all the elaboration of the war-paint and dress, and were exceedingly proud of their appearance.

The custom of polygamy was universal among the Mandans by all whose native vigor procured them rank. The girls were usually sold at prices in proportion to their beauty by their parents at a very early age, and as among the Eastern nations of savages, their fate was a life of toil and hardship. Nevertheless, "amongst them respectable virtue was as highly cherished and as inapproachable as in any society whatever." The white traders and travelers who went among them, either from policy or inclination, allied themselves to one or more of

the principal chiefs by a temporary espousal of his daughter. "In many instances they indulged in a plurality." This was a position greatly sought after by the daughters of the chiefs, as it afforded them a good opportunity for idleness and ornamentation. Games were largely practiced among the boys and young men. An endless variety of dances, with vocal and instrumental music, mingled with their recreations and religious ceremonies. When game was scarce, or when the buffalo herds had wandered far away from the vicinitv of their village, these superstitious savages would perform the "buffalo dance" in the central arena of their village. On this occasion every man in the tribe wore a mask made from the skin of a buffalo's head, including the horns. "When the wise men of the nation determined upon their vocations to attack the buffalo herds," says Brownell, "watchers were stationed upon the eminences surrounding the villages and the dance commenced. With extravagant actions and strange ejaculations the crowd performed the prescribed maneuvers: As fast as those engaged became weary they would signify it by crouching down, when those without the circle would go through the pantomime of severally shooting, flaying and dressing them, while new performers took their place. Night and day the mad scene was kept up, sometimes for weeks together, until the signal was given of the approach of buffaloes, when all prepared with joy and hilarity for a grand hunt, fully convinced that their own exertions had secured the prize." A ceremony not less ridiculous was performed in case of a drought, with a view to producing a rain shower.

Their children were taught the principles of war from infancy, and impressed with the idea that true dignity and glory awaited him alone who could fringe his garments with the scalps of his enemies. Among the Mandan warriors, even at a recent date, were some of the boldest men of the forest; the result, no doubt, in a great measure of their early training.

The religion of the Mandans was similar to that of most of the Indian tribes already spoken off, yet many of their religious ceremonies are full of the most unique situations. The grand four days' ceremony had three distinct objects: "a festi-

val of thanksgiving for the escape of their ancesters from the flood, of which they had a distinct tradition, strikingly comfortable to scriptural history;" the grand bull dance already described, and to initiate the young men, by terrible trials and tortures, into the order of warriors.

This ceremony was performed in the spring, as soon as the willow trees on the bank of the river were in leaf, "for, according to their tradition," says Catlin, "the twig that the bird brought home was a willow bough and had full grown leaves upon it, and the bird to which they allude is the mourning or turtle-dove, which they took great pains to point out to me." The first performances were, as I have said, in reference to the deluge, and in commemoration of this ancient event a sort of "curb or hogshead" stood in the centre of the village, in memory of the "big canoe," in which the human race, including the Indians, was saved from a watery grave.

The Indians were not informed as to what day the ceremonies would take place; but on a fine morning the inhabitants of the village would be all astir gazing earnestly at an approaching figure. This strange person would soon enter within the inclosed space of the village, painted white and carrying a large pipe in his hand. This visitor was saluted by the principal men of the village as "Numohkmuchanah" (Noah). His mission was to open the great lodge reserved exclusively for the annual religious ceremonies. After performing this duty and promising to return in the following spring, he took his departure for his distant mountain home.

One of the most interesting features of these curious rites was the ordeal which the young warriors had to pass in order to qualify them for the duties of a brave. The candidates for this torturous performance were obliged to abstain from eating any kind of food, drinking or sleeping for three days. Then coming forward, the candidates allowed the flesh of their breasts or backs to be pierced with rude two-edged knives, and rough sticks thrust through the holes. The sticks were run through the flesh to such a depth as to be capable of supporting much more than the weight of the body. Cords were attached to these sticks, by which the sufferers were hoisted up

a considerable distance from the ground. Similar sticks were then thrust through the flesh of their legs, to which heavy weights were suspended, among which were buffalo heads. Through all this the fortitude of the young Indian enabled him to bear the pain without flinching, but when in this horrible position, with his flesh tearing by slow degrees in both his arms and legs, a number of attendants commenced turning him round and round with poles, the pain became unbearable and the sufferer would cry out in agony to the Great Spirit for power to enable him to stand the torture. He was permitted to hang in this position until entirely unconscious, when he was taken down and the sticks taken from his arms. He was then compelled to crawl off, dragging the weights after him, as in no case were the sticks in his legs removed, being left until they should be dragged out by the force of the weights. He was next called upon to cut off one of his own fingers from the left hand; but this was perhaps the lightest part of the ceremony. "Within the court," says Mr. Brownell, "a new trial awaited him, the last but most terrible of all. An active man took his position on each side of the weak and mutilated sufferer, and, passing a thong about his wrist, urged him forward at the top of his speed in a circle around the arena. When, faint and weary, he sank on the ground, the tormentors dragged him furiously around the ring until the splints were torn out by the weights attached, and he lay motionless and apparently lifeless. If the splint should have been so deeply inserted that no force — even that of the weight of individuals in the crowd, thrown upon the trailing skulls — could break the integuments, nothing remained but to crawl off to the prairie and wait until it should give way by suppuration. To draw the skewer out would be unpardonable sacrilege. It is told of one man that he suspended himself from the precipitous river bank by two of these skewers, thrust through his arms, until, at the end of several days, he dropped into the water and swam ashore. Throughout the whole ordeal, the chiefs and sages of the tribe critically observed the comparative fortitude and endurance of the candidates, and formed their conclusions there-

upon as to which would be the worthiest to command in after time."

The same author informs us that in the summer of 1838 the small-pox was communicated to the Mandans from some infected persons on board one of the steamers belonging to a company of fur traders. So virulent was the disease, that in a few weeks it swept off the whole tribe, except a few who fell into the hands of their enemies, the Ricarees. One principal reason for the excessive mortality is said to have been that hostile bands of Indians had beset the village, and the inhabitants were consequently unable to separate, or to place the infected in an isolated position. The scene of death, lamentation and terror is said by those who witnessed it to have been frightful in the extreme. Great numbers perished by leaping into the river, in the paroxysm of fever, being too weak to swim out. Those who died in the village lay in heaps upon the floors of the huts. Of the few secured by the Ricarees, who took possession of the depopulated village, nearly all were said to have been killed during some subsequent hostilities, so that now scarce a vestige of the tribe can be supposed to remain. The Mandans were probably all congregated at their principal village at the time of the great calamity; the other village was situated two miles below, was a small settlement, and was used, as we are led to infer, merely for a temporary *summer residence* for a few of the noted families.

Mr. Catlin, in speaking of the destruction of this tribe by the small-pox, says: "There is yet a melancholy part of the tale to be told, relating to the ravages of this frightful disease in that country on the same occasion, as it spread to other contiguous tribes, the Minatarrees, the Knisteneaux, the Blackfeet, the Chayennes and the Crows, amongst whom twenty-five thousand perished in the course of four or five months, which most appalling facts I got from Major Pilcher, superintendent of Indian affairs at St. Louis, from Mr. McKenzie and others."

## CHAPTER XLII.

SKETCH OF THE SIOUX INDIANS — HOW THEY NURSED THEIR INFANTS — LEAVING THEIR OLD AND INFIRM TO DIE FROM STARVATION — THE PECULIARITIES OF THE RED-PIPE STONE QUARRY — SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SIOUX REGARDING THE PIPE STONE — THE BUFFALO HUNT.

THE SIOUX or Dacotas, were at one time the most widely diffused tribe of Indians of the West. Their territory extended far west to the country of the Blackfeet, and from the Missouri in the south to the Upper Mississippi in the north. They subsisted entirely by hunting and fishing, using, until a recent date, the native weapons of their race. One of the most remarkable traits in their character was the strength of maternal affection. According to their custom, their infants were carried for the first six or seven months of their existence, strapped firmly to a board, the hands and feet only being left at liberty. A small hoop was placed over their faces, so that in case they should fall, no injury would be sustained. This contrivance, or rude cradle, was almost always neatly ornamented with fringe or embroidery. The whole was suspended upon the back of the mother by a strap, which passed around over her forehead. After the child has reached this age it is loosened and nursed in the folds of the mother's blanket or robe. If the infant dies during the time that is allotted to it to be carried in this cradle, it is buried, and the disconsolate mother fills the cradle with black quills and feathers, in the parts which the child's body had occupied, and in this way carries it around with her wherever she goes for a year or more, with as much care as if her infant were alive and in it; and she often lays or stands it against the side of the wigwam, where she is all day engaged with her needle-work, and chatting and talking to it as famil-

iarly and affectionately as if it were her loved infant, instead of its shell, that she was talking to. So lasting and so strong is the affection of these women for the lost child, that it matters not how heavy or cruel their load, or how rugged the route they have to pass over, they will faithfully carry this, and carefully, from day to day, and even more strictly perform their duties to it, than if the child were alive and in it.

One of the most cruel customs among the Sioux was that of leaving their old and infirm to die alone, exposed and unattended. The old sufferers not only assented to this proceeding, but generally suggested it when conscious that they were no longer able to support themselves. They were generally left with a slight protection over them, with a little food by their side, to die, or be devoured by the hungry wolves. It was in the country of the Sioux at the southern extremity of the high ridge, called the Coteau des Prairies, which lies between the head waters of the St. Peter's and Missouri, that the far-famed quarry of red pipe-stone was situated. Pipes made from this stone were common among all the Western tribes. The stone was obtained by digging to a depth of several feet in the prairie at the foot of a precipitous wall of quartz rocks. The geological formation of this spot presents a singular phenomenon, and the pipe-stone is of itself a singular material. It is said to be harder than gypsum, and softer than carbonate of lime, and is different from any other metal ever discovered by geologists. The component materials of this stone, according to the analysis of Dr. Jackson, of Boston, are as follows: "water, 8,4; silica, 48,2; alumina, 28.2; magnesia, 6.0; carbonate of lime, 2.6; peroxide of iron, 5.0; oxide of manganese, 0.6."

"The Indians," says Mr. Brownell, in his valuable book, "use the stone only in the manufacture of pipes; to apply it to any other use they esteem the most unheard-of sacrilege. From the affinity of its color to that of their own skins, they draw some fanciful legend of its formation, at the time of the great deluge, out of the flesh of the perishing red men. They esteem it one of the choicest gifts of the Great Spirit."

The following extracts from the speeches of Sioux orators, will give the reader a good idea of how highly, and in what

light the savages appreciated this stone: "You see," said one (holding a red pipe to the side of his naked arm,) "that this pipe is a part of our flesh. The red men are a part of the red stone."

Another says, "If the white men take away a piece of the red pipe-stone, it is a hole made in our flesh, and the blood will always run. We cannot stop the blood from running. The Great Spirit has told us that the red stone is only to be used for pipes, and through them we are to smoke to him."

We find another Sioux saying: "We love to go to the Pipe-Stone, and get a piece for our pipes; but we ask the Great Spirit first. If the white men go to it, they will take it out, and not fill up the holes again, and the Great Spirit will be offended."

And still another: "My friends, listen to me! what I am about to say will be truth. I bought a large piece of the pipe-stone, and gave it to a white man to make a pipe; he was our trader, and I wished him to have a good pipe. The next time I went to his store, I was unhappy when I saw that stone made into a dish! This is the way the white men would use the red pipe-stone if they could get it. Such conduct would offend the Great Spirit, and make a red man's heart sick."

Buffalo hunting was the principal occupation of the Sioux, and in this pursuit they were not excelled by any other Western tribe. They used horses, a wild breed extensively spread over the Western country, the descendants of those originally brought over by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, and were excellent horsemen. These animals were superior in speed to any animals on the Western prairies. Numbers of them were kept about the encampment of the Indians, hoppled, so as to prevent their straying away. Upon the open prairie, the buffalo were generally pursued on horseback, the Indians being armed with the lance and bow and arrow. The Indian would generally ride furiously on until he came within a few feet of his prey, and then discharging his arrow with great force into its side, would follow it with his lance, which generally proved fatal. This pursuit was not without danger, for oftimes both horse and rider would fall a prey to the dangerous

animal. Yet such was the excitement of the savages while in the chase, that they seemed to be regardless of all danger.

In the winter season the buffalo hunt was managed on a different plan. They were generally driven from the high ridges, where they had gathered to feed upon the herbage, into the snow-covered prairies, where, floundering in the deep snow, they were soon overtaken by the savages on their snow shoes, and picked off by the arrow and lance. "When buffaloes are plenty," says the author from whom I have just quoted, "and the Indians have fair opportunity, the most astonishing and wasteful slaughter ensues. Besides the ordinary methods of destruction, the custom of driving immense herds over some precipitous ledge, where those behind trample down and thrust over the foremost, until hundreds and thousands are destroyed, has been often described."

Some early writers have severely censured savage improvidence in this regard, on the grounds that in a few years they would be left without the means of subsistence. But we have lived to see the Indians imprudently destroyed, long before they had killed half the buffaloes of the Western prairies.

# CHAPTER XLIII.

THE CROWS AND THE BLACKFEET—THEIR MYTHS AND THEIR WARS—CHARACTERISTICS OF THESE TRIBES—INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

WE NOW come to notice the tribes upon the Yellowstone and the head waters of the Missouri. Among the most noted of these were the Crows and the Blackfeet, and their neighbors and enemies, the Ojibwas, Knisteneaux, and Assinaboins. In 1834, the numbers of the Blackfeet exceeded twenty thousand, but the small-pox, in 1838, reduced their number to about thirteen thousand. The Blackfeet, being farthest removed from the influences of civilization, presented many fine specimens of the Indian race. They were of manly proportions, active, and capable of great endurance. Their dress was both comfortable and ornamental, "bedecked with all the embroidery and fixings characteristic of savage finery." Their dwellings, means of subsistence, customs, etc., were so nearly like those tribes already mentioned that any particulars concerning them in this place will be superfluous. There were, however, a few points of difference which I shall not fail to mention. Their lodges were generally made of buffalo skins, supported by firm poles, which they brought from the distant mountains. The skins were strongly stitched together, and highly ornamented. The tents were easily moved by making the poles into one bundle and the skins into another.

Among these very remote tribes might have been found at a late day many of the ancient superstitous observances of their race, retained with all their original solemnity. One of the most singular of these, says Mr. Brownell, is the preparation of the "medicine-bag," which every man carried with him upon all occasions, as being intricately involved with his own safety and success in war, hunting, or any of the occuptions

of life. At about the age of puberty the Indian boy bethought himself of taking the necessary steps for the preparation of this mysterious amulet or charm. He retired to some solitary spot, where he spent several days, lying upon the ground, taking nothing to eat, and employing himself constantly in praying to the Great Spirit. Becoming exhausted, he would fall asleep, and of course dream very important and significant dreams. He would then return home, and after gaining sufficient strength, start out in pursuit of the bird or animal which appeared most conspicuous in his dreams, not resting until he had obtained a specimen. This done, he would return and dress the skin, stuff it with moss, or some other light substance, after which he would ornament it with every description of savage finery. This medicine-bag was considered invaluable, and was carried in every important undertaking. "These curious appendages," says Mr. Catlin, "to the persons or wardrobe of an Indian are sometimes made of the skin of an otter, a beaver, a muskrat, a weasel, a raccoon, a pole-cat, a snake, a frog, a toad, a bat, a mouse, a mole, a hawk, an eagle, a magpie, or a sparrow; sometimes of the skin of an animal so large as a wolf."

The Crows were inferior in numbers to the Blackfeet, but with whom they were for many years at war. Physically they are a fine race, being much taller than the Indians of surrounding tribes, and models of agility and strength. In their primitive state they were an honest, trustworthy set of savages, but in later days, when corrupted by the evils of civilization, they became a lawless, thieving horde. As will be seen in the course of our narrative, the Crows and Blackfeet were objects of terror to the pioneer settlers, traders, and trappers of the Far West. Mr. Brownell, in speaking of their personal appearance, says that one distinguishing peculiarity of these Indians was the extraordinary length of their hair, which was cherished and cultivated as an ornament, until it swept the ground after them. This profusion was to be seen in no tribe except the Crows, although some of their neighbors endeavored to imitate it by glueing an additional length to their natural hair. The Crows spoke a different language from the Blackfeet.

"The smaller Minitari tribes, between the mouth of the Yellowstone and the site of the Mandan villages, and the extensive nation of the Gros Ventres, inhabiting the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, spoke the same language with the Crows, or one very nearly allied to it. The Arapahoes, numbering some three thousand, and dwelling about the sources of the Platte and Arkansas rivers, belonged to the race of the Blackfeet."

The Arapahoes were for many years at war with the Flatheads and other tribes still further westward. The descent of these remote bands upon the plains in pursuit of buffalo, was deemed by the Blackfeet a signal infringement of their rights, and fierce battles often resulted from the conflicting claims of the rival nations.

Along the Rocky Mountains and their western slopes, and on the plains drained by the sources of the Columbia, were the Nez-Perces, or Pierced-Nose Indians, the Flatheads and the Pends Orcilles, or Hanging Ears. These straggling tribes were at continual war with nearly all the western tribes, and were, more particularly enemies of the Blackfeet. At one time a number of Blackfeet prisoners fell into the hands of the Flatheads, and although the latter were usually a kind, hospitable race, they thrust upon their captives upon this occasion every species of torture with a view to overcome the far-famed courage and fortitude of the Blackfeet. But it was all in vain. One exulted over his tormentors, vaunting his own deeds in the following language: "My heart is strong.—You do not hurt me. You can't hurt me. You are fools. You do not know how to torture. Try it again. I don't feel any pain yet. We torture your relations a great deal better, because we make them cry out loud, like little children. You are not brave; you have small hearts, and you are always afraid to fight." Then speaking to one of his captors, he said: "It was by my arrow you lost your eye;" upon which the Flathead darted at him, and with a knife, in a moment scooped out one of his eyes; at the same time cutting the bridge of his nose nearly in two. This did not stop him; with the remaining eye he looked sternly at another, and said, "I killed *your* brother, and I scalped your old fool of a father." The warrior

to whom this was addressed instantly sprung at him and severed the scalp from his head.*

Some very interesting traits of the character of the Crows are exhibited in an adventure of a noted trapper—Mr. Robert Brownell, as given in Mr. Irving's book. This traveler was at one time hospitably entertained by the celebrated Crow chief, Arapooish, in whose care he had placed a large and valuable package of furs. The greater part of his goods had been buried in the ground for greater safety. These, however, were all stolen, the number of beaver skins included being one hundred and fifty. Upon hearing this, Arapooish immediately assembled all the men of the village, and after making a speech, in which he vehemently declaimed against their bad faith towards the stranger, and declared that he would neither touch food nor drink until the skins should all be returned. The Indians at once acknowledged their guilt and returned the goods.

In a former chapter I have mentioned the strength of maternal affection among the Sioux. We now have numerous anecdotes exemplifying the enduring and powerful attachment between the sexes among the Far West tribes; but this was not only among the Indians alone, but when they had intermarried with whites. One of these instances is as follows: "Among the free trappers in the Rocky Mountain band was a spirited young Mexican, named Loretto, who, in the course of his wanderings, had ransomed a beautiful Blackfoot girl from a band of Crows, by whom she had been captured. He made her his wife, after the Indian style, and she had followed his fortunes ever since with the most devoted affection." In Mr. Brownell's work we find the same incident referred to in these words: "The company one day fell in with a numerous party of Blackfeet warriors, and the preliminary steps were taken for a parley, and for smoking the calumet, in token of peace. At this moment, Loretto's Indian wife perceived her own brother among the band. Leaving her infant with Loretto, she rushed forward and threw herself upon her brother's neck, who clasped his long-lost sister to his heart with a warmth of affection but little compatible with the reputed stoicism of the savage.

* Brownell's Indian Races.

"Meanwhile, Bridger, one of the trapper leaders, approaching the Blackfeet, from the imprudent excess of caution, cocked his rifle just as he came up with them. The Indian chief, who was in the act of proffering a friendly salutation, heard the click of the lock, and all his native fury and suspicion were instantly aroused. He sprang upon Bridger, forced the muzzle of the rifle into the ground, where it was discharged, knocked him down, seized his horse, and rode off. A general, but disorderly fight ensued, during which Loretto's wife was hurried away by her relations.

"The noble young Mexican saw her in their power, vainly entreating permission to return, and, regardless of the danger incurred, at once hastened to her side, and restored the child to its mother. The Blackfeet braves admired his boldness, and respected the confidence which he had reposed in them by thus venturing in their midst, but they were deaf to all the prayers of himself and his wife that they might remain together. He was dismissed unharmed, but the woman and child were detained.

"Not many months afterwards the faithful Loretto procured his discharge from the company in whose service he was enlisted, and followed his wife to her own country. A happy rëunion took place, and the loving pair took up their residence at the trading-house among the Blackfeet, where the husband served as interpreter between the Indians and white traders."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE FAR WEST—THE PIERCED-NOSES—THE WALLAWALLAS—THE FLAT-HEADS—PECULIARITIES OF THIS TRIBE—THEIR CANOES, ETC.

STILL west of the Blackfoot country and west of the Rocky Mountains, lived the Pierced-Nose Indians, and far down the Kooskooske river dwelt the Flat-Heads, while upon the main southern branch, the Lewis Fork of the Columbia or Snake river, dwelt the Shoshonees or Snake Indians.

The Pierced-Nose Indians were a quiet, inoffensive people, although when provoked to anger they were by no means wanting in courage or ability. They were exceedingly superstitious and consequently perceptible to religious impressions. Their patient reliance upon the Great Spirit, in times of want and danger, would shame our civilized devotion.

In a time of great want a traveler named Capt. Bonneville happened among them, and found them subsisting upon wild rose buds, roots and other innutritious vegetable matters. At this early day their weapon was the spear. With this they set out on a certain day, on horseback, to obtain game. The whites regarded the expedition as hopeless. They galloped away, however, in high confidence. The undertaking being successful, the poor Indians freely shared the meats they had taken with the strangers. Capt. Bonneville, in afterwards speaking of these savages, says: "Simply to call these people religious, would convey but a faint idea of the deep hue of piety and devotion which pervades their whole conduct. Their honesty is immaculate, and their purity of purpose and their observance of the rites of their religion, are most uniform and remarkable. They are certainly more like a nation of saints than a horde of savages."

The Pierced-Nose Indians were divided into two tribes, the upper and the lower, the first of these is that to which allusion has heretofore been made in connection with the Blackfeet. The Indians of the lower tribe subsisted upon fish, and upon deer, elk and other game of their own country. However, they differed in nothing important from their brethren.

But farther to the westward, upon the banks of the Columbia, we come to the Wallawallas, a tribe not unlike the Pierced-Noses in general characteristics. They were, for savages, exceedingly clean and decent. They had plenty of horses, and lived chiefly by hunting; but like their neighbors, whom I have just mentioned, they were constantly at war. The Shoshonees were their mortal enemies. The cause for their hostility was that which produced nearly all wars between the Indians—disputed territory.

But let us notice some of the strange peculiarities of the Flat-Heads, who lived along the banks of the lower Columbia. The horrible deformity of the skull, which constitutes their chief peculiarity, is produced by pressure upon the forehead of the infant while the bone is soft and pliable. The infant is stretched upon its back, as already described in our account of the Sioux, a bit of bark is then so secured about the head by strings that it can be tightened at pleasure, creating a steady pressure until the head is so flattened that "a straight line can be drawn from the tip of the nose to the unnatural apex." The operation occupies nearly a year.

It is said, however, that this extensive displacement of the brain does not effect any noticeable change in the faculties of the mind. "It is an unaccountable custom and is persisted in as being an improvement upon nature."

Mr. Brownell informs us that, exclusive of the head, there is little particularly noticeable about the personal appearance of the Indians of the lower Columbia. The description given of them, particularly of their women, is by no means attractive. It would seem, from one of Mr. Catlin's illustrations, that a singular custom, generally considered as peculiar to the Brazilian Botocudos, is occasionally observable among them. He

gives a sketch of a woman whose under-lip is pierced, and the aperture filled with a large wooden plug or button.

In building canoes they excelled nearly all other savages. These were often fifty feet long, and would carry from eight to ten thousand pounds weight, or from twenty to thirty persons. They were cut out of a single trunk of a tree, which is generally white cedar, though the fir is sometimes used. When they embarked one Indian sat in the stern and steered with a paddle; the others kneeled in pairs in the bottom of the canoe, and, sitting on their heels, paddled over the gunwale next to them. In this way they rode with perfect safety the highest waves, and ventured without the least concern in seas where other boats and seamen could not have lived an instant. They sat quietly and paddled, with no other movement, except when any large wave throwed the boat on her side, and to the eye of the spectator she seemed lost; the man to windward then steadied her by throwing his body towards the upper side, and, sinking his paddle deep into the waves, appeared to catch the water and force it under the boat.

The Flat-Heads subsisted chiefly by fishing, in which they were unusually expert. Their nets were made of silk grass, or of the fibrous bark of white cedar, as were also the lines used for angling. The hooks were procured from white traders, but in earlier times were manufactured from bones by the natives.

Their houses were exceedingly large, many being thirty feet broad by one hundred long. Their household furniture was rude and simple. Such were the Flat-Heads.

## CHAPTER XLV.

THE SHOSHONEES — THE ROOT-DIGGERS — DESCRIPTION OF THE SNAKE INDIANS — THE UTAHS AND APACHES — THE NABAJOS AND THE MOQUES.

WE NEXT come to the great nation of the Shoshonees, whose various tribes were scattered over the boundless wilderness from Texas to the Columbia. "Their territory," says Mr. Brownell, "was bounded on the north and west by that of their hereditary enemies, the Blackfeet and Crows, the tribes allied to the great Dacotah or Sioux family, and the Indians removed westward from the United States.

"Those who dwelt among the rugged and inhospitable regions of the great Rocky Mountain chain, known as Shoshonees, or Root-Diggers, were the most destitute and miserable portion of all the North American tribes. They had no horses, and nothing but the rudest native implements for securing game. They were harmless, and exceedingly timid and shy, choosing for their dwellings the most remote and unexplored retreats of the mountains, whither they fled in terror at the approach of strangers, whether whites or Indians." "These forlorn beings," says Irving, "forming a mere link between human nature and the brute, have been looked down upon with pity and contempt by the Creole trappers, who have given them the appellation of '*les dignes de pitie*,' or, the objects of pity." They appear more worthy to be called the wild men of the mountains."

Although living in a climate where they experienced great severity of cold, these miserable people were very insufficiently protected either by clothing or comfortable huts. Of a party seen by Bonneville upon the plain below Powder River, that traveler remarks: "They live without any further protection from the inclemency of the season, than a sort of break-

weather, about three feet high, composed of sage (or wormwood,) and erected around them in the shape of a half-moon." This material also furnishes them with fuel. Many were seen carrying about with them a slow match, made of twisted bark. "Whenever they wished to warm themselves, they would gather together a little wormwood, apply the match and in an instant produce a cheering blaze."*

They subsisted in a great degree upon roots and wild seeds. However, they were ambitious enough to catch rabbits and other small animals. Those who lived in the vicinity of streams added to their supplies by fishing, and it was in this pursuit that they evinced one provident trait—that of laying by a store of dried fish for the winter. Yet, for the most part, they were miserably provided with the necessaries of life. Mr. Bonneville informs us that they were destitute of the necessary covering to protect them from the weather, and seemed to be in ignorance of any other propriety or advantage in the use of clothing. One old dame, he says, had absolutely nothing on her person but a thread around her neck, from which was pendant a single bead.

Those Shoshonees who were distinct from the Root-Diggers, were a free, bold race of hunters. Indeed, in this respect, they were not inferior to the Sioux, Blackfeet or Crows. It is a very difficult matter to give any satisfactory classification of the several tribes belonging to this great nation. "The Shoshonees or Snakes," says Mr. Schoolcraft, "embrace all the territory of the Great South Pass, between the Mississippi valley and the waters of the Columbia, by which the land or caravan communication with Oregon and California is now, or is destined hereafter, to be maintained. * * Under the name of Yampatick-ara, or Root-Eaters, and Bonacks, they occupy, with the Utahs, the vast elevated basin of the Great Salt Lake, extending south and west to the borders of New Mexico and California. Information recently received denotes that the language is spoken by bands in the gold mine region of the Sacramento." The most noted branch of the whole family was that of the Camanches, "who descended eastwardly into

* Brownell's Indian Races.

the Texan plains at unknown periods of their history." Analogy in language was all that attested the former unity of this nation with the Shoshonees. The Camanches inhabited a country where bisons and wild horses abounded, and their general habits and mode of life were consequently very similar to those of the Western Sioux and other races of the prairies. As bold and skillful riders, they were said to have no equals, at least in North America; some of their feats of horsemanship appeared almost supernatural to a stranger. One of the most singular of these is that of throwing the whole body upon one side of the horse, so as to be entirely shielded from the missile of an enemy, with the exception of the heel, by which they still maintained their hold, and were enabled to regain their seat in an instant.* The Camanches, when walking about, were an awkward set of people, probably the result of constant riding. The Camanches are essentially a warlike race, and the whole history of the settlement and occupation of Texas is replete with tales of their courage and prowess.

The wigwams of the Camanches consisted of tents of buffalo skins, and were transported from place to place as necessity or convenience demanded. The tribe adjoining these, the Pawnee Picts, lived near the extreme head waters of the Red river, on the borders of the Rocky Mountains; but these people were entirely distinct from the Pawnees of the Platte river, and were, in general characteristics, much like their friends, the Camanches. They were, however, an agricultural race, and raised large quantities of maize, beans, pumpkins and other vegetables.

The Utahs and the Apaches inhabited the wilds of New Mexico, but were not essentially different from the tribes already mentioned. In the same country dwelt two very distinguished tribes, the Nabajos and Moques. In speaking of the latter tribes in 1846, Mr. Charles Bent says they are "an industrious, intelligent and warlike tribe of Indians, who cultivate the soil, and raise sufficient grain and fruits of various kinds for their own consumption. They are the owners of large flocks and herds of cattle, sheep, horses, mules and asses. It is

* Brownell's Indian Races.

estimated that the tribe possesses thirty thousand head of horned cattle, five hundred thousand head of sheep, and ten thousand head of horses, mules and asses. * * They manufacture excellent coarse blankets, and coarse woolen goods for wearing apparel. * * * They have in their possession many men, women and children, taken from the settlements of this territory, whom they hold and treat as slaves. * * The Moques are neighbors of the Nabajos, and live in permanent villages, cultivate grain and fruits, and raise all the varieties of stock."

The Nabajos numbered from seven to twelve thousand souls, the Moques between two and three thousand. The two tribes were for many years at war with each other, which, more than any other agency reduced their numbers. It is said of these tribes that the men were of the common stature, with light, flaxen hair, light blue eyes, and that their skin was of the most delicate whiteness.

It should be stated, in concluding this chapter, that it is impossible to give any satisfactory classification of the Indian tribes of the Far West. I have already mentioned all the great nations that inhabited that extensive region, and attempted to present some of the more prominent tribal divisions, but as we proceed to the narrative of the wars between them and the whites, the reader will meet with many new names, and will no doubt wonder to what tribe they belong, or why they were not mentioned in this brief review of the Western Indians. As this occurs, I shall remember to mention to which of the nations these new names belong.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

COLONEL FREMONT AND KIT CARSON — KIT GOES AS GUIDE WITH FREMONT'S EXPEDITION — THE BUFFALO HUNT — ADVENTURES IN A PRAIRIE DOG-VILLAGE — CROSSING THE SOUTH FORK — IMMENSE BUFFALO HERDS.

THE FIRST train of adventure and border warfare of the Far West, which I have selected as proper to constitute the opening chapters of the second part of this volume, is that which surrounds the remarkable lives of Col. Fremont and Christopher (Kit) Carson. In following the current of these adventurous lives I shall be obliged to pass over, for the present, many important events, but in the course of the narrative we shall return to bring these forward.

The reader will require no introduction to these men. The name of the latter is already familiar throughout America, while that of the former, who has rendered his country valuable services, is not less treasured by the American people.

Kit Carson had spent sixteen years of his life in the wilds of the West, among the fiercest Indian tribes, as hunter, trapper, guide, or scout, or each in turn, and had returned to feast his eyes once more upon the scenes of civilization. This was in 1842. He visited his relatives in the frontier settlements of Missouri, where he found the scenes of his boyhood days vastly changed. On all sides the famous mountaineer was greeted with new faces. The only relic of his childhood was the old log-cabin where his father and mother had resided, and its rude walls were already crumbling into decay. The family had been scattered by death and ill-fortune, and the brave hunter felt that he had no longer any endearments among civilized people. Having satisfied his curiosity, he turned his face once more towards his mountain home. He

took passage upon a steamboat bound up the Missouri. On this boat he fell in with Col. J. C. Fremont, who had left Washington in May, agreeably to the order of Col. J. J. Abert, chief of the corps of topographical engineers, to explore the country between the frontiers of Missouri and the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains. While on the steamer Kit Carson was engaged as guide to Col. Fremont's company. The party consisted of about twenty-one Creole and Canadian *voyageurs;* Charles Preuss, Fremont's assistant; L. Maxwell, of Kaskaskia, as hunter, and, as I have already observed, Kit Carson, as guide. In addition to these, Fremont was accompanied by Henry Brant and Randolph Benton, two respectable young men who attached themselves to the expedition for the development of mind and body.

Upon their arrival in Kansas, preparations were made for a long and dangerous journey, which was commenced on the tenth of June, 1842. They pursued the trail of a party of emigrants bound for the Columbia river. This train was only about three weeks in their advance. The latter consisted of men, women and children. There were sixty-four men and sixteen or seventeen families. They had a considerable number of cattle. They were transporting their household furniture in large, heavy wagons. There had been much sickness among them, and they had lost several children. One of the party, who had lost his child, and whose wife was very ill, had left them about one hundred miles hence on the prairies, and as a hunter, who had accompanied them, visited Fremont's camp on the twenty-seventh of June. As this man was returning to the States, Fremont availed himself of the opportunity of writing letters to his friends.

The order observed in the march of Fremont's party was about the same as that adopted by expeditions to the great West in early times: The animals were turned out to graze at daybreak every morning; six o'clock was the hour for breakfast, and as soon as it was over the march was resumed. At noon the party generally came to a halt for about two hours. At sunset the order was given to encamp. The tents were erected, the horses turned out to graze, and supper prepared.

When darkness closed in the horses were picketed and a mounted guard stationed around the carts, which were generally set up for a defense in case of an attack.

On the twenty-third of June the party had a specimen of false alarms to which all such expeditions in these wild regions were subject. As they proceeded along the valley, objects were seen on the opposite hills, which disappeared before a glass could be brought to bear upon them. A man who had been a short distance in front came spurring back in great haste, shouting, "Indians! Indians!" He had been near enough to count them, according to his report, and had made out just twenty-seven. Fremont at once halted; the arms were examined and put in order, and the usual preparations made. At this juncture the brave Kit Carson mounted one of the best horses, crossed the river and galloped off over the prairie for the purpose of gaining some intelligence respecting the enemy. Of Kit's appearance in this brave adventure we have Colonel Fremont's own words: "Mounted on a fine horse, without a saddle, and scouring bareheaded over the prairies, Kit was one of the finest pictures of a horseman I have ever seen. A short time enabled him to discover that the Indian war party of twenty-seven consisted of six elks, who had been gazing curiously at our caravan as it passed by, and were now scampering off at full speed. This was our first alarm, and its excitement broke agreeably on the monotony of the day."

Proceeding along in this way the party was soon in the land of the buffalo, as will be seen by the following from Fremont's own pen:

"A few miles brought us into the midst of the buffalo, swarming in immense numbers over the plains, where they had left scarcely a blade of grass standing. Mr. Preuss, who was sketching at a little distance in the rear, had at first noted them as large groves of timber. In the sight of such a mass of life, the traveler feels a strange emotion of grandeur. We had heard from a distance a dull and confused murmuring, and, when we came in view of their dark masses, there was not one among us who did not feel his heart beat quicker. It was the early part of the day, when the herds are feeding; and every-

where they were in motion. Here and there a huge old bull was rolling in the grass, and clouds of dust rose in the air from various parts of the bands, each the scene of some obstinate fight. Indians and buffaloes make the poetry and life of the prairie, and our camp was full of their exhilaration. In place of the quiet monotony of the march, relieved only by the cracking of the whip, and an "*avance donc! enfant de garce!*" shouts and songs resounded from every part of the line, and our evening camp was always the commencement of a feast, which terminated only with our departure on the following morning. At any time of the night might be seen pieces of the most delicate and choicest meat, roasting *en appolas*, on sticks around the fire, and the guard were never without company. With pleasant weather and no enemy to fear, an abundance of the most excellent meat, and no scarcity of bread or tobacco, they were enjoying the oasis of a voyageur's life. Three cows were killed to-day. Kit Carson had shot one, and was continuing the chase in the midst of another herd, when his horse fell headlong, but sprang up and joined the flying band. Though considerably hurt, he had the good fortune to break no bones; and Maxwell, who was mounted on a fleet hunter, captured the runaway after a hard chase. He was on the point of shooting him, to avoid the loss of his bridle (a handsomely mounted Spanish one,) when he found that his horse was able to come up with him. Animals are frequently lost in this way; and it is necessary to keep close watch over them, in the vicinity of the buffaloes, in the midst of which they scour off to the plains, and are rarely retaken. One of our mules took a sudden freak into his head, and joined a neighboring band to-day. As we were not in a condition to lose horses, I sent several men in pursuit, and remained in camp, in the hope of recovering him; but lost the afternoon to no purpose, as we did not see him again. As we were riding quietly along the bank, a grand herd of buffaloes, some seven or eight hundred in number, came crowding up from the river, where they had been to drink, and commenced crossing the plain slowly, eating as they went. The wind was favorable; the coolness of the morning invited to exercise; the ground

was apparently good, and the distance across the prairie (two or three miles), gave us a fine opportunity to charge them before they could get among the river hills. It was too fine a prospect for a chase to be lost; and, halting for a few moments, the hunters were brought up and saddled, and Kit Carson, Maxwell and I, started together. They were now somewhat less than half a mile distant, and we rode easily along until within about three hundred yards, when a sudden agitation, a wavering in the band, and a galloping to and fro of some which were scattered along the skirts, gave us the intimation that we were discovered. We started together at a hard gallop riding steadily abreast of each other, and here the interest of the chase became so engrossingly intense, that we were sensible to nothing else. We were now closing upon them rapidly, and the front of the mass was already in rapid motion for the hills, and in a few seconds the movement had communicated itself to the whole herd. A crowd of bulls, as usual, brought up the rear, and every now and then some of them faced about, and then dashed on after the band a short distance, and turned and looked again, as if more than half inclined to stand and fight. In a few moments, however, during which we had been quickening our pace, the rout was universal, and we were going over the ground like a hurricane. When at about thirty yards, we gave the usual shout (the hunter's *pas de charge*,) and broke into the herd. We entered on the side, the mass giving way in every direction in their heedless course. Many of the bulls, less active and less fleet than the cows, paying no attention to the ground, and occupied solely with the hunter, were precipitated to the earth with great force, rolling over and over with the violence of the shock, and hardly distinguishable in the dust. We separated on entering, each singling out his game. My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the West under the name of Proveau, and, with his eyes flashing, and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, and, rising in the stirrups, I fired at the distance of a yard, the ball entering at the termination of the long hair, and passing near the heart. She fell headlong at the report of the gun,

and, checking my horse, I looked around for my companions. At a little distance, Kit was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow which he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands, at some distance below, I caught a glimpse of Maxwell; and while I was looking, a light wreath of white smoke curled away from his gun, from which I was too far to hear the report. Nearer, and between me and the hills, towards which they were directing their course, was the body of the herd, and, giving my horse the rein, we dashed after them. A thick cloud of dust hung upon their rear, which filled my mouth and eyes, and nearly smothered me. In the midst of this I could see nothing, and the buffaloes were not distinguishable until within thirty feet. They crowded together more densely still as I came upon them, and rushed along in such a compact body, that I could not obtain an entrance—the horse almost leaping upon them. In a few moments the mass divided to the right and left, the horns clattering with a noise heard above everything else, and my horse darted into the opening. Five or six bulls charged on us as we dashed along the line, but were left far behind; and, singling out a cow, I gave her my fire, but struck too high. She gave a tremendous leap, and scoured on swifter than before. I reined up my horse, and the band swept on like a torrent, and left the place quiet and clear. Our chase had led us into dangerous ground. A prairie-dog village, so thickly settled that there were three or four holes in every twenty yards square, occupied the whole bottom for nearly two miles in length. Looking around, I saw only one of the hunters, nearly out of sight, and the long dark line of our caravan crawling along, three or four miles distant. After a march of twenty-four miles, we encamped at nightfall, one mile and a half above the lower end of Brady's Island."

In following these adventurers across the Rocky Mountains, the general reader will, I have no doubt, be interested in noticing some of the principal features of the wild country through which they were traveling. On the second of July, the party passed near the spot where the Oregon emigrants had encamped only a few days before. A variety of household articles were

scattered about, and they had probably disburdened themselves here of many things not absolutely necessary. On the same day Fremont left the usual road in the forenoon, and having pushed several men ahead to reconnoitre, marched directly for the mouth of the South Fork. On their arrival at this place, search was immediately made for the best fording place. At this point the stream is divided into channels. The southern is four hundred and fifty feet wide, being eighteen or twenty inches deep in the main channel. With the exception of a few dry bars, the bed of the river is generally quick-sands, in which the carts began to sink rapidly unless kept constantly in motion. The northern channel of the river, two thousand two hundred and fifty feet wide, is deeper, having three or four feet of water in the various small channels, with a bed of coarse gravel. The whole width of the Nebraska, immediately below the junction, was, in 1842, five thousand three hundred and fifty feet, with an elevation above the sea of two thousand seven hundred feet.

Crossing the river in safety, Fremont encamped. Here, as this was to be a point in their homeward journey, he made a *cache* * of a barrel of pork. On the following day they proceeded about twenty-five miles, and encamped at six o'clock in the evening. Speaking of this night, Fremont says: "Our fires were partially made of the *bois de vache*, the dry excrement of the buffaloes, which, like that of the camel in the Arabian deserts, furnishes to the traveler a very good substitute for wood, burning like turf. Wolves in great numbers surrounded us during the night, crossing and recrossing from the opposite herds to our camp, and howling and trotting about in the river until morning."

As they were riding along on the afternoon of the following day, clouds of dust in the ravines, among the hills to the right, suddenly attracted their attention, and, in a few moments, column after column of buffaloes came galloping down across their course, making directly to the river. By the time the leading herds had reached the water, the prairie was darkened

* Cache—A term used in the West for anything that is hidden in the ground.—Ed.

with the dense masses. Immediately before them, when the herds first came down into the valley, stretched an unbroken line, the head of which was lost among the river hills on the opposite side, but still they poured down from the ridges on Fremont's right. The sight was beyond description. Over eleven thousand buffaloes were in view. "In a short time," says Col. Fremont, "they surrounded us on every side, extending for several miles in the rear, and forward as far as the eye could reach; leaving around us as we advanced, an open space of only two or three hundred yards. This movement of the buffaloes indicated to us the presence of Indians on the North Fork."

## CHAPTER XLVII.

DIVISION OF FREMONT'S PARTY—THRILLING INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY TO FORT LARAMIE—DESCRIPTION OF FORT LARAMIE—FRIGHTFUL RUMORS OF INDIAN HOSTILITY—FREMONT DETERMINES TO CONTINUE—KIT CARSON RESOLVES TO FOLLOW HIM—BRAVERY AND COWARDICE.

WHEN the party arrived at the place where the road crossed the North Fork they were divided, going in two different directions. Fremont, accompanied by Mr. Preuss and four men, Maxwell, Bernier, Ayot and Lajeunesse, and three Cheyenne Indians started out across the country along the South Branch of the river, intending to ascend the river some two hundred miles to St. Vrain's fort, and thence to reach the American company's fort at the mouth of the Laramie. The remainder of the party, which was left under the command of Clement Lambert, was ordered to cross the North Fork, and at some convenient place to make a *cache* of everything not absolutely necessary to the further progress of the expedition. From this point, using the most guarded precaution in their march through the country, they were to proceed to the same point. This division of the party was effected to enable Fremont to make some observations on the South Branch.

Let us first follow Fremont's own party. During the first day's journey nothing of interest occurred. About sunset Maxwell shot a buffalo, and the little party encamped where a little timber afforded them the means of making a fire. Having placed the meat before the fire on roasting sticks, they proceeded to unpack their bales in search of coffee and sugar, and flour for bread. With the exception of a little parched coffee they found nothing, the cook having neglected to put it up. Tired and hungry, with only tough meat, without salt,

and a little bitter coffee, they sat down in silence to their miserable meal, a very disconsolate party. The previous day's feast was still fresh in their memories, and this was their first brush with misfortune. Each man took his blanket and laid himself down silently to sleep.

On the following day Mr. Preuss, owing to the disability of his horse, returned to the main party. Fremont and his companions continued their journey in a southwesterly course up the valley of the river. On the eighth of July, in the course of the forenoon, they came suddenly on a place where the ground was covered with horses' tracks, which had recently been made, and indicated the immediate presence of Indians. The buffalo, too, which the day before had been so numerous, were nowhere in sight—another sure indication that there were people near. Riding on, they discovered the carcass of a buffalo recently killed—perhaps the day before. They scanned the horizon carefully with the glass, but no living object was to be seen. For the next mile or two the ground was dotted with buffalo carcasses, which showed that the Indians had made a surround there, and were in considerable force. They went on quickly and cautiously, keeping the river bottom, and carefully avoiding the hills, but met with no interruption, and began to grow careless again. They had already lost one of their horses, and here Basil's mule showed symptoms of giving out, and finally refused to advance, being what the Canadians call *resté*. He therefore dismounted and drove her along before him, but this was a very slow way of traveling. They had inadvertently got about half a mile in advance, but the Cheyennes, who were generally a mile or two in the rear, remained with him. There were some dark-looking objects among the hills, about two miles to the left, here low and undulating, which they had seen for a little time, and supposed to be buffalo coming in to water; but, happening to look behind, Maxwell saw the Cheyennes whipping up furiously, and another glance at the dark objects showed them at once to be Indians coming up at speed. Had they been well mounted and disencumbered of instruments, they might have set them at defiance; but as it was, they were fairly caught. It was too

late to rejoin their friends, and they endeavored to gain a clump of timber about half a mile ahead, but the instruments and the tired state of their horses did not allow them to go faster than a steady canter, and the Indians were gaining on them fast. At first they did not appear to be more than fifteen or twenty in number, but group after group darted into view at the top of the hills, until all the little eminences seemed in motion, and, in a few minutes from the time they were first discovered, two or three hundred, naked to the breech-cloth, were sweeping across the prairie. In a few hundred yards Fremont discovered that the timber he was endeavoring to make was on the opposite side of the river, and before he could reach the bank down came the Indians upon them.

Fremont pulled off the cover from his gun and was about to fire at the foremost rider, when Maxwell recognized the Indian, and called out, in the Indian language, "You're a fool! don't you know me?" The sound of his own language seemed to shock the savage, and swerving his horse a little, he passed the whole party like an arrow.* As Fremont rode after him, he wheeled and gave the Colonel his hand, striking his breast, and exclaiming, "Arapaho!" They proved to be a village of that nation, among whom Maxwell had resided as a trader a year or two previously, and recognized him accordingly. Fremont says: "We were soon in the midst of the band, answering, as well as we could, a multitude of questions; of which the very first was, of what tribe were our Indian companions who were coming in the rear. They seemed disappointed to know that they were Cheyennes, for they had fully anticipated a grand dance around a Pawnee scalp that night."

The chief pointed out his village at a grove on the river, six miles ahead, and then started with his band in pursuit of a herd of buffalo on the opposite side of the Platte, which, as he informed the whites, he intended to surround. In a few moments more the women galloped up, astride on their horses, and half naked. They followed the men, to assist in cuttin· up and carrying off the meat.

As soon as the Indians had crossed the river they separa

* Fremont's Report.

into two parties. One body proceeded directly across the prairie toward the hills, while the other went up the river, and as soon as they had given the wind to the herd, the chase commenced. The buffalo started for the hills, but were intercepted and driven back toward the river, broken and running in every direction. Fremont's party now halted to see the sport, but the clouds of dust soon covered the whole scene, preventing them from having any but an occasional view. It had, says Fremont, a very singular appearance at a distance; especially when looking with a glass. The Indians were too far off for the Americans to hear the report of the guns or any sound; and, at every instant through the clouds of dust which the sun made luminous, they could see for a moment two or three buffalo dashing along, and close behind them an Indian with his spear, or other weapon, and instantly again they disappeared. The apparent silence, and the dimly seen figures flitting by with such rapidity, gave it a kind of dreamy effect and seemed more like a picture than a scene of real life. It had been a large herd, probably three or four hundred in numbers, but although Fremont watched closely, he says, "I did not see one emerge from the fatal cloud where the work of destruction was going on."

After remaining at this place about an hour, Fremont resumed his journey in the direction of the Indian village. Gradually, as they rode along, Indian after Indian came dropping in laden with meat, and by the time they had approached within view of the lodges the backward road was covered with the returning horsemen. This was, indeed, a pleasant contrast with the desert road they had been traveling. Many of the Indians had joined company with the whites, and one of the chiefs invited the party to his lodge. The village consisted of about one hundred and twenty-five lodges, of which twenty were Cheyennes; the latter located a little way from the Arapahoes. Fremont's experience in this village was exceedingly pleasant. The Indians treated him with choice pieces of meat and asked some questions concerning the object of his expedition, which he freely answered.

On the morning of the ninth of July they caught the first

faint glimpse of the Rocky Mountains, and pursuing their course they came to the camp of some four or five whites, who had accompanied Captain Wyeth to the Columbia river and were independent trappers. All had their squaws with them, and Fremont says, "I was really surprised at the number of little fat buffalo-fed boys that were tumbling about the camp, all apparently of the same age, about three or four years old. They were encamped on a rich bottom, covered with a profusion of fine grass, and had a large number of fine-looking horses and mules. We rested with them a few minutes, and in about two miles arrived at Chabonard's camp, on an island in the Platte."

After several days wearisome journeying Fremont's party, on the fifteenth of July came within view of Fort Laramie. This was a large post, having the air of military construction. It was situated on the left bank of the Platte on a rising ground, some twenty feet above the water; and its lofty walls, whitewashed and picketed, with the large bastions at the angles, gave it quite an imposing appearance to the approaching travelers. "A cluster of lodges," says Fremont, "which the language told us belonged to Sioux Indians, was pitched under the walls, and, with the fine background of the Black hills and the prominent peak of Laramie mountain, strongly drawn in the clear light of the western sky, where the sun had already set, the whole formed at the moment a strikingly beautiful picture. From the company at St. Louis I had letters for Mr. Boudeau, the gentleman in charge of the post, by whom I was received with great hospitality and an efficient kindness, which was invaluable to me during my stay in the country. I found our people encamped on the bank, a short distance above the fort. All were well; and, in the enjoyment of a bountiful supper, which coffee and bread made luxurious to us, we soon forgot the fatigues of the last ten days."

But it is not sufficient that we find this party whom we left several weeks ago alive and well. Let us return and hurriedly follow them through the varying fortunes of their journey.

On the sixth of July they crossed the plateau or highland between the two forks, arriving at the north branch about

noon. They proceeded on their journey without interruption until the eighth of July, when, about five o'clock in the evening the caravan made a sudden halt. "There was," says Preuss, "a galloping in of scouts and horsemen from every side—a hurrying to and fro in noisy confusion; rifles were taken from their covers; bullet pouches were examined; in short, there was the cry of 'Indians!' heard again. I had become so much accustomed to these alarms that before I had time to become excited, the new comers were ascertained to be whites." It was a large party of traders and trappers, conducted by Mr. Bridger, a man well known to the history of western adventure. On the fourteenth of July the party under Mr. Preuss arrived at Fort Laramie, where, on the following day, as we have seen, they were joined by Colonel Fremont.

Fort Laramie was a quadrangular structure, built of clay, after the fashion of the Mexicans. The walls were about fifteen feet high, surmounted with a wooden palisade and formed a portion of ranges of houses, which entirely surrounded a yard of about one hundred and thirty feet square. Every apartment had its door and window, all of course opening on the inside. There were two entrances, opposite each other and midway of the wall, one of which was a large public entrance, the other smaller and more private. Over the larger was a square tower, with loopholes, and, like the rest of the work, built of earth. At two of the angles, and diagonally opposite each other, were large bastions, so arranged as to sweep the four faces of the walls.

This post belonged to the American Fur Company, and at this date, July sixteenth, 1842, was in charge of Mr. Boudeau. Two of the company's clerks, Galpin and Kellogg, were with him, and he had a garrison of sixteen men. As usual these had found wives among the Indian squaws, and with the usual accompanyment of children the place had quite a populous appearance. It is hardly necessary to say that the establishment of this post was for purposes of trade with the neighboring tribes, who, in the course of a year, generally made three or four visits to the fort.

While at this post Col. Fremont learned the following cir-

cumstances, which explain the condition of the country at this time: For several years the Cheyennes and Sioux had gradually become more and more hostile to the whites, and in the latter part of August, 1841, had had a rather severe engagement with a party of sixty men, under the command of Mr. Frapp, of St. Louis. The Indians lost eight or ten warriors, and the whites had their leader and four men killed. This fight took place on the waters of Snake river, and it was this party, on their return under Mr. Bridger, which had spread so much alarm among Preuss' party. In the course of the spring, two other small parties had been cut off by the Sioux—one on their return from the Crow nation, and the other among the Black hills. The emigrants to Oregon and Mr. Bridger's party met here a few days before Fremont's arrival. Division and misunderstandings had grown up among them; they were already somewhat disheartened by the fatigue of their long and wearisome journey, and the fect of their cattle had become so much worn as to be scarcely able to travel. In this situation they were not likely to find encouragement in the hostile attitude of the Indians, and the new and unexpected difficulties which sprang up before them. They were told that the country was entirely swept of grass, and that few or no buffalo were to be found on their line of route, and, with their weakened animals, it would be impossible for them to transport their heavy wagons over the mountains. Under these circumstances, they disposed of their wagons and cattle at the forts, selling them at the prices they had paid in the States, and taking in exchange coffee and sugar at one dollar a pound, and miserable worn-out horses, which died before they reached the mountains. From these and other reports it appeared that the country was swarming with scattered war parties. Great alarm prevailed among Fremont's men in consequence. Kit Carson was, however, true to his employer, yet he fully supported the opinion given by Bridger of the dangerous state of the country, and openly expressed his conviction that they could not escape without some sharp encounters with the Indians. In addition to this, he made his will, and among the circumstances which were constantly occurring to increase their alarm, this was the most

unfortunate. Col. Fremont found that a number of his party had become so much intimidated that they had requested to be discharged.

Concerning the manner in which Fremont's party occupied themselves while at this post, we have the following from the Colonel's pen: "So far as frequent interruption from the Indians would allow, we occupied ourselves in making some astronomical calculations, and bringing up the general map to this stage of our journey; but the tent was generally occupied by a succession of our ceremonious visitors. Some came for presents, and others for information of our object in coming to the country; now and then, one would dart up to the tent on horseback, jerk off his trappings, and stand silently at the door, holding his horse by the halter, signifying his desire to trade. Occasionally a savage would stalk in with an invitation to a feast of honor, a dog feast, and deliberately sit down and wait quietly until I was ready to accompany him. I went to one; the women and children were sitting outside the lodge, and we took our seats on buffalo robes spread around. The dog was in a large pot over the fire, in the middle of the lodge, and immediately on our arrival was dished up in large wooden bowls, one of which was handed to each. The flesh appeared very glutinous, with something of the flavor and appearance of mutton. Feeling something move behind me, I looked round, and found that I had taken my seat among a litter of fat young puppies. Had I been nice in such matters, the prejudices of civilization might have interfered with my tranquility; but, fortunately, I am not of delicate nerves, and continued quietly to empty my platter."

On the evening of the eighteenth of July, Col. Fremont gathered his men around him and told them that he had determined to proceed the following day on his journey. He mentioned the reports that had been made, but said that in view of their equipments he could not see sufficient reason for returning; yet he was unwilling to take with him on a service of certain danger men on whom he could not rely, and knowing that there were some in his party who were disposed to cowardice and anxious to return, he asked all such to come

forward at once and state their desire, and they would be discharged with the amount due them for the time they had served. To their honor, be it said, only one of their number had the face to go forward and avail himself of the permission.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

JOURNEY OF FREMONT'S EXPEDITION FROM FORT LARAMIE TO FREMONT'S PEAK IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS — HARDSHIPS OF COLONEL FREMONT — HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE WILD SCENERY IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS — FREMONT THIRTEEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA — THE RETURN.

WHEN FREMONT was ready to depart on the twenty-first of July, he received a letter from Joseph Bessonette, at Fort Platte, informing him that the chiefs in the neighborhood of the fort had advised him to warn Colonel Fremont and his party not to set out until the party of young men then out should return. The latter party was represented as hostile to the whites, and that they would be sure to fire upon them if they were discovered.

After reading this note Colonel Fremont mentioned its purport to his companions, after which one of the chiefs, the one who bore the letter, rose and said:

"You have come among us at a bad time. Some of our people have been killed, and our young men, who are gone to the mountains, are eager to avenge the blood of their relations, which has been shed by the whites. Our young men are bad, and, if they meet you, they will believe that you are carrying goods and ammunition to their enemies, and will fire upon you. You have told us that this will make war. We know that our great father has many soldiers and big guns, and we are anxious to have our lives. We love the whites, and are desirous of peace. Thinking of all these things, we have determined to keep you here until our warriors return. We are glad to see you among us. Our father is rich, and we expected that you would have brought presents to us—horses, and guns, and blankets. But we are glad to see you. We

look upon your coming as the light which goes before the sun; for you will tell our great father that you have seen us, and that we are naked and poor, and have nothing to eat; and he will send us all these things."

The remarks of the savage appeared reasonable; but Fremont believed that they had in view only the object of detaining him, and he resolved to give no heed to their warning. He requested some of the Indians to accompany him, and after much reluctance one consented. The party then mounted their horses, and in a few hours they were far away among the hills, the route leading over an interesting plateau between the north fork of the Platte on the right and Laramie on the left. The party consisted of those who had originally started out with Fremont, except the man who was discharged at Fort Laramie, with three others, Mr. Bissonetto, his wife, and the Indian who had volunteered to accompany them. Continuing their journey, they fortunately reached the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, without encountering a single hostile Indian.

Fremont had now reached the field where it was expected his labors would develop something of value to the country. After making some observations, he prepared to ascend the highest peak of the mountain. In speaking of the condition of his party at this time, August twelfth, Fremont says: "The spirits of the men had been much exhausted by the hardships and privations to which they had been subjected. Our provisions had well nigh all disappeared. Bread had been long out of the question; and of all our stock, we had remaining two or three pounds of coffee, and a small quantity of maccaroni, which had been husbanded with great care for the mountain expedition we were about to undertake. Our daily meal consisted of dry buffalo meat, cooked in tallow; and, as we had not dried this with Indian skill, part of it was spoiled; and what remained of good, was as hard as wood, having much the taste and appearance of so many pieces of bark. Even of this, our stock was rapidly diminishing in a camp which was capable of consuming two buffaloes in every twenty-four hours. These animals had entirely disappeared; and it was not proba-

ble that we should fall in with them again until we returned to the Sweet Water. Our arrangements for the ascent were rapidly completed. We were in a hostile country, which rendered the greatest vigilance and circumspection necessary. The pass at the north end of the mountain was generally infested by Blackfeet; and immediately opposite was one of their forts, on the edge of a little thicket, two or three hundred feet from our encampment. We were posted in a grove of beech, on the margin of the lake, and a few hundred feet long, with a narrow *prairillon* on the inner side, bordered by the rocky ridge. In the upper end of this grove we cleared a circular space about forty feet in diameter, and, with the felled timber and interwoven branches, surrounded it with a breastwork five feet in height. A gap was left for a gate on the inner side, by which the animals were to be driven in and secured, while the men slept around the little work. It was half hidden by the foliage; and, garrisoned by twelve resolute men, would have set at defiance any band of savages which might chance to discover them in the interval of our absence. Fifteen of the best mules, with fourteen men, were selected for the mountain party. Our provisions consisted of dried meat for two days, with our little stock of coffee and some maccaroni. In addition to the barometer and a thermometer, I took with me a sextant and spyglass, and we had of course our compasses. In charge of the camp I left Bernier, one of my most trustworthy men, who possessed the most determined courage. Early in the morning, August twelfth, we left the camp, fifteen in number, well armed, of course, and mounted on our best mules. A pack animal carried our provisions, with a coffee pot and kettle, and three or four tin cups. Every man had a blanket strapped over his saddle, to serve for his bed, and the instruments were carried by turns on their backs. We entered directly on rough and rocky ground; and, just after crossing the ridge, had the good fortune to shoot an antelope. We heard the roar, and had a glimpse of a waterfall as we rode along; and, crossing in our way two fine streams, tributary to the Colorado, in about two hours' ride we reached the top of the first row or range of the mountains. Here, again, a view of the most romantic

beauty met our eyes. It seemed as if, from the vast expanse of uninteresting prairie we had passed over, Nature had collected all her beauties together in one chosen place. We were overlooking a deep valley, which was entirely occupied by three lakes, and from the brink the surrounding ridges rose precipitously five hundred and a thousand feet, covered with the dark green of the balsam pine, relieved on the border of the lake with the light foliage of the aspen. They all communicated with each other; and the green of the waters, common to mountain lakes of great depth, showed that it would be impossible to cross them. The surprise manifested by our guides when these impassible obstacles suddenly barred our progress proved that they were among the hidden treasures of the place, unknown even to the wandering trappers of the region. Descending the hill, we proceeded to make our way along the margin to the southern extremity. A narrow strip of angular fragments of rock sometimes afforded a rough pathway for our mules, but generally we rode along the shelving side, occasionally scrambling up, at a considerable risk of tumbling back into the lake. The pines grew densely together, and the ground was covered with the branches and trunks of trees. The air was fragrant with the odor of the pines; and I realized this delightful morning the pleasure of breathing that mountain air which makes a constant theme of the hunter's praise, and which now made us feel as if we had all been drinking some exhilarating gas. The depth of this unexplored forest was a place to delight the heart of a botanist. There was a rich undergrowth of plants, and numerous gay-colored flowers in brilliant bloom."

The region which the mountain expedition was now in, presented many wild and romantic features. The position was very elevated, and in the valley below, and among the hills, were a number of lakes at different levels, some two or three hundred feet above others with which they communicated by foaming torrents. Even to this great height, the roar of the cataracts came up, and the bold explorer could see them leaping down in lines of snowy foam. On the thirteenth of August, Fremont determined to ascend the most elevated peak. For

this purpose he left the animals, and continued on foot. The peak appeared so near, that there was no doubt of their returning before night; and a few men were left in charge of the mules, with the provisions and blankets. They took with them nothing but their arms and instruments, and, as the day had become warm, the greater part left their coats. They were soon involved in the most ragged precipices, nearing the central chain very slowly, and rising but little. The first ridge hid a succession of others; and when, with great fatigue, and difficulty, they had climbed up five hundred feet, it was but to make an equal descent on the other side; all these intervening places were filled with small deep lakes, which met the eye in every direction, descending from one level to another, sometimes under bridges formed by huge fragments of granite, beneath which was heard the roar of the water. These constantly obstructed their path, forcing them to make long *détours;* frequently obliged to retrace their steps, and frequently falling among the rocks. Maxwell was precipitated toward the face of a precipice, and saved himself from going over by throwing himself flat on the ground. They clambered on, always expecting, with every ridge that they crossed, to reach the foot of the peaks, and always disappointed, until about four o'clock, when, pretty well worn out, they reached the shore of a little lake, in which there was a rocky island. They remained here a short time to rest, and continued on around the lake, which had in some places a beach of white sand, and in others was bound with rocks, over which the way was difficult and dangerous, as the water from innumerable springs made them very slippery.

By the time they had reached the further side of the lake, they found themselves all exceedingly fatigued, and, much to the satisfaction of the whole party, they encamped. The spot they had chosen was a broad flat rock, in some measure protected from the winds by the surrounding crags, and the trunks of fallen pines afforded them good fires.

On the following day, Fremont informs us in his report, that as they advanced, they heard "the roar of waters and of

a torrent, which we followed up a short distance, until it expanded into a lake about one mile in length.

"On the northern side of the lake was a bank of ice, or rather of snow covered with a crust of ice. Carson had been our guide into the mountains, and, agreeably to his advice, we left this little valley, and took to the ridges again; which we found extremely broken, and where we were again involved among precipices. Here were ice fields; among which we were all dispersed, seeking each the best path to ascend the peak. Mr. Preuss attempted to walk along the upper edge of one of these fields, which sloped away at an angle of about twenty degrees; but his feet slipped from under him, and he went plunging down the plani. A few hundred feet below, at the bottom, were some fragments of sharp rock, on which he landed; and though he turned a couple of somersaults, fortunately received no injury beyond a few bruises. Two of the men Clement Lambert and Descoteaux, had been taken ill, and lay down on the rocks a short distance below; and at this point I was attacked with headache and giddiness, accompanied by vomiting, as on the day before. Finding myself unable to proceed, I sent the barometer over to Mr. Preuss, who was in a gap two or three hundred yards distant, desiring him to reach the peak, if possible, and take an observation there. He found himself unable to proceed further in that direction, and took an observation, where the barometer stood at 19.401; attached thermometer 50°, in the gap. Carson, who had gone over to him, succeeded in reaching one of the snowy summits of the main ridge, whence he saw the peak towards which all our efforts had been directed, towering eight or ten hundred feet into the air above him. In the meantime, finding myself growing rather worse than better, and doubtful how far my strength would carry me, I sent Basil Lajeunesse, with four men, back to the place where the mules had been left. We were now better acquainted with the topography of the country, and I directed him to bring back with him, if it were in any way possible, four or five mules, with provisions and blankets. With me were Maxwell and Ayer; and after we had remained nearly an hour on the rock, it became so unpleasantly cold, though the

day was bright, that we set out on our return to the camp, at which we all arrived safely, straggling in one after the other. I continued ill during the afternoon, but became better towards sundown, when my recovery was completed by the appearance of Basil and four men, all mounted. The men who had gone with him had been too much fatigued to return, and were relieved by those in charge of the horses; but in his powers of endurance Basil resembled more a mountain goat than a man. They brought blankets and provisions, and we enjoyed well our dried meat and a cup of good coffee. We rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and with our feet turned to a blazing fire, slept soundly until morning."

On the morning of the fifteenth of August, after having abandoned the idea of reaching the highest peak, and after Kit Carson, with his party, had set out for the camp, the brave leader made another attempt to gain the summit, and was this time successful. The peak was found to be thirteen thousand five hundred feet above the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. This lofty pinnacle has been appropriately called Fremont's Peak.

As the brave Colonel stood upon this lofty mountain peak, his view was full of the deepest interest. He says: "On one side was Wind river valley, where were the heads of the Yellowstone branch of the Missouri; far to the north, we just could discover the snowy heads of the *Trois Tetons*, where were the sources of the Missouri and Columbia rivers; and at the southern extremity of the ridge, the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska and Platte rivers. Around us, the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length, the ridge was split into chasms and fissures; between which rose the thin lofty walls, terminated with slender minarets and columns. According to the barometer, the little crest of the wall on which we stood was three thousand five hundred and seventy feet above that place, and two thousand seven hundred and eighty above the little lakes at the bottom, immediately at our feet."

Having made all the observations necessary, the Colonel

began the descent, having accomplished an object of laudable ambition, and, indeed, beyond the strict order of his instruction. He had climbed to the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and looked down upon the snow a thousand feet below, and, standing where never human foot had stood before, justly felt the exultation of first explorers.*

Of the descent he says: "We reached our deposite of provisions at nightfall. Here was not the inn which awaits the tired traveler on his return from Mont Blanc, or the orange groves of South America, with their refreshing juices and soft fragrant air; but we found our little *cache* of dried meat and coffee undisturbed. Though the moon was bright, the road was full of precipices, and the fatigue of the day had been great. We therefore abandoned the idea of joining our friends, and lay down on the rock, and, in spite of the cold, slept soundly."

Fremont and his party reached the main camp on the evening of the sixteenth, where they found all enjoying peace and quiet, and, on the following morning, he gave the order for the homeward march, which was received with joy. They traveled on, hungry and foot sore, until the nineteenth, when buffaloes again made their appearance, and in the evening, when they halted, at the Sweet Water, roasted ribs made their appearance around their fires, and, with them, good humor and laughter and song were restored to the camp. After a long, and, in some respects, pleasant journey, the expedition arrived at Fort Laramie and thence to the settlements on the frontiers of Missouri on the first of October, after an absence of six months.

* Fremont's Report.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

SKETCH OF KIT CARSON—HIS EARLY ADVENTURES—HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE FAR WEST—HE DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF AS A HUNTER, GUIDE, AND SCOUT—HIS ADVENTURES ON THE SACRAMENTO—MR. YOUNG'S TRAPPING PARTY.

LEAVING Col. Fremont among his friends in the settlements of civilization, let us return to Fort Laramie, where Kit Carson had been left, and follow the latter through some of the varying fortunes which characterized his life, from September, 1842, until he joined Fremont's second expedition, in 1843.

Carson had evidently won the highest esteem of Fremont, and in the performance of the double duty of guide and hunter for the expedition, he had rendered valuable service, which may be considered as fruitful to his employer's success. At this point I will carry the reader back a few years for the purpose of glancing at some of the more important events in the early life of this bold and sagacious mountaineer. Christopher Carson was born in Kentucky, in 1809. When an infant, his parents migrated to the frontier settlements of Missouri, where they lived in a little log house which has been already mentioned in a previous chapter. At an early age he was apprenticed to a harness-maker, with whom he remained two years, when, becoming enticed by the thrilling accounts of the wild life in the West, he resolved to throw off the restraint of civilization and share in the sports of the buffalo hunt, with the Indians, trappers, and mountaineers of "the unexplored regions toward the setting sun." Joining an expedition in 1826, he was soon in the country of the prairies, where the Indian chief held dominion. The route lay across the western country to Santa Fe. Game was abundant, and the youthful Kit had a good opportunity for testing his ability as a hunter.

In the course of the journey one of the men was accidentally shot through the arm, and amputation being necessary, Kit Carson was called upon to perform the surgical operation, which he executed with good success. In November the party arrived at Santa Fe, having experienced nothing very remarkable during the journey. Soon after their arrival, Carson left his companions and visited Taos, a Mexican town in the territory of New Mexico. At this place he commenced the study of the Spanish language under the instruction of Kin Cade. In this undertaking he was quite successful.

At length poverty compelled him to attempt the return to Missouri, which he had half accomplished when he fell in with a westward bound expedition in which he was offered employment. This he gladly accepted, and at once began to retrace his steps to Santa Fe. He had not been long at the latter place before he again found himself out of employment and in great want. At this critical moment he joined a party that was going to El Paso. He completed the journey to this place, and then returned to Taos, where he entered into the service of Mr. Ewing Young, a trader and trapper, performing the duties of master cook for the consideration of his board only. In this way the persevering Kit supported himself until the spring of 1828, when, saddened with ill-success, he again joined a returning party, and set out for Missouri; but, as on the trip of the previous year, he met a party bound for Santa Fe, and again engaged to turn his face westward, hoping, it is said, to meet with an opportunity of going to the Rocky Mountains. Arriving at Santa Fe, Kit obtained employment from Col. Tromell, a well known trader, in the capacity of Spanish interpreter. With his new master he set out for Chihuahua, one of the Mexican states. But, as we have seen, his hard fortunes were continually changing. At the latter place he engaged as teamster with Mr. Robert McKnight, in company with whom he visited the copper mines near the Rio Gila. Notwithstanding these vicissitudes, Carson had long since determined to become a hunter and trapper, and was only awaiting an opportunity to join a party in this pursuit.

He remained at the copper mines but a short time, when he

returned to Taos, where he met a small party of trappers who had been defeated by a band of hostile Indians and driven to this point. The party had been in the employ of Mr. Young, with whom Kit had formerly worked, and that gentleman now set about raising a party of forty men, consisting of Canadians, Frenchmen and Americans. Among the latter, of course, we find our hero. Mr. Young placed himself at the head of this party, and started out with the intention of chastising the Indians, and making all he could out of the expedition by employing the men as trappers. It was on the twenty-ninth of April that the party left Taos. They journeyed northward about fifty miles for the purpose of leading the Mexicans to believe that they were bound for the United States, but after proceeding thus far they changed their course to the southwest and passed through the wilds of the Navajoes, a ferocious tribe of Indians, over whom, as we shall see in the course of our narrative, Kit Carson at a later day achieved a decisive victory. The reasons which led this party to deceive the Mexicans as to their destination were that all such expeditions, before being permitted to hunt on Mexican soil must procure the necessary license, and as the latter could not be granted to American citizens, the course pursued by Mr. Young is obvious.

As they journeyed along the unexplored regions of this country, they passed through Zuni, a Pueblo village, and thence to the Salt river, one of the tributaries of the Rio Gila. On the banks of this stream they discovered the band of Indians who had routed the party already mentioned. The parties had no sooner discovered each other than preparations for the battle began on both sides. Mr. Young ordered most of his men to lie in ambush, believing that the enemy were ignorant of his strength. His plan was successful. No sooner had the whites halted to prepare their ambuscade than the savages, under the impression that the invaders were about to retreat, made a rush upon them. When they had approached fully within the trap which had been set for them, they were greeted with a heavy cross-fire from Young's party. Fifteen warriors fell dead upon the spot, and the rest fled in utter confusion. This was the first Indian fight in which Kit Carson partici-

pated, and it was well calculated to arouse his love for the hunter's life.

The party proceeded in comparative peace to trap on Salt river, until they reached the head waters of the San Francisco river, when the expedition was divided. One party, in which Kit Carson enlisted, set out for the valley of the Sacramento, in California; the other started on the return trip. The former, which was commanded by Mr. Young, consisted of twenty persons. Before starting for this unexplored country they spent several days in hunting, in order to lay in a store of meat for the journey. They also provided themselves with two large tanks of water, as, according to reports, there was none to be found on their route. During the first four days of their journey they found this to be true; but on the fifth day they came to a delightful stream, where they rested. Leaving this place they traveled on over a desert country for several days, when at length they came in sight of the great canon of the Colorado. While on the banks of this river they met a band of Indians who inhabited that country, and from them they purchased a horse, which they killed and served up to the tired men. The half famished travelers regarded this feast as a great blessing.

After a journey of many days, in which they met several small bands of Indians, who gave them the most exciting accounts of the wonders of the Sacramento valley, they reached the mission of San Gabriel, where they found a priest, fifteen or twenty Mexican soldiers and more than a thousand Indians. We are informed that this little settlement owned eighty thousand head of cattle, fine fields and extensive vineyards. At this place Mr. Young exchanged four butcher knives for a fat ox. Another day's march brought our adventurers to a Catholic mission named San Fernando. After resting the party several days at this mission, they started for the San Joaquim river, where they hoped to meet the beaver; and in this hope they were not disappointed. They succeeded in procuring a fine lot of skins which Mr. Young sold at a neighboring post, and with the proceeds he purchased a number of horses. These had been in the camp but a short time when sixty of them

were stolen by the Indians. As soon as the robbery was discovered Kit Carson was ordered to pursue the thieves with the twelve remaining horses and as many men. He at once started for the Sierra Nevada mountains, to which the trail of the Indians led him. When he overtook the guilty party he found them feasting upon horse flesh, several of the stolen animals having been killed for that purpose. Not being observed he approached as near as possible without being discovered, and arranging his men in order, the party of twelve charged upon the Indians. Eight of the warriors were killed in their tracks, the rest escaping in many directions. But the best part of Carson's success was, he succeeded in recovering all the horses except those which had been killed for the feast.

The party continued their hunting with good success until September, when they commenced their homeward march. After a long and tedious journey they reached the banks of the Colorado, where they encamped for a little rest preparatory to completing the journey. Here they were visited by five hundred Indians, who, although professing friendship, were discovered to be armed with weapons which they had concealed under their robes. The whites were now, indeed, in a serious situation; but at length Carson found a man who could speak the Spanish language, and through him he ordered the Indians "to leave the camp. In the event of their not doing so immediately, he and his friends would, without further parley, commence hostilities, and would be sure each in killing his man, although they might all, in the end, lose their own lives." The Indians being now certain that in case they attacked the party some of their own number would lose their lives, departed at once, leaving the little band once more at peace. It is hardly necessary to say that for this bold expedient Carson received the thanks of his comrades.

After encountering several bands of hostile Indians and taking from them many horses which they had stolen, Mr. Young's party arrived at the copper mines, on the Gila, where they concealed the large quantity of furs they had taken. From this place the party went to Santa Fe, where they purchased licenses to trade with the Indians who lived about the

copper mines. By the use of these papers they secured their furs, carried them to Santa Fe, and, under pretence of having purchased them from the Indians, sold them without creating the slightest suspicion.

## CHAPTER L.

SKETCH OF KIT CARSON CONTINUED — DESCRIPTION OF THE MOUNTAIN PARKS — PURSUING HORSE THIEVES — NINE HUNTERS DEFEAT FIFTY INDIAN WARRIORS — KIT CARSON WOUNDED — THE DUEL.

IN THE fall of 1830 we find Kit Carson connected with a trapping party, which began its operations on the Salmon river. They remained at this place throughout the winter, losing four of their men, who were killed by the Blackfeet Indians. In the spring they went to Snake River, where they continued trapping. This is one of the most delightful places in the wilds of the Great West. Among the many attractions are the Shoshonee Falls, which are said to excel the great cataract of Niagara in many respects. From this place the party journeyed to the South Park.

There are many of these parks in the Rocky Mountains, being more particularly found in the great mountain centre of Colorado. They are in many respects not unlike the great parks of civilization; but in other particulars nature has excelled art. They are beautiful beyond description. Many of them are small, suitable for small excursion parties, but three or four of them are very large—equal in territory and extent to the State of Massachusetts. These are the North Park, Middle Park, South Park, and San Luis Park. Here, upon the green, well-watered bosom of these delightful gardens, the traveler will find a great abundance of deer, antelope, and elk, and along the grassy borders of the running brooks one may see plenty of otter and beaver. It was in these delightful spots where Kit Carson spent a short season as a hunter.

But Kit was a roving mortal, and as we have many import-

ant scenes in border warfare yet to record, it will be impossible to follow him in detail.

Not many months after his visit to the beauties of the parks we hear the report of his unerring rifle on the banks of the Arkansas river. At this place he spent a comfortable winter with his companion hunters. In the month of January, however, there was trouble in the camp. A party of fifty Crow Indians "made an unfriendly visit to their camp on one very dark night," and succeeded in stealing nine of their horses. The sun had not fully risen on the following morning when the adventurous Kit was flying through the forest, mounted on his favorite steed, followed by twelve of his companions. They rode on hour after hour, and night set in with no signs of the enemy. At length they held a council, and resolved to encamp for the night, intending to pursue the trail on the following morning. Selecting a tempting grove not far in advance, they rode forward to rest for the night; but they had not proceeded a hundred paces when wreaths of curling smoke broke upon their view. They were upon the enemy! Halting, and scanning the distance, they observed that the numbers of the Indians greatly exceeded their own. Being still unobserved, they concluded to settle quietly down until the darkness closed in. "Then," says Kit, "we will surprise them." All agreed. But it was also decided to change their situation. They desired to rush upon the enemy from the direction in which the savages were traveling, and for this purpose they took a circuitous route around the enemy's camp. Approaching from the opposite direction, the bold frontiersmen gained a little eminence, from which they had a full view of the Indian camp. And now let us look in upon the savages with them. The stolen horses were secured to some trees at a little distance to one side, while in the camp, the savages, decorated in the gaudy finery of their peculiar dress, were dancing merrily in honor of their successful robbery. Every one who is acquainted with the history of the Crow Indians knows that they loved to steal horses second only to taking the scalp of an enemy. The night was cold, and the mountaineers stood a little way off, shivering from the weather, and half

trembling with rage; but in the Indian camp large fires were burning brightly, and around them the fifty horse thieves were celebrating their crime. See them as they assume a hundred different shapes, any one of which baffles all description; and now listen to the peals of merriment as they break forth on the howling winds, mingling their strange sounds with the voice of the tempest. The picture is one of wild extravagance, but it is the glory of the true Indian.

Kit Carson probably looked first at the horses, and then at the enemy. The former he must secure; the latter he must punish. But he was as cautious as he was brave, but he was *brave!* Although at the head of only twelve men, he was aching to attack fifty Indian warriors, who had already erected two temporary forts for their defense. The angry mountaineers drew back a little and counselled together. Each had something to propose, to all of which our hero listened calmly. When they had finished, he said, "Let them have their fun out. We must surprise them after they have fallen asleep." This was readily agreed to, and, after hours of patient waiting, the festivities ended, and the Indians rolled up in their blankets, laid down, and were soon fast asleep. The first movement was to secure the horses, which they effected without disturbing the sleeping Indians. These were sent back in charge of three men to where the other horses had been secured. The other nine remained to punish fifty warriors, and they performed their task well.

Before advancing toward the enemy a consultation was held, in which all but three of the nine advocated a peaceful retreat. They pleaded inequality of numbers, and other apparent obstacles, but Kit was not to be persuaded, and the brave men at last agreed to *punish the thieves.* As they advanced cautiously to where the Indians were sleeping, ten or twelve of them were aroused, and springing to their feet, they were singled out, and in quick succession nine of them fell back upon their blankets, each mountaineer having killed his man. The Indians at once retreated within the strongest fort, and opened a hot fire upon the invaders, but as the latter were securely crouched behind trees, the savages accomplished noth-

ing. At length they became bold, and rushing out of the fort they made a charge upon their enemies, but in this attempt five more of their number fell. They again retreated, but in a short time made another sortie, in which they lost as many more, and succeeded in slightly wounding three whites. But the savages pushed forward to the attack, and in a few moments the mountaineers were compelled to retreat, from tree to tree. They, however, availed themselves of every opportunity to shoot down the enemy, and in a short time the number of the Indians was reduced to about twice that of their own. By this time the three men who had been sent back with the horses came forward and assisted in the contest. Seeing this reinforcement, which proved fatal to three of the savages (for the new participants were not satisfied until each had shot down a savage), the Indians retreated, leaving the brave hunters in possession of the field. Being now satisfied with the punishment which they had administered to the savages, they returned, reaching the main camp in safety.

We shall next see Kit Carson in council with the Indians. In the winter of 1832–3 a party of trappers, among whom he was chief, was encamped on the banks of the Big Snake river, where they established winter quarters. On one dark night a party of Blackfeet Indians succeeded in stealing eighteen of the horses. On the following morning Carson pursued them at the head of eleven men. After riding fifty miles he came up with the thieves, when a few shots were exchanged, the savages sent out a man who said that the party desired to hold a council with the whites; that they were not aware of having stolen horses from them, believing that those which they had in their possession had belonged to the Snake Indians. Carson consented, and both parties laid down their arms and advanced, Speeches were now in order. The Blackfeet preceded the whites, but their speeches were meaningless. But it was now Carson's turn to be heard, and he spoke to the point. He said that they would not listen to propositions of peace until their property was returned. The Indians did not intend to return the property, and hearing the demand several times repeated, they gave the hunters to understand that they would

not yield. They began to boast of their numbers and strength, and seemed to be ready for the fight. Carson now shouted "to your arms!" and in a moment the hunters were leaping over the uneven ground towards their rifles. The Indians were doing the same with equal earnestness. The fight was renewed. The bullets flew thick around the heads of the trappers, and in a moment more Kit Carson fell upon the ground apparently lifeless. His companions beheld this lamentable event, but they dare not turn to his relief. The fight was too hot, and all their attention was required in the direction of the enemy. At length the firing ceased, and the hunters drew back retiring with their fallen comrade to the camp, leaving the Indians in possession of the horses. All were now anxious as to the fate of the wounded leader. His wound bled profusely, and as the blood gushed out it froze upon the wound. His sufferings were great, but after patient enduranee he recovered. A ball from an Indian musket had pierced his left shoulder.

But let us return to the event in which Carson was wounded. It was not enough that the trappers had killed several Indian warriors and escaped with only one wounded, but on the following day it was resolved to send another expedition upon their trail. This party consisted of thirty, but, after scouring the woods for nearly a hundred miles they were compelled to return without discovering the enemy.

We next find Carson in a duel. The trappers had congregated at the summer quarters and were indulging in all kinds of sport. Among their number was one Capt. Shunan, a boasting fellow, who was continually picking a quarrel with all who came in his way. He continued this to the disgust of the whole, and was at length despised by nearly two-thirds of the hunters. One day after having whipped two of his comrades in a fist-fight, he happened in Carson's way, and, as with all, he treated him in a manner of great discourtesy. He was probably not fully aware of the man's courage and ability, for in general appearance Carson was not calculated to inspire one with a high estimation of his physical powers. Shunan was a very powerful man, and one of the roughest of the Rocky Mountain trappers.

As soon as the insulting words had been uttered, Kit Carson stepped up to Shunan and said: "Shunan, before you stands the humblest specimen of an American citizen in this brave band of trappers, among whom there are, to my certain knowledge, men who could easily chastise you, but being peaceably disposed, they keep away from you. At any rate. I assume the responsibility of ordering you to discontinue your threats, or I shall kill you."

Shunan made no reply, but wheeling around he strode off towards his tent filled with rage, and fully resolved on revenge. He spoke to no one, but his purpose was plain to the experienced mountaineers. Carson also turned away and walked rapidly to his own tent. "A duel!" now broke out upon the air from more than fifty voices, and all gathered round to see the contest. In a moment all eyes were turned toward Carson who was approaching on his matchless steed in full gallop, with a single-barrel dragoon pistol in his right hand. Plunging along on this broad prairie he was a most thrilling picture. But he had not more than fully appeared before the attention of the crowd was divided. Shunan was approaching on his horse from the opposite direction with his rifle in his hand. The brave mountaineers now rode rapidly towards each other, and in a moment they were face to face. The report of Shunan's rifle, closely followed that of Carson's pistol. Instantly Shunan's rifle fell to the ground, his fore arm having been shattered by a ball. The contents of his own weapon inflicted a slight scalp wound upon Carson. Thus ended the duel.

## CHAPTER LI.

SKETCH OF KIT CARSON CONTINUED — HIS ADVENTURES — HE AGAIN JOINS FREMONT'S EXPEDITION — DESCRIPTION OF FREMONT'S SECOND EXPEDITION — ITS ADVENTURES.

WE WILL not attempt to follow Carson through all the details of his life. It would be only repeating over and over what we have already said; for, in the life of the mountaineer we have only a series of hardships, interwoven with adventures, escape, battle, victory and defeat. After Carson had endured sixteen years of this life, he returned to Missouri, and, as we have seen, joined Colonel Fremont in 1842, as guide to the expedition. Of his adventures with Fremont, we have already had a full account. Let us now notice the principal characteristics of his life in the interim between Fremont's expeditions.

In February, 1843, his Indian wife having long since died, Carson married a Mexican woman named Senora Jarimilla. She was quite beautiful, and was admired by a large circle of friends for her many virtues. By this wife Carson had three children.

In the following spring he was engaged as guide and hunter for a train of wagons, belonging to Bent's Fort. This train was bound for the United States. When they had reached Walnut Creek, Carson came upon the encampment of Captain Cook, of the United States army. Cook was in command of four companies of dragoons, and was acting as a guard to a large train of wagons belonging to the governor of New Mexico, and bound for that territory. The Mexicans had anticipated an attack from a strong band of Texans, who were known to be hostile to the former on account of difficulties which had previously taken place. However, Capt. Cook's orders were to accompany the train only to the boundary line between the

United States and New Mexico, which, at this time, was at the fording place of the Arkansas river. The Mexicans being fearful lest they should be attacked by the Texans, on their own territory, engaged Kit Carson to return to New Mexico with all dispatch, with a message to the governor, asking him to send out an expedition to guard his train. Carson, in the execution of this task, was compelled to encounter many hostile Indians, but he managed to evade them and reached his destination in safety. When Carson reached Taos, he learned that a small detachment had already been sent in search of his caravan, and that the governor himself, with a large force, was about to follow. The first band encountered the Texans before they came up with the train, and were all massacred but one. It is said that ninety-nine Mexicans fell in this contest. The survivor returned with all speed towards Taos, but came upon the governor's expedition, after a few day's travel, to which he reported the disaster. This news so alarmed the governor and his men, that they at once returned, leaving the caravan, as they thought, to the mercy of the furious Texans.

Carson having performed his duty well, returned to Bent's Fort, where he learned that Capt. Cook had come upon the hostile Texans in the United States Territory, and had disarmed them. While at this place Carson learned that Colonel Fremont had passed that post a few days before his arrival, on a second expedition. The mountaineer wasted no time in pursuing his old companion.

Let us now go back to the commencement of Fremont's journey. In pursuance of instructions from Col. J. J. Abert, chief of the corps of Topographical Engineers, to connect his former surveys of 1842 with those of Wilkes, on the coast of the Pacific ocean, so as to give a connected survey of the middle of the continent, Fremont proceeded to the Western frontier early in the spring of 1843, arriving at the town of Kansas, in Missouri, on the seventeenth of May, where he remained about two weeks in making the necessary preparations. The party which he collected for the expedition consisted of Creoles, Canadian French and Americans, amounting in all to thirty-nine men, among whom were several who

accompanied him on the former expedition. Mr. Thomas Fitzpatrick, a famous mountaineer, was engaged as guide. Among the members of the party were two Delaware Indians, who had been employed to accompany the expedition as hunters. The famous Maxwell, who had been Fremont's favorite hunter on the previous journey, was also engaged in the same capacity for the present expedition.

The party was armed with Hall's carbines, which, with a brass twelve pound howitzer, had been furnished by the United States government. Three men were detailed for the management of this piece, under the charge of Louis Zindel, a native of Germany, who had been nineteen years a non-commissioned officer of artillery in the Prussian army, and regularly instructed in the duties of his profession. The camp equipage and provisions were transported in twelve carts, drawn each by two mules; and a light covered wagon, mounted on good springs, had been provided for the safer carriage of the instruments.

To make the exploration as useful as possible, Fremont determined, in conformity to general instructions, to vary the route to the Rocky Mountains from that followed in the year 1842. The route then was up the valley of the Great Platte river to the South Pass, in north latitude 42°; the route now determined on was up the valley of the Kansas river, and to the head of the Arkansas, and to some pass in the mountains, if any could be found, at the sources of that river. By making this deviation from the former route, the problem of a new road to Oregon and California, in a climate more genial, might be solved; and a better knowledge obtained of an important river, and the country it drained, while the great object of the expedition would find its point of commencement at the termination of the former, which was at that great gate in the ridge of the Rocky Mountains called the South Pass, and on the lofty peak of the mountain which overlooks it, deemed the highest peak in the ridge, and from the opposite sides of which four great rivers take their rise, and flow to the Pacific or the Mississippi. Various obstacles delayed their departure until the morning of the twenty-ninth of April, when they commenced

their long voyage; and at the close of a day, rendered disagreeably cold by incessant rain, encamped about four miles beyond the frontier, on the verge of the great prairies.

Resuming their journey on the thirty-first, after the delay of a day to complete their equipment and furnish themselves with some of the comforts of civilized life, they encamped in the evening at Elm Grove, in company with several emigrant wagons, constituting a party which was proceeding to Upper California, under the direction of Mr. J. B. Childs, of Missouri. The wagons were variously freighted with goods, furniture and farming utensils, containing, among other things, an entire set of machinery for a mill, which Mr. Childs designed erecting on the Sacramento river. The expedition was joined at this point by Mr. William Gilpin, of Missouri, who, intending this year to visit the settlements in Oregon, was invited to accompany Fremont.

Leaving the fording of the Kansas river, they pursued the usual emigrant route to the mountains, along the southern side of the Kansas. On the afternoon of the sixth of June, while busily engaged in crossing a stream, the expedition was thrown into confusion by the sudden arrival of Maxwell, who entered the camp at full speed, at the head of a war party of Osages, with gay red blankets, and heads shaved to the scalp-lock. They had run him a distance of about nine miles, from a creek on which Fremont had encamped the day previous, and to which Maxwell had returned in search of a run-away horse. The Osages were, no doubt, ignorant of the strength of the party, for they charged into the camp, and drove off a number of the best horses. They were soon overtaken, and the animals recovered. In speaking of the progress of the journey from this point, Fremont says: "We had been gradually and regularly ascending in our progress westward, and on the evening of the fourteenth, when we encamped on a little creek in the valley of the Republican, two hundred and sixty-five miles by our traveling road from the mouth of the Kansas, we were at an elevation of one thousand five hundred and twenty feet. That part of the river where we were now encamped is called by the Indians the *Big Timber*. Hitherto our route had been

laborious and extremely slow, the unusually wet spring and constant rain having so saturated the whole country that it was necessary to bridge every water course, and for days together our usual march averaged only five or six miles. Finding that at such a rate of travel it would be impossible to comply with your instructions, I determined at this place to divide the party, and, leaving Mr. Fitzpatrick with twenty-five men in charge of the provisions and heavier baggage of the camp, to proceed myself in advance, with a light party of fifteen men, taking with me the howitzer and the light wagon which carried the instruments."

Accordingly, on the morning of the sixteenth of June, the parties separated. On the nineteenth the advanced party crossed the Pawnee road to the Arkansas, and after a little travel came into the buffalo herds. Here, also, prairie dogs were seen in great abundance. Their elevation was now nineteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. On the twenty-third of June this party explored one of the main branches of the Republican river, to which they gave the name of Prairie Dog River. Their route on the twenty-fifth lay over high, smooth ridges, three thousand one hundred feet above the sea, buffalo in great numbers absolutely covering the face of the country.

They journeyed on until the first of July, when, traveling along the valley of the south fork of the Platte, four thousand feet above the level of the sea, they caught a glimpse of Long's Peak and the neighboring mountains, which stood out into the sky, grand, and luminously white, covered to their bases with glittering snow.

On the evening of the third of July the expedition was journeying along the partially overflowed bottoms of the Platte, where their passage stirred up swarms of mosquitoes, and where they came unexpectedly upon an Indian, who was perched on a bluff, curiously watching the movements of Fremont's caravan. He belonged to a village of the Sioux, who had lost all their animals in the severity of the preceding winter, and were now on their way up the Bijou fork to beg horses from the Arapahoes, who were hunting buffalo at the

head of that river. Several came into Fremont's camp at noon, and, as they were hungry, as usual, they were provided with buffalo meat, of which the hunters had brought an abundant supply.

On the Fourth of July the party arrived at Bent's Fort, where the proprietors had prepared a sumptuous feast in honor of the day. At this place Fremont dispatched Maxwell to Taos for the purpose of procuring mules and provisions, while the expedition continued its course. On the seventh of July Fremont reached the Arapaho villages, which he found encamped in a beautiful bottom, and consisting of over one hundred and sixty lodges. The village appeared extremely populous, with a great number of children. The chiefs were congregated together for the purpose of paying respect to the strangers, which they did by throwing their arms around their necks and embracing them. Fremont was able to make them only a slight present, accounting for the poverty of the gift by explaining that his goods had been left with the heavy wagons in charge of Mr. Fitzpatrick, whom they knew by the name of the Broken Hand. Though disappointed in obtaining the presents which had been evidently expected, they behaved very courteously, and, after a little conversation, Fremont left them, and continued on up the river. They surprised a grizzly bear sauntering along the river; which, raising himself upon his hind legs, took a deliberate survey of the party, that did not appear very satisfactory to him, and he scrambled into the river and swam to the opposite side.

During the eighth of July, continuing up the Platte, they could see, on their right, and apparently very near—but really eight miles from them—and two or three thousand feet up the valley in which they were traveling, the snow clad peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

After spending many days in exploring that country, Fremont returned to St. Vrain's Fort, reaching it on the twenty-third of July. Here they met with Mr. Fitzpatrick's party, which had been left in charge of the heavy wagons. He also met Kit Carson at this place, who had brought with him ten good mules and the necessary pack saddles. Mr. Fitzpatrick had been at this place over a week, during which time his men had

been occupied in refitting the camp, and the repose had been very beneficial to his animals, which were now in a tolerably good condition.

Fremont, however, had been unable to obtain any certain information in regard to the character of the passes in this portion of the Rocky Mountain range. They had always been represented as impracticable for carriages, and as extremely dangerous. Of their course of operations in this emergency, Fremont says: "Having determined to try the passage by a pass through a spur of the mountains made by the *Câche-à-la-Poudre* river, which rises in the high bed of the mountains around Long's Peak, I thought it advisable to avoid any encumbrance which would occasion detention, and accordingly again separated the party into two divisions—one of which, under the command of Mr. Fitzpatrick, was directed to cross the plains to the mouth of Laramie river, and, continuing thence its route along the usual emigrant road, meet me at Fort Hall, a post belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, and situated on Snake river, as it is commonly called in the Oregon Territory, although better known to us as Lewis' fork of the Columbia."

Carson was included in the party which Fremont commanded in person. On the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of July, all the arrangements had been completed, and the parties resumed their respective routes.

Fremont's party proceeded westward, and finding the Câche-á-la-Poudre on the morning of the twenty-eighth, entered the Black Hills. Passing over a beautiful bottom in the afternoon, they reached a place where the river was shut up in the hills; and, ascending a ravine, made a laborious and very difficult passage around a gap, striking the river again in the evening. On the following day they were compelled, by the nature of the ground, to cross the river eight or nine times, at difficult, deep and rocky fords, the stream running with great force, swollen by the rains—a true mountain torrent, only forty or fifty feet wide. It was a mountain valley of the narrowest kind—almost a chasm; and the scenery very wild and beautiful. Towering mountains rose round about; their sides

sometimes dark with forests of pine, and sometimes with lofty precipices, washed by the river; while below, as if they indemnified themselves in luxuriance for the scanty space, the green river bottom was covered with a wilderness of flowers, their tall spikes sometimes rising above the traveler's heads as they rode among them. A profusion of blossoms, on a white flowering vine, which was abundant along the river, contrasted handsomely with the green foliage of the trees. The mountain appeared to be composed of a greenish gray and red granite, which in some places appeared to be in a state of decomposition, making a red soil. The stream was wooded with cotton-wood, box elder and cherry, with current and serviceberry bushes. After a somewhat laborious day, during which it had rained incessantly, they encamped near the end of the pass at the mouth of a small creek, in sight of the great Laramie plains. It continued to rain heavily, and at evening the mountains were hid in mists; but there was no lack of wood, and the large fires which they made to dry their clothes were very comfortable; and at night the hunters came in with a fine deer.

On the morning of the thirtieth, they crossed the Câche-á-la-Poudre river for the last time, and entering a smooth country, they traveled along a kind of *vallon*, bounded on the right by red buttes and precipices, while to the left a high rolling country extended to a range of the Black Hills, beyond which rose the great mountains around Long's Peak. By the great quantity of snow visible among them, it had probably snowed heavily there the previous day, while it had rained on them in the valley.

After long and tedious travel, the party reached the east side of the Great Salt Lake, when Fremont proceeded to explore its borders, and many of its islands. From this point the party journeyed to Fort Hall, where they met with the party under Fitzpatrick. After resting for a few days, the expedition was again divided, Fremont preceding Fitzpatrick with a small detachment, and journeying in the direction of the Columbia river. On reaching the river Dallas, the party halted, and Fremont proceeded to Vancouver's Island, where he purchased provisions necessary for the immediate future. On his

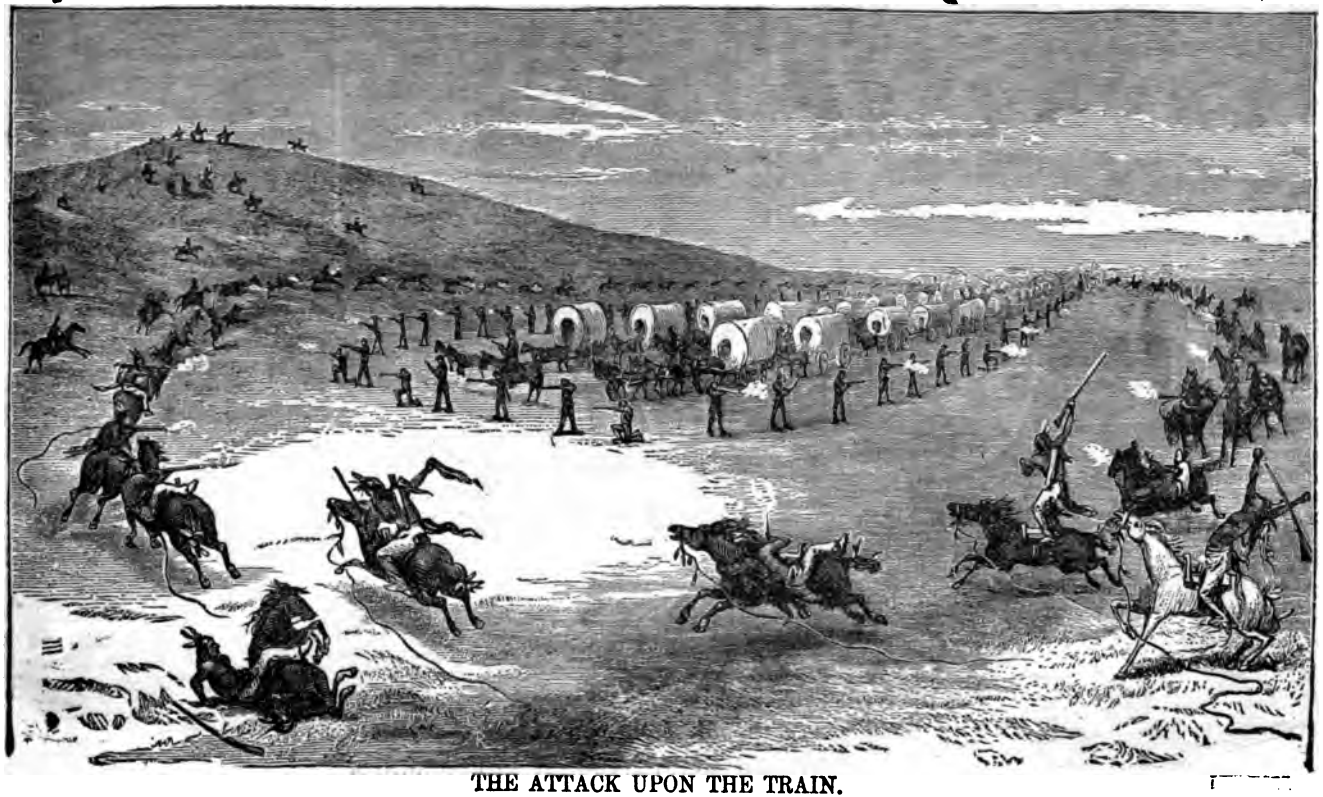
return to the party, he found Fitzpatrick had arrived, and now the whole expedition moved toward Klamath Lake, in Oregon. After exploring this lake, and the country for several miles around, the expedition started for California, by the route of the mountains. On reaching this range, it was found to be covered with deep snow, and the brave adventurers suffered indescribable hardships in crossing the range. Col. Fremont, in speaking of their progress on the sixth of January, 1844, says:

"Accompanied by Mr. Fitzpatrick, I sat out to-day with a reconnoitering party, on snow shoes. We marched all in single file, tramping the snow as heavily as we could. Crossing the open basin, in a march of about ten miles we reached the top of one of the peaks, to the left of the pass indicated by our guide. Far below us, dimmed by the distance, was a large, snowless valley, bounded on the western side, at the distance of about a hundred miles, by a low range of mountains, which Carson recognized with delight as the mountains bordering the coast. 'There,' said he, 'is the little mountain—it is fifteen years ago since I saw it; but I am just as sure as if I had seen it yesterday.' Between us, then, and this low coast range, was the valley of the Sacramento; and no one who had not accompanied us through the incidents of our life for the last few months could realize the delight with which at last we looked down upon it. At the distance of apparently thirty miles beyond us were distinguished spots of prairie; and a dark line, which could be traced with the glass, was imagined to be the course of the river; but we were evidently at a great height above the valley, and between us and the plains extended miles of snowy fields and broken ridges of pine-covered mountains. It was late in the day when we turned towards the camp; and it grew rapidly cold as it drew towards night. One of the men became fatigued, and his feet began to freeze, and, building a fire in the trunk of a dry old cedar, Mr. Fitzpatrick remained with him until his clothes could be dried, and he was in a condition to come on. After a day's march of twenty miles, we straggled into camp, one after another, at nightfall; the greater number excessively fatigued, only two of the party having

ever traveled on snow shoes before. All our energies were now directed to getting our animals across the snow; and it was supposed that, after all the baggage had been drawn with the sleighs over the trail we had made, it would be sufficiently hard to bear our animals. At several places, between this point and the ridge, we had discovered some grassy spots, where the wind and sun had dispersed the snow from the sides of the hills, and these were to form resting places to support the animals for a night in their passage across. On our way across, we had set on fire several broken stumps, and dried trees, to melt holes in the snow for the camps. Its general depth was five feet; but we passed over places where it was twenty feet deep, as shown by the trees. With one party drawing sleighs loaded with baggage, I advanced to-day about four miles along the trail, and encamped at the first grassy spot, where we expected to bring our horses. Mr. Fitzpatrick, with another party, remained behind, to form an intermediate station between us and the animals."

After great struggling, the party were, on the twentieth of February, at the foot of the last range, having the valley of the Sacramento before them. After a short rest, they took up their line of march, and on the eighth of March arrived at Sutter's Fort, the famous spot where the first California gold was afterwards discovered. This fort bore the name of its proprietor, who received Fremont and his party with due hospitality.

Capt. Sutter, who was a native of Missouri, reached California in 1838, and formed the first settlement in the valley of the Sacramento, on a large grant of land which he obtained from the Mexican government. He had, at first, some trouble with the Indians; but, by the occasional exercise of well-timed authority, he succeeded in converting them into a peaceable and industrious people. The ditches around his extensive wheat fields; the making of the sun-dried bricks, of which his fort was constructed; the plowing, harrowing and other agricultural operations, were entirely the work of these Indians, for which they received a very moderate compensation—principally in shirts, blankets and other articles of clothing. In the same



THE ATTACK UPON THE TRAIN.

GOV. HARRISON AND TECUMSEH IN COUNCIL AT VINCENNES.

manner, on application to the chief of a village, he readily obtained as many boys and girls as he had any use for. There were at this time a number of girls at the fort, in training for a woolen factory; but they were now all busily engaged in constantly watering the gardens, which the unfavorable dryness of the season rendered necessary. A few years before Fremont's visit in 1844, the neighboring Russian establishment of Ross, being about to withdraw from the country, sold to Capt. Sutter a large number of stock, with agricultural and other stores, with a number of pieces of artillery and other munitions of war; for these, a regular yearly payment was made in grain. The fort was a quadrangular *adobe* structure, mounting twelve pieces of artillery (two of them brass,) and capable of admitting a garrison of a thousand men; this, in 1844, consisted of forty Indians, in uniform—one of whom was always found on duty at the gate. The whites in the employment of Capt. Sutter, American, French and German, amounted, in this year, perhaps, to thirty men. The inner wall was formed into buildings comprising the common quarters, with blacksmith and other workshops; the dwelling house, with a large distillery house, and other buildings, occupied more the centre of the area.

The fort was built upon a pond-like stream, at times a running creek, communicating with the Rio de los Americanos, which enters the Sacramento about two miles below. The latter is here a noble river, about three hundred yards broad, deep and tranquil, with several fathoms of water in the channel, and its banks continuously timbered. There were two vessels belonging to Capt. Sutter at anchor near the landing—one a large two-masted lighter, and the other a schooner, which was shortly to proceed on a voyage to Fort Vancouver for a cargo of goods.

Before leaving Sutter's Fort, two of Fremont's party became deranged, in consequence of their long fasting before reaching this post. They had indulged their appetites too freely when plentifully supplied, and thus brought on serious brain convulsions. From this, however, they afterwards recovered.

On the homeward route Fremont journeyed up the valley of

the San Joaquin, crossing over the Sierra Nevada and coast-range of mountains at a place where they meet, forming by their connection a good pass.

Four *compañeros* joined their guide at this pass. Descending from the hills, the party reached a country of fine grass, where the *erodium cicutarium* finally disappeared, giving place to an excellent quality of bunch grass. Passing by some springs where there was a rich sward of grass among groves of large black oak, they rode over a plain on which the guide pointed out a spot where a refugee Christian Indian had been killed by a party of soldiers which had unexpectedly penetrated into the mountains. Crossing a low sierra, and descending a hollow where a spring gushed out, they were struck by the sudden appearance of *yucca* trees, which gave a strange and southern character to the country, and suited well with the dry and desert region they were approaching. Associated with the idea of barren sands, their stiff and ungraceful form makes them to the traveller the most repulsive tree in the vegetable kingdom. Following the hollow, the party shortly came upon a creek timbered with large black oak, which yet had not put forth a leaf. There was a small rivulet of running water, with good grass.

They continued a short distance down the creek, where the guide informed them that the water would very soon disappear, and turned directly to the southward along the foot of the mountain; the trail on which they rode appearing to mark the eastern limit of travel, where water and grass terminated. Crossing a low spur, which bordered the creek, they descended to a kind of plain among the lower spurs; the desert being in full view on their left, apparently illimitable. A hot mist lay over it through which it had a white and glistening appearance; here and there a few dry looking *buttes* and isolated black ridges rose suddenly upon it. "There," said the guide, stretching out his hand towards it, "there are the great *llanos*, (plains;) there is neither water nor grass—nothing; every animal that goes out upon them, dies." It was indeed dismal to look upon, and hard to conceive so great a change in so short a distance. One might travel the world over, without

finding a valley more fresh and verdant — more floral and sylvan — more alive with birds and animals — more bounteously watered — than that which they had left in the San Joaquin: here, within a few miles ride, a vast desert plain spread before them, from which the boldest traveler turned away in despair.

On the twenty-fourth of April the party was surprised by the appearance in the camp of two Mexicans — a man and a boy. The name of the man was Fuentes, and that of the boy, Hernandez. They belonged to a party of six persons, the remaining four being the wife of Fuentes, the father and mother of Pablo, and Santiago Giacome, a resident of New Mexico. With a cavalcade of about thirty horses, they had come out from Puebla de los Angeles, near the coast, under the guidance of Giacome, in advance of the great caravan, in order to travel more at leisure, and obtain better grass. Having advanced as far into the desert as was considered consistent with their safety, they halted at the *Archilette*, one of the customary camping grounds, about eighty miles from Fremont's encampment, where there was a spring of good water, with sufficient grass; and concluded to await there the arrival of the great caravan. Several Indians were soon discovered lurking about the camp, who, in a day or two after, came in, and, after behaving in a very friendly manner, took their leave, without awakening any suspicions. In a few days afterwards, suddenly a party of about one hundred Indians appeared in sight, advancing towards the camp. It was too late, or they seemed not to have presence of mind to take proper measures of safety; and the Indians charged down into their camp, shouting as they advanced, and discharging flights of arrows. Pablo and Fuentes were on horse guard at the time, and mounted, according to the custom of the country. One of the principal objects of the Indians was to get possession of the horses, and part of them immediately surrounded the band; but, in obedience to the shouts of Giacome, Fuentes drove the animals over and through the assailants, in spite of their arrows; and, abandoning the rest to their fate, carried them off at speed across the plain. Knowing that they would be pursued by the Indians, without making any halt except to shift their saddles to other

horses, they drove them on for about sixty miles, and on the twenty-fourth of April left them at a watering place on the trail, called Agua de Tomaso. Without giving themselves any time for rest, they hurried on, hoping to meet the Spanish caravan, when they discovered Fremont's camp. The Colonel received them kindly, taking them into his own mess, and promised them such aid as circumstances might put it in his power to give.

On the following day they left the river abruptly, and, turning to the north, regained in a few miles the main trail, and continued their way across a lower ridge of the mountain, through a miserable tract of sand and gravel. They crossed at intervals the broad beds of dry gullies, where in the season of rains and melting snows there would be brooks or rivulets; and at one of these, where there was no indication of water, were several freshly dug holes, in which there was water at the depth of two feet. These holes had been dug by the wolves, whose keen sense of smell had scented the water under the dry sand. They were nice little wells, narrow, and dug straight down, and the travelers got pleasant water out of them.

The country had now assumed the character of an elevated and mountainous desert; its general features being black, rocky ridges, bald, and destitute of timber, with sandy basins between. Where the sides of these ridges were washed by gullies, the plains below were scattered with beds of large pebbles or rolled stones, destructive to soft-footed animals. Through these sandy basins sometimes struggled a scanty stream, or occurred a hole of water, which furnished camping grounds for travelers. Frequently in their journey across, snow was visible on the surrounding mountains; but their waters rarely reached the sandy plain below, where the party toiled along, oppressed with thirst and the burning sun. But, throughout this nakedness of sand and gravel, were many beautiful plants and flowering shrubs, which occured in many new species. This was a peculiarity of this desert. Even where no grass would take root, the naked sand would bloom with some rich and rare flower, which found its appropriate home in the arid and barren spot. After traveling about twenty-five miles,

they arrived at the *Agua de Tomaso* — the spring where the horses had been left; but, as they had expected, they were gone. A brief examination of the ground convinced them that they had been driven off by the Indians. Carson and Godey volunteered with the Mexican to pursue them; and, well mounted, the three set off on the trail. At this stopping place there were a few bushes and very little grass. Its water was a pool; but near by was a spring, which had been dug out by Indians or travelers. Its water was cool — a great refreshment to Fremont under the burning sun.

In the evening Fuentes returned, his horse having failed; but Carson and Godey had continued the pursuit. In the afternoon of the next day, a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon Carson and Godey appeared driving before them a band of horses, recognized by Fuentes to be part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps, dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. They informed Fremont, that after Fuentes left them, from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone, and towards nightfall entered the mountains, into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses, struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight till morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit and about sunrise discovered the horses; and, immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians; giving the war shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the number which the *four* lodges would imply. The Indians received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt collar, barely

missing the neck; the two men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched on the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad that was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttered a hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountain side she was climbing, threatening and lamenting. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of Carson and Godey; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage. They were now masters of the camp, which was a pretty little recess in the mountain, with a fine spring, and apparently safe from all invasion. Great preparations had been made to feast a large party, for it was a very proper place for a rendezvous, and for the celebration of such orgies as robbers of the desert would delight in. Several of the best horses had been killed, skinned, and cut up; for the Indians living in mountains, and only coming into the plains to rob and murder, make no other use of horses than to eat them. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse beef; and several baskets, containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, indicated the presence, or expectation, of a considerable party. They released the boy, who had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else, of a savage character, in commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head as soon as he found he was not to be killed, but only tied as a prisoner. Their object accomplished, they gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined the camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had rode about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours. The time, place, object, and numbers, considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage desert, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into the defiles of an unknown mountain — attack

them on sight, without counting numbers — and defeat them in an instant — and for what? To punish the robbers of the desert, and to avenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know.*

* Fremont's Journal.

## CHAPTER LII.

ADVENTURES OF FREMONT'S SECOND EXPEDITION, CONCLUDED — KIT CARSON IN NEW MEXICO — DESCRIPTION OF TAOS AND THE SETTLEMENTS OF NEW MEXICO — INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF SMUGGLING — THE FANDANGO.

ON THE fifth of May, the expedition reached the Rio de los Angeles, a branch of the Rio Virgen. The animals had become so completely exhausted that it was necessary to remain at this place a day for rest. Many days previous the route had led through a desert country, where no water and but very little grass could be procured. The camps had not been fairly pitched, when Indians crowded numerously around, assuming a threatening attitude, to such a degree as to compel the men to keep their arms in hand constantly, to prevent the intruders from taking possession of the camp. A strong band of these Indians surrounded the horses, which, for the convenience of grass, were guarded a little above the camp, on the river. These were at once driven in for protection.

Several times during the day the camp was insulted by Indians, but peace being Fremont's object, he kept simply on the defensive. Some of the Indians were on the bottoms, and others haranguing him from the bluffs; and they were scattered in every direction over the hills. Their language being a dialect of the Utahs, with the aid of signs some of the hunters could comprehend them very well. They were barefooted, and nearly naked; their hair gathered up into a knot behind; and with his bow, each man carried a quiver with thirty or forty arrows partially drawn out. Besides these, each held in his hand two or three arrows for instant service. Their arrows were barbed with a very clear translucent stone, a species of opal, nearly as hard as the diamond; and, when shot from

their long bows, were almost as effective as a gunshot. In these Indians, Fremont was forcibly struck by an expression of countenance resembling that in a beast of prey; and all their actions were those of wild animals. Joined to the restless motion of the eye, there was a want of mind—an absence of thought — and an action wholly by impulse, strongly expressed.

A man who appeared to be a chief, with two or three others, forced himself into camp, carrying with him his arms, in spite of Fremont's orders to the contrary. When shown the latter's weapons, he bored his ear with his fingers, and said he could not hear. "Why," said he, "there are none of you." Counting the people around the camp, and including in the number a mule which was being shod, he made out twenty-two. "So many," said he showing the number, "and we—we are a great many;" and he pointed to the hills and mountains round about. "If you have your arms," said he, twanging his bow, "we have these." Fremont had some difficulty in restraining the people, particularly Carson, who felt an insult of this kind as much as if it had been given by a more responsible being. "Don't say that, old man," said he; "don't you say that—your life's in danger"—speaking in good English; "and probably the old man was nearer to his end than he will be before he meets it."*

Several animals had been necessarily left behind near the camp of the previous night; and early in the morning, before the Indians made their appearance, several men were sent to bring them in. When Fremont was beginning to be uneasy at their absence, they returned with information that they had been driven off from the trail by Indians; and, having followed the tracks in a short distance, they found the animals cut up and spread out upon bushes. In the evening the Colonel gave a fatigued horse to some of the Indians for a feast; and the village which carried him off refused to share with the others, who made loud complaints from the rocks of the partial distribution. Many of these Indians had long sticks, hooked at the end, which they used in hauling out lizards, and other small

* Fremont's Report.

animals, from their holes. During the day they occasionally roasted and ate lizards at the fires of the expedition. These belong to the people who are generally known under the name of Diggers.

On the following morning, they left the Rio de los Angeles, and continued their way through the same desolate and revolting country, where lizards were the only animal, and the tracks of the lizard-eaters the principal sign of human beings. After twenty miles' march through a road of hills and heavy sands, they reached the most dreary river ever seen—a deep, rapid stream, almost a torrent, passing swiftly by, and roaring against obstructions. The stream was running towards the southwest, and appeared to come from a snowy mountain in the north. It proved to be the Rio Virgen—a tributary to the Colorado. For several days they continued their journey up the river, the bottoms of which were thickly overgrown with various kinds of brush; and the sandy soil was absolutely covered with tracks of Diggers, who followed them stealthily, like a band of wolves.

On the following day as they journeyed on, one of the men named Tabeau, left his post and rode back to the site of the previous night's encampment, in search of a lame mule. The man remained until suspicion of his fate was aroused, when Carson, with several men, well mounted, were sent back to ascertain Tabeau's whereabouts. They went to the camping ground of the previous night, but neither he nor the mule was there. Searching down the river, they found the tracks of the mule, evidently driven along by Indians, whose tracks were on each side of those made by the animal. After going several miles, they came to the mule itself, standing in some bushes, mortally wounded in the side by an arrow, and left to die, that it might be afterwards butchered for food. They also found, in another place, as they were hunting about on the ground for Tabeau's tracks, something that looked like a little puddle of blood, but which the darkness prevented them from verifying. With these details they returned to the camp.

The next morning, as soon as there was light enough to follow tracks, Col. Fremont set out, with Mr. Fitzpatrick and several men, in search of Tabeau. They went to the spot

where the appearance of puddled blood had been seen; and this they saw at once, had been the place where he fell and died. Blood upon the leaves, and beaten down bushes, showed that he had got his wound about twenty paces from where he fell and that he had struggled for his life. He had probably been shot through the lungs by an arrow. From the place where he lay and bled, it could be seen that he had been dragged to the river bank, and thrown into it. No vestige of what had belonged to him could be found, except a fragment of his horse equipment.

From this point nothing of interest occurred, and they reached the frontier settlements of Missouri on the sixth of August, 1844. Fremont proceeded to Washington, while his brave followers, for the most part, turned back into the wilds of the great West, apparently unwilling to advance into civilization. Among these was Carson, who proceeded to Taos, where his wife and family anxiously awaited his arrival.

Let us now leave Fremont at Washington, enjoying the best honors which an enlightened people can bestow upon a faithful public servant, while we follow Carson and his adventures. This, as will be seen, will soon lead us into Fremont's third expedition.

It will not surprise the reader who has become acquainted with Carson's changeable habits, to learn that early in the spring of 1845, he decided to become a farmer. In this speculation he is said to have been joined by a Mr. Owens. For the furtherance of this purpose, they purchased an extensive tract of land on the Little Cameron river, and at once made the necessary arrangements to improve it. The farm was located about forty miles from Taos. They commenced operations by building some small huts, which served as dwellings for themselves and their laborers. They succeeded in sowing a considerable quantity of grain, and made other advancements, which promised success for their efforts.

As we are soon to enter upon an account of the wars waged in the conquest of New Mexico, it will be proper, at this place, to glance at the general features of that territory. Perhaps the town of Taos affords a fair sample of the markets or trad-

ing posts of the country. It was located in the valley of Taos, and consisted of several villages scattered along the valley. The principal of these was called Fernandez de Taos, and is situated in the centre of the valley, on an elevated plat of ground. The buildings in all the villages of New Mexico are constructed of adobes, being one story high, with flat roofs. The Mexicans have but very little regard for streets, building their houses for the most part with great irregularity. In a business point of view, there is only one centre to each village, called the plaza. It is in this knot that all the stores are located, and when business is pursuing its regular channels, this part of the town is always densely thronged with Mexicans, Americans and Indians.

The houses are all whitewashed with lime, and present a very white appearance, the village church being the largest and most attractive. This, however, is a poor specimen of a church building, wanting in beauty without and comfort within. These are generally provided with poor bells, from which tolling is produced by round hard stones in the hands of the ringers. Their success in chiming does not flatter their skill in music. The parde, or priest, is the person most respected in a Mexican village; indeed, he is looked upon as sacred. These are, for the most part, poorly educated, but, under the present management, this objection is being rapidly removed.

There are nearly ten thousand people in the villages of the Taos, many of whom are idlers. On the other hand, there are many industrious farmers. Raising horses, cattle and sheep is also carried on with very good success. Their commerce has been largely increased under the United States government, and the scenes of poverty and destitution which, unhappily, characterized life in New Mexico under the old Mexican government, have been almost entirely removed. At the period of which I am writing, previous to the war with Mexico, the inhabitants of New Mexico wore only the scanty dress peculiar to their own country, but in later years, when the goods of American factories found their way to these towns without being smuggled, these people readily threw away several styles of their dress, and adopted that of the Americans in their

places. Among these changes I might mention more particularly the dress of the female. From a state of absolute nudity, they have been elevated, in some instances, to silks and satins.

Before New Mexico became a Territory of the United States, the villages of the Taos, and other settlements in this Territory, were the scenes of constant smuggling from the United States. The Mexican custom officers were either bribed or deceived constantly; every possible measure was adopted to cheat them, and when this did not succeed, bribery was resorted to with very good results for the traders. The duty on American manufactures was enormous, and smuggling was carried on to such an extent that it was quite impossible to conduct a legitimate trade. Commerce having reached this condition, very few persons attempted to trade in the village of New Mexico, who did not resolve on smuggling as the only source of large profit.

It would be an easy matter to fill a large volumne with incidents of this kind of trade, many of which are exceedingly interesting. A favorite plan of the smugglers was that of carrying a large supply of goods to the boundary line and then making a cache of them in the forest, advancing with a very small portion on which they paid the regular duty with a tolerably good grace. Advancing into the settlements they then began to trade with the inhabitants without arousing the suspicion of the authorities. Whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself these merchants would replenish their stores from the cache which they had made, and thus continue to sell goods to the value of thousands of dollars, having paid duty on perhaps the first five hundred dollar's worth. But even this plan was attended with many difficulties. Oftimes when the weary merchant was making the cache of his goods, a keen eyed Indian, who had been following him for days for the purpose, lay concealed not fifty paces off in full view of the operation. Then stealing quietly away he soon becomes the leader of a select band. The cache is robbed, and when our smuggler returns for a second supply he discovers that while he has been cheating, the Indians have been stealing

his goods. In the midst of his rage and disappointment he could not fail to recognize the equity of the transaction.

But as with the Indian when wronged or robbed, it soon became the policy of these trades to seek revenge. They were seldom caught twice in the same trap. A fatal snare was set for the lurking thieves, and, in consequence, the caches of the smugglers soon became a terror to them. By some arrangement a large quantity of powder was embedded in the earth just over the goods, so that when it was disturbed by one unacquainted with this circumstance, it would explode. In this way many an Indian had been sent up suddenly into the air far above the surrounding trees, or blown into atoms by the fatal magazine.

Some of the Indian Pueblos in New Mexico were also very interesting to the traveler. Their houses were generally built on top of each other, each a little smaller than the one below it, until a sort of pyramid was formed. The inhabitants entered their respective dwellings through the roofs by the aid of ladders.

The farming utensils of the Mexicans were of the rudest kind, many of them being curiosities of pioneer life, but these are gradually giving away to the modern implements of American manufacture. The pioneer plough of New Mexico consisted of one piece of timber with a certain bend. One end was sharpened and on it was fastened a piece of iron rudely imitating the plough shear. In ploughing, oxen were used, yoked in the Egyptain style, to the horns.

The crops of corn and wheat in New Mexico were generally large, and it was principally upon these that the inhabitants depended for support. In converting this grain into flour, they generally used two large stones which were operated by hand. Their diet was, for the most part, a kind of corn meal gruel, wheat bread, and the usual vegetables. Apples, peaches, plums and grapes were raised in New Mexico in great abundance. The celebrated El Paso wine was manufactured from the latter.

The brief description of Toas, may be applied to Santa Fe, and most of the other towns of New Mexico. The settle-

ments were all similar, and the manners and customs of the people about the same. The Mexicans were not a very chaste or virtuous set of people, and it may well be regretted that the Americans who have gone among them, have afforded them a very poor example in this respect, but their condition is now being rapidly improved. Their greatest recreation and most exquisite enjoyment consisted in dancing. These took the place of the ball room in the more civilized states, only that the Mexican dance was looked to as something more of a peculiarity of their nation. During the winter season, the traveler will find a dance in progress on every evening in a town or village in New Mexico, to which he is invariably invited. The music, in which these people do not excel, consists in the violin and a guitar, the players accompanying the music with their voices, making up words to suit the uncertain measure of the air as they proceed. The Mexican ladies always display great care and little good taste in preparing for the fandango. They put on the most guady colored paint, but still appear untidy. The men are always dressed plain and, seldom make any attempt to appear in full dress.

Such was the country and such the people among whom Kit Carson lived during the short interval between Colonel Fremont's second and third expeditions.

## CHAPTER LIII.

COLONEL FREMONT'S THIRD EXPEDITION — PECULIAR QUALITIES OF KIT CARSON — FREMONT ATTACKED BY THE MEXICANS — FREMONT VISITS KLAMATH LAKE AND THE LAVA BEDS — THREE OF HIS PARTY KILLED — THE REVENGE.

IT WAS in 1845, that Col. John C. Fremont set out on his third expedition to the West, an account of which will be found full of interest to the reader, since it leads us into the Mexican war, and the conquest of California. At Bent's Fort the party was joined by a very important person—one in whom every man had the greatest confidence, and whose face was like sunshine to every mountaineer—Kit Carson. He had sold his farm, and, with his partner, Owens, had joined Fremont once more. The Colonel was glad to see him, for there was always certain service, in connection with the expedition, which Kit could execute a little better than any one else. That service may be summed up in this way: Carson was a good guide, being acquainted with nearly all the mountain passes. He was not a bad interpreter, as he could speak Spanish fluently, and by the aid of signs, make himself understood to any tribe from the lava beds of the Modocs, to the worm-eaters of Lower California. In the hour of peril, when assaulted by hostile Indians, the foremost foe always fell by a ball from his unerring rifle; when privations and hardships were to be endured, he was full of cheer, and his brave words and courageous deeds were food to his weary, disconsolate companions; for bravery, honesty and all the virtues that adorn the life of the true adventurer, his was an example so brilliant as to attract all towards it. Kit Carson was, then, in the eyes of Fremont, a valuable companion.

But it must not happen in this narrative, as it too often does, that the great virtues of one overshadow those of others around

him. There were many good, true, brave mountaineers in Fremont's party whom the great explorer loved with equal ardor. Among these were Maxwell, Fitzpatrick, Lajeunesse and others—all mountaineers of high standing, compeers with Carson, and worthy to be led by so brave a man as Colonel Fremont.

Fremont's third expedition set out from Bent's Fort, proceeding up the Arkansas, thence to Ballo Salado, or Soda Springs, thence to Piney river, thence to White river. From this point, crossing the mountains, they proceeded to Prevost's Fork, which has become famous in history on account of the massacre of Prevost's party upon its banks. The expedition traveled from this point to Salt Lake, where Fremont spent some time in exploring its islands. Leaving this place, they crossed the great desert, touched at Sutter's Fort, and encamped at San José. This long journey was attended with many obstacles, several encounters with hostile Indians, loss of animals, and many hardships which rendered the party nearly unfit for a continuance of the journey.

It was now determined to proceed to Monterey, in California, for supplies. Accordingly they set out, and when within a few miles of the town, they were surprised by meeting a messenger with orders from General Castro, the Mexican commander, to leave the territory at once or he would march his army against them. Fremont gave the messenger to understand that he would leave the territory when he had completed the task assigned him by his government, but not sooner, and fell back into a strong position, where he took some pains to fortify his camp. He was scarcely settled down in this position, when he observed, in full view, the Mexican general advancing at the head of several hundred troops. The mountaineers, although seeing themselves many times outnumbered by the advancing forces, were unshaken and remained firm. Gen. Castro, having approached the party as near as his courage would support him, halted and began his demonstrations, with a view to frightening the intruders away. His cannon roared, his cavalry galloped to and fro, his infantry maneuvered, but to all this the Americans sent forth a haughty defiance, invit-

ing, by their attitude, the advance of the cowardly Mexicans, but to no purpose.

Remaining in this position three days, and being unable to induce their enemies to fight, the Americans withdrew to Lawson's Trading Post, by way of the Sacramento, where they hoped to obtain the supplies which they had been disappointed in receiving at Monterey. On reaching this post, they were informed by the Americans in that place, that one thousand Indians in the neighborhood had, at the request of the Mexicans, banded together for the purpose of killing all the American settlers in the place. A consultation was held, at which it was resolved that Fremont's party and five men belonging to the post, should immediately proceed to disperse the savages. Accordingly, they set out, and in a few days discovered the enemy. Without delay the party began the attack, and for some time the Indians disputed the ground ably. At length they began to waver, and with this the mountaineers rushed upon them, strewing the ground for nearly a mile with the dead bodies of the Indians. Having executed this important task, they returned to Lawson's Post.

Receiving the necessary supplies at this place, they started for the Columbia river, passing in their route Mount Shatta, the snow-clad monument to the wonders of the Sacramento valley, which lifts its towering summit fourteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea. Passing this giant wonder, they proceeded to Klamath Lake, and the lava beds, among the homes of the fierce Modocs, whose treachery knows no bounds. While encamped in this dangerous seclusion, Fremont was visited by a messenger from Lieut. Gillespie, of the United States army, informing him that war was contemplated between the United States and Mexico. On hearing this, Fremont and his party at once set out to meet the Lieutenant, who was then advancing through the country of the Klamath Indians. After a journey of some sixty miles, the parties met, to the great joy of all concerned. The tents were pitched, and a social time followed. Fremont sat down by the fire and busied himself reading the many letters which the Lieutenant had brought him, and asking questions concerning the news from civiliza-

tion. All hands sat up until about one o'clock that night, when, weary and toil-worn, they fell asleep with less caution than had characterized their previous encampments. About three o'clock in the morning, when all was quiet, Carson was aroused by a noise which told him of the presence of Indians. By the time he had secured his rifle and made the alarm, three of the party had been slain, one, Mr. Lajeunesse, before referred to, the other two, Delaware Indians. The savages were soon routed, but the loss was irreparable. The dead were buried in the forest where they fell, then far away from the haunts of civilization.

It was now certain that a body of Indians was following their trail with hostile intentions, and the next move was to chastise them. Accordingly, on the following morning, when the expedition moved forward, a party of fifteen remained in ambush. It was not long before two Indian scouts came along the fatal way. They both fell from the bullets of the mountaineers, and were scalped. Satisfied with this revenge, the rear party soon overtook Fremont, when the whole expedition marched forward towards California.

## CHAPTER LIV.

FREMONT AS A CONQUEROR—THE WAR IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA—HEROISM OF THE MOUNTAINEERS—INDIAN HOSTILITIES—FREMONT AND HIS FOLLOWERS CONQUER NORTHERN CALIFORNIA—HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO MONTERY—CALIFORNIA SAVED FROM THE ENGLISH.

IN addition to the intelligence that war was contemplated between the United States and Mexico,* Lieut. Gillespie informed Fremont that it was the wish of the Government that he should take a favorable position and watch affairs in California (then a Mexican State). He was to use every means to conciliate the feelings of the people in that territory, "encourage a friendship with the United States and do all in his power to prevent that country from passing into the hands of the English." This information more than any other led him to return to California.

Soon after the expendition set out on this march, Carson, who had been sent ahead with ten men, came up with a thousand Klamath warriors, among whom were the Indians who had invaded their camp two days before, when their beloved companion and the two Delaware Indians met their death. Fremont had ordered Carson, on the first sight of the Indians, to return to the main camp with the information, so that the whole force might march against them, but Carson was too eager for a fight to obey this instruction. With his little band he at once fell upon the Indians, and after a fierce conflict put the whole to flight. In this bold charge Carson's

* I find much conflicting testimony on the question of Fremont's information, some writers have it that Lieut. Gillespie informed him that war had been declared, while others,—those who are probably correct—hold that the intelligence comprehended only that hostilities were anticipated.

party killed several warriors and destroyed a very important village.

Not long after, when Carson's detachment returned to the main party and all were moving forward together, a band of hostile Indians was encountered, and in the conflict, the bold mountaineer came very nearly losing his life, being saved from the fatal arrow by the prompt and courageous interposition of his leader, Colonel Fremont.

On arriving in Northern California, Fremont found the country in a state of extreme alarm. As we have already seen, General Castro was civil and military commander, and was using his best efforts to provoke the native Californians to enmity towards the Americans. At this period the entire population of the territory, excluding the Indians, was not more than ten thousand. About one-fifth of these were Americans, or foreigners, as Castro called them. This commander had issued a proclamation which aimed its wrath at the Americans, requiring them to leave the country. It was soon discovered that England was at the bottom of this measure, and that it contemplated the transfer of California from the hands of Spain to that of Great Britian, with the extermination of all the American (United States) settlers. In order to insure success for the undertaking, the Indian tribes were induced to participate in the conspiracy. This soon resulted in burning and destroying the crops and houses of the settlers from the States.

It is not surprising then that when the brave Fremont advanced along the valley of the Sacramento, men, women and children, thronged around him with hands extended and voices crying for protection.

The means by which the British were to set up their government in California are thus spoken of: A Catholic priest, named Eugenie Macnamara, in 1845, while in the city of Mexico, made application for a grant of land for the purpose of establishing a colony in California. He asked for a square league, containing four thousand four hundred and twenty-eight acres to be given to each family, and that each child of a colonist should have half a square league. The

territory to be conveyed to him was to be around San Francisco Bay, was to embrace three thousand square leagues and include the whole valley of the San Joaquin. He guaranteed to establish his colony with a thousand families. In his memorial to the President of Mexico, he says:

"I propose with the aid and approbation of your Excellency, to place in Upper California, a colony of Irish Catholics. I have a triple object in making this proposition. I wish in the first place to advance the cause of Catholicism. In the second to contribute to the happiness of my countrymen. Thirdly, I desire to put an obstacle in the way of further usurpation on the part of an irreligious and anti-Catholic nation."

His plan was supported by the central government, and was referred for a final decision, to the land holders and local authorities of California. Conventions were now being held to perfect the arrangement. Father Macnamara had landed, from the British ship Juno, which lay at Santa Babara, and indeed all things were ready for the consummation of the conspiracy. Had this been effected, California would have passed into the hands of the English, and another bloody war would have resulted.

Fremont's position is now clear to the reader. It was a critical one. He was surrounded on either hand by thousands of hostile Indians who had already commenced the work of destroying the crops and houses of the American settlers, and massacreing the defenseless people. The reign of blood and terror, such as we have seen on the borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia in 1764, was now being repeated in Northern California. Something must be done, and that quickly. Fremont waited only to become fully aware of the situation—a situation from which any but a truly brave man would have turned away. And what would have been the result, had this man shrank from the duty which now stood out before him? The question has already been answered by many! The American settlers with their wives and children would have met utter ruin, the Golden State would have passed into the hands of a foreign power. In the face of all the dangers which

surrounded Fremont, he drew his sword and declared himself a defender.

He called his men together and laid before them the state of the case. They were all eager for the war, and designated Fremont as their leader. Many of the settlers joined Fremont's party, and the Colonel soon found himself at the head of quite a force — all men whose courage and endurance had been tried. He marched against the Indians without delay, leaving half a dozen men to defend the camp. In this expedition he broke up five villages. Coming up with a strong band of warriors during the first day's march, he found them engaged in the war dance, in black paint and white feathers preparatory to their meditated attack upon the settlers. A charge was immediately made and the Indians dispersed with a heavy loss.

This was a bold stroke—an achievement which none but those fierce mountaineers could have effected. In a single day they had utterly ruined the Indian combination, and half defeated the conspiracy. After this victory, Fremont moved his camp up to Butte's Post, a ranche located about fifty miles above Sutter's Fort. On reaching this point Fremont received information that General Castro had assembled four hundred men at Santa Clara, and that he had sent an officer, with a detachment, to Sonora, to procure horses for the campaign. A small party was immediately sent out to intercept this detachment. The work was faithfully executed, the whole train being captured. The prisoners were set at liberty, but the horses were brought into camp.

By these vigorous movements, Castro's forces were all driven from the country north of the Bay of San Francisco. "At Sonoma," says Mr. Upham, "Gen. Vallijo, two Colonels and other prisoners were taken. A squadron of eighty men under Capt. De la Torre, remained for a short time on a peninsula, at Sancelito, on the north of the bay, directly opposite Castro's encampment on the east side, but he was pressed so hard that he abandoned his horses, and escaped in launches across the bay to Castro. Fremont found there a bark from the Eastern States, commanded by a patriotic American, Wm. D. Phelps, of Lex-

ington, Mass., who, entering heartily into the business, let him have his launch, into which he jumped with twelve men, and rowed over to San Francisco, about eight miles, where there was a fort with a battery of guns, mostly brass field pieces, which they spiked, employing for the purpose steel files, used for sharpening knives, which Capt. Phelps happened to have on board his bark."

Thus ended the conquest of Northern California, and now Fremont sent a message to Gen. Castro, saying that he could not get his horses over the bay, but if he would wait for him he would pass around its head as quickly as possible, and meet him at Santa Clara, and decide the contest for the country. As he proceeded to march around the bay, he reached Sonoma on the Fourth of July, where, a large number of Americans having congregated, the day was duly celebrated. On the following day, Fremont, surrounded by his enthusiastic followers, declared California independent. A flag for the free State was unfurled, being white, with the figure of a grizzly bear in the centre.

On the following day, Fremont proceeded to fulfill his engagement with Castro, and marched forward towards Santa Clara, but when he reached Sutter's Fort, a message met him from Commodore Slaut, announcing the capture of Monterey. Upon receiving this news, Fremont laid down his "bear flag," and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. Thus California, through courage and prompt action, become an easy conquest, and was added to the American Union.

Fremont proceeded, however, towards Castro's forces, but the latter fled at his approach, and the Colonel marched in triumph to Monterey. Of his entrance into that city we have the following from the pen of an English author, Hon. Frederick Walpole, who witnessed it: "During our stay in Monterey, Capt. Fremont and his party arrived. They naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's best works. These men had passed years in the wilds, living upon their own resources; they were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and thence, in long file, emerged this wildest wild party. Fremont rode ahead, a spare, active-looking man, with such an eye! He

was dressed in a blouse and leggins, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body guard, and had been with him through all his wanderings; they had charge of his baggage horses. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pummel of the saddle. Thirty-nine of them were his regular men, the rest were loafers picked up lately; his original band were principally backwoodsmen from the State of Tennessee, and the banks of the upper waters of the Missouri. He had one or two with him who enjoyed a high reputation in the prairies. Kit Carson was as well known there as the Duke is in Europe. The dress of these men was principally a long, loose coat of deer skin, tied with thongs in front; trowsers of the same, of their own manufacture, which, when wet through, they took off, scraped well inside with a knife, and put on as soon as dry; the saddles were of various fashions, though these and a large drove of horses and a brass field gun, were things they had picked up about California. They were allowed no liquor, tea and sugar only; this, no doubt, had much to do with their good conduct, and the discipline, too, was very strict. They were marched up to an open space on the hills near the town, under some large firs, and there took up their quarters in messes of six or seven, in the open air. The Indians lay beside their leader. One man, a doctor, six feet six high, was an odd looking fellow. May I never come under his hands. In justice to the Americans, I must say they seemed to treat the natives well, and their authority extended every protection to them."

## CHAPTER LV.

INSURRECTION IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—FREMONT SUBDUES THE WALLA WALLAS—THE WAR IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—DESCRIPTION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—PICO DEFEATED—THE PEACE.

THE course pursued by Colonel Fremont was of great value to the United States. It caused Commodore Sloat to take possession of Monterey on his arrival at that place, so that when Sir George Seymour arrived with a British squadron, he found the flag of the United States floating over the place. It is evident, then, that California was saved from falling into the hands of the British, by the great foresight and bravery of Col. Fremont and his heroic followers.

Immediately after the conquest, Commodore Sloat sailed for the United States, leaving Commodore Stockton, who had arrived a few days before, in command. Fremont at once proceeded to Los Angeles, then the capital of California, where, on his arrival, he discovered that Commodore Stockton had arrived before him, and proclaimed American protection. Castro had fled to Sonoma. From Stockton Fremont received several appointments, in the government of California, first as Major of the California battalion, afterwards military commandant of California, and finally, governor and commander-in-chief in that territory.

Early in September, 1846, an extensive insurrection broke out in Southern California, and Fremont, having returned to the valley of the Sacramento, immediately set about raising a battalion among the settlers, for the purpose of suppressing it. At the same time the panic was increased by the report of an Indian invasion from the north. One thousand Walla Walla Indians were marching on Sutter's Fort. The whole country was now a scene of commotion, and every available force was

mustered to meet this new danger. When the news of the Indian outbreak reached Fremont, his battalion was already seven hundred strong, but thinking that the story was greatly exaggerated, he took only three men and started out to meet the Walla Wallas. He soon came upon them, and although they were not so numerous as had been rumored, they were nevertheless in considerable force, and in a state of great anger. He marched with his three men directly into their midst, but they knew him, and instead of giving battle, they gathered round him, and made their complaint. They had been robbed, and, worse than all, one of their best young men had been killed by the whites. Fremont listened to their tales of complaint, and then promised them redress, on the condition that they would follow his advice, which was, that they should retire peaceably to their winter hunt, and meet him in the spring. He further agreed to send with them one of his own men, to hold the United States flag over them, and said that whoever struck that flag struck him. This plan was successful, and the war was averted. The Indians, after contributing ten of their best warriors to Fremont's battalion, retired to the winter hunt, returning in the spring to the place agreed upon, where they were met by Fremont, who gave them horses for presents.

On the twelfth of October, Fremont arrived at San Francisco with his battalion. Here he embarked his command for Santa Barbara, in the ship Sterling, but they had not been out two days when they fell in with a vessel from which Fremont learned that no horses could be had in the country to which he was sailing, and he returned to Monterey for the purpose of marching overland. While in the latter place, he received intelligence that he had been appointed a Lieutenant-Colonel of a rifle regiment in the army of the United States.

He dispatched a messenger to the Sacramento valley for the purpose of obtaining more men and supplies, and prepared for a long and tedious winter march. In the meantime the insurrection had assumed a formidable shape. A party of four hundred American sailors and marines, on their journey from San Pedro to Los Angeles, had been attacked, with the loss of

six men killed. They were defeated by a strong band of Californians. Los Angeles and Santa Barbara were in their hands. The United States Consul had been taken prisoner. Captains Burroughs and Foster, and Mr. Eames, were killed in a severe skirmish, while escorting a lot of horses to Fremont's camp. Of the latter, Fremont received information, and with a force of four hundred mounted men and three pieces of artillery, marched to meet them. A large drove of beef cattle brought up the rear, to serve as provisions on the march. At San Juan Fremont received reenforcements in the way of a large body of emigrants, who had recently crossed the country. One of them, named Edwin Bryant, who, in 1849, published a work on California, served as a First Lieutenant of one of the companies, and afterwards became alcalde of San Francisco. He speaks of the regiment in the following language:

"There were no plumes nodding over brazen helmets, nor coats of broadcloth spangled with lace and buttons; a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, a shirt of blue flannel or buckskin, with pantaloons and moccasins of the same, all generally much the worse for wear, and smeared with mud and dust, make up the costume of the party, officers as well as men. A leathern girdle surrounds the waist, from which are suspended a bowie, and a hunter's knife, and sometimes a brace of pistols. These, with the rifle and holster pistols, are the arms carried by officers and privates. A single bugle composes the band. The staff officers were: Lieut.-Col. John C. Fremont, commanding; A. H. Gillespie, Major; P. B. Reading, Paymaster; Henry King, Commissary; J. R. Snyder, Quartermaster; Wm. H. Russell, Ordnance Officer; J. Talbot, Adjutant; and J. J. Myers, Sergeant-Major."

In another place, speaking of Fremont's battalion, Mr. Bryant says: "The men composing the California battalion have been drawn from many sources, and are roughly clad and weather-beaten in their exterior appearance, but I feel it but justice to state my belief, that no military party ever passed through an enemy's country and observed the same strict regard for the rights of its population. I never heard of an outrage or even a trespass being committed by one of the

American volunteers during our entire march. Every American appeared to understand perfectly the duty which he owed to himself and others in this respect, and the deportment of the battalion might be cited as a model for imitation."

After marching one hundred and fifty miles, this little army surprised, in a dark night, San Louis Obispo, the seat of a district commandant, and, without firing a gun, captured Don Jesus Pico, the leader of the insurrection in that place. "Two days afterwards," says Mr. Upham, in his valuable work on the life of Fremont, "December sixteenth, Pico was tried by a court martial and condemned to death for breaking his parole. The next day, about an hour before noon, at which time the execution was to take place, a procession of females, headed by a lady of fine appearance, proceeded to the quarters of Colonel Fremont, and with all the fervor natural to a mother, wife and children and near relations, under such circumstances, implored for mercy, and prostrate and in tears, begged for the life of the convict. Their supplication was granted. Pico, who had borne himself with perfect coolness and firmness at the trial, and had prepared to die with the solemn dignity of a Spaniard, when brought in and informed of his pardon, flung himself with unrestrained emotion before Colonel Fremont, clasped his knees, swore eternal fidelity, and begged the privilege of fighting and dying for him."

Fremont has been censured for his clemency towards Pico, but when it was considered that an act of mercy had sometimes more to do with subduing the people of California, than the shedding of blood, the course he pursued can hardly be questioned.

"On the twenty-seventh of December, the battalion entered, without resistance, the town of Santa Barbara, where it remained recruiting until the third of January, 1847." Several days after, as they were pursuing their march, they were met by two messengers, who brought the welcome intelligence that Commodore Stockton had retaken Los Angeles, after a long and victorious engagement with the insurgents. It was now ascertained that the enemy's force was within a few miles of Fremont's camp, which was confirmed by the sudden appear-

ance of two California officers, who visited Fremont to treat for peace. After some consultation, articles were agreed upon on the thirteenth of January, 1847, which stipulated that all Californians should deliver up their arms, return in peace to their homes, not engage in hostilities again during the war with Mexico, and do all in their power to keep the country in a state of peace. Californians or citizens of Mexico, were to be permitted to leave the country, and none of them were to be required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States until a treaty of peace should be made between the United States and Mexico. This was called the "capitulation of Cowenga." On the following day, Fremont reached Cindad de los Angeles, having conquered California, and secured peace and protection to the United States settlers in that territory.

We must now go back a few months to bring forward the adventures of Gen. Kearney. After finishing the conquest of California, which Fremont had so effectually begun, Commodore Stockton sent Kit Carson, with fifteen men, to Washington, D. C., with dispatches, giving full details of what had taken place. Carson was, if possible, to complete the journey and return in four months. He set out accordingly, and after traveling eastward for about thirty days, he met Gen. Kearney, on his way to California, "to conquer the Mexicans." Of course he received information that he was too late to perform that work, upon which he divided his command, and with a portion of it continued towards California. Carson accompanied this detachment.

Gen. Kearney had no sooner reached the borders of California, than he was met by the enemy in full force; for, as the reader will observe, the insurrectionary movement was then at its height. When within thirty miles of San Diego, he fought two battles, in which he was partially defeated. Being surrounded by the enemy, and reduced to a state of siege, he was in great want of grass and water. In this extremity, as in all others in which he found himself, Kit Carson came to the front as a volunteer in a bold scheme for relief. In this he was accompanied by one Beal and a Delaware Indian. They started out, and, under cover of the night, crawled through the

enemy's lines. Having taken off their shoes to lessen the noise consequent upon their progress, they unfortunately lost them, and were compelled to continue their route barefooted. After a cautious journey, they reached their destination, and procured the necessary relief for Gen. Kearney, which dispersed the enemy and led him in triumph to Los Angeles.

Here difficulties arose which terminated unhappily. California and the Pacific slope had been conquered, but who was to command. Commodore Stockton and Gen. Kearney were both, according to their understandings of the instructions they had received, appointed to the office; and when we consider that this territory was so far from the seat of government, it is not surprising that difficulties of this kind should have occurred. For the most part, dispatches from Washington had to be sent via Cape Horn, which sufficiently explains the necessity of action on the part of these officers without definite instructions. At all events we find Kearney and Stockton disputing the right to command. For a time Gen. Kearney's forces were so small that he was obliged to yield to Stockton, but on receiving reenforcements, he entered upon full command, and seizing Col. Fremont, sent him under arrest to the United States. He was afterwards tried for disobedience of orders, and found guilty, but the development of subsequent circumstances, proved that he acted to the best of his judgment and in a patriotic manner.

For further particulars of the lives of Kit Carson and Col. Fremont, the reader is referred to the appendix, in which I have followed out all those circumstances that cannot well be included in the current of the narrative.

## CHAPTER LVI.

GENERAL KEARNEY AND COLONEL DONIPHAN — THE CONQUEST OF NEW MEXICO — BATTLE OF THE SACRAMENTO — CHIHUAHUA TAKEN — GLORIOUS VICTORY OF THE MISSOURIANS — TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

IN following the adventures of Colonel Fremont and Kit Carson through the mountains and over the broad prairies of the great west, I have, I trust, accomplished two ends — first, in giving the reader a slight description of the outposts of civilization in the west in 1843-6, and of the physical features of the country, and second, in furnishing an account of the lives and public services of two brave men. This part of the narrative has led us into the Mexican war, and we have already seen the Mexican power overthrown in California and the Pacific slope. Let us now turn our attention to the events that were transpiring in New Mexico, and in Mexico itself. The first will give us something of the lives of General Kearney, of whom I have already spoken, and Colonel Doniphan; and the second a bright page in the history of Generals Scott and Taylor.

First then as to New Mexico. On the thirtith of June, 1846, by order of government, General Kearney marched from Fort Leavenworth with sixteen hundred regulars, on an expedition against Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. After marching eight hundred and fifty miles in six weeks, he took possession of the place in the following August. Having accomplished this he published a proclamation in which he claimed that New Mexico belonged to the United States, and called upon the inhabitants to submit in peace to the new government. He then started for California, but we have already seen the results of this expedition. When he was met by Kit Carson he sent back the greater part of his force,

and, with a small troop hurried on to join Commodore Stockton, while Colonel Doniphan led the main body across the mountains for the purpose of punishing the Indians who had so long harrassed the people of New Mexico. The Navahos, the principal hostile tribe in this affair were compelled to ask for peace, which Colonel Doniphan granted them only on the condition that they would desist from further aggressions upon the people whom the Americans had just conquered — a novel treaty indeed. This object accomplished and impatient of inactivity, and without definite orders, they turned eastward to "carve some new work for themselves." Chihuahua now became an object of conquest. This was a city of nearly thirty thousand souls, the seat of government of the Mexican state of that name, and at one time the residence of the Captains-General of the Internal Provinces under the Vice-Regal Government of new Spain. This was indeed a perilous enterprise and a daring one for a thousand men to undertake, but danger and hardships, in those days lent a charm to any enterprise, and the adventurous march was resolved on, and at once commenced. "First," said Hon. Thomas Benton when addressing Colonel Doniphan's command on its return, "the ominous desert was passed, its character vindicating its title to its mournful appellation — an arid plain of ninety miles strewn with the bones of animals that had died pinched by hunger and thirst — little hillocks of stone, and the solitary cross, erected by pious hands, marking the spot where some Christian had fallen victim to the savage, the robber, or the desert itself — no water — no animal life — no sign of habitation. There the Texan pioneers driven by the cruel Salazar, had met their direst sufferings, unrelieved as in other parts of the country, by the compassionate ministrations of the pitying women. The desert was passed, and the place for crossing the river approached. * * * There the enemy in superior numbers, and confident in cavalry and artillery, undertook to bar the way. Vain pretension! Their discovery, attack, and route were about simultaneous operations. A few minutes did the work! And in this way our Missouri volunteers of the Chihuahua column spent their Christmas day of the year 1846."

This victory at the river Bracito opened the way to the crossing of the river Del Norte and to admission into the handsome little town of Paso Del Norte, "where a neat civilization, a comfortable people, fields, orchards and vineyards, and a hospitable reception, offered the rest and refreshment which toils and dangers and victory had won."

Here they rested until the artillery reached them from Santa Fe, when, in February, 1847, they moved forward and fought the battle of the Sacramento, one of the military marvels of that age, which cleared the route to Chihuahua. This state was entered without further resistance. But let us look in upon the battle just mentioned.

The force under Colonel Doniphan consisted of nine hundred and twenty-four effective men, one hundred and seventeen officers and privates of the artillery, ninety-three of Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchel's escort, and the remainder, the first regiment of Missouri mounted riflemen. They progressed in the direction of Chihuahua until the twenty-fifth of February, when they were informed by the spies that the enemy, to the number of fifteen hundred men was at Inseneas, the country seat of Governor Trias, about twenty-five miles in advance. On the twenty-seventh the command arrived at Sans, and learned that the enemy in great force had fortified the pass of the Sacramento river, about fifteen miles in advance, and about fifteen miles from the city which they had set out to conquer. At sunrise on the last day of February they took up the line of march and formed the whole train, consisting of three hundred and fifteen trader's wagons, and the commissary and company wagons, into four columns, thus shortening the line so as to make it more easily protected. They placed the artillery and all the command except the cavalry proper, consisting of two hundred, in the intervals between the columns of wagons. They thus fully concealed their force and its position by masking it with cavalry. When they arrived within three miles of the enemy they made a reconnoisance of his position and the appointment of his forces. This they easily accomplished. They ascertained that the enemy had one battery of four guns, two nine and two six pounders on the point of the mountain

on their right, at a good elevation to sweep the plain, and at a point where the mountain extended farthest into the plain. On the left of Colonel Doniphan's command the enemy had erected another battery on an elevation commanding the road, with three entrenchments of two six pounders, and on the brow of the crescent near the center, another of several heavy rampart pieces mounted on carriages; and on the crest of the hill or ascent between the batteries and the right and left, the enemy had twenty-seven redoubts dug and thrown up, extending at short intervals across the whole ground. In these their infantry were placed and were entirely protected. Their cavalry was drawn up in front of the redoubts in the intervals, four deep, and in front of the redoubts two deep, so as to mask them as far as possible.

When Colonel Doniphan had arrived within one and a half miles of the entrenchments along the main road, he advanced the cavalry still farther, and suddenly diverged with the columns to the right so as to gain the narrow part of the ascent on his right, which the enemy discovered, and endeavored to prevent by moving forward with one thousand cavalry and four pieces of cannon in the rear, masked by them. Doniphan's movements were so rapid that he gained the elevation with his forces and the advance of the wagons in time to form before the Mexicans arrived within reach of his guns. The enemy halted, and the Americans advanced with the head column to within twelve hundred yards of them, so as to let their wagons attain the high lands and form as before.

The battle commenced by a brisk fire from the American battery, which caused the enemy to unmask and return the assault. Even at this distance the Americans killed fifteen Mexicans, and wounded several more, suffering no loss themselves beyond two or three mules. The enemy slowly retreated behind their works, and the Americans advanced so as to avoid the batteries. After marching as far as they could without going within range of their heavy battery, Capt. Weightman, of the artillery, was ordered to charge with the two twelve pound howitzers, to be supported by the cavalry under Capts. Reid, Parsons and Hudson. They charged at full speed with the

howitzers, and were gallantly sustained by Capt. Reid, but by some misunderstanding, the Colonel's order was not given to the two companies, but Capt. Hudson anticipated the order, and charged in time to give ample support to the howitzers. Capt. Parsons, at the same moment, asked for permission for his company to charge the redoubts on the left, which he did in a gallant manner. The remainder of the two battalions of the first regiment were dismounted during the cavalry charge, and following rapidly on foot, while Major Clarke advanced as fast as possible with the remainder of the battery, they charged the redoubts from right to left, with a brisk and deadly fire of riflemen. Major Clarke opened a well directed fire on a column of cavalry which attempted to pass to the left, so as to attack the wagons in the rear. It was forced to fall back, and the American riflemen, with the cavalry and howitzers, cleared the parapets after an obstinate resistance, and Doniphan's forces advanced to the very brink of the enemy's redoubts, and attacked the Mexicans with their sabres. When the redoubts were cleared, and the batteries in the centre and on the left were silenced, the main battery on the right still continued to pour upon the invaders a constant and heavy fire, as it had done during the heat of the engagement; but as the whole fate of the battle depended upon carrying the redoubts and center battery, the one on the right remained undisturbed, and the enemy had concentrated there more than five hundred strong. Of the progress from this point, we have an account in Col. Doniphan's own words: "Major Clarke commenced a heavy fire upon it. Lieut.-Cols. Mitchell and Jackson, commanding the first battalion, were ordered to remount and charge the battery on the left, while Major Gilpin passed the second battalion on foot up the rough ascent of the mountain on the opposite side. The fire of our battery was so effective as to completely silence theirs, and the rapid advance of our column put them to flight over the mountains in great confusion."

Thus ended the battle of the Sacramento. The force of the enemy was twelve hundred cavalry from Durango and Chihuahua, with the Vera Cruz dragoons; twelve hundred infantry from Chihuahua; three hundred artillerymen, and fourteen

hundred and twenty rancheros, badly armed with lassoes, lances and machetoes, or corn knives; ten pieces of artillery, and six rampart pieces. Their forces were commanded by Major-General Hendea, general of Durango, Chihuahua, Sonora and New Mexico; Brigadier-General Jostimani, Brigadier-General Gracia Conde; General Ugerte and Governor Tria, and colonels and other officers without number.

The force under Col. Doniphan consisted of nine hundred and twenty-four effective men; at least one hundred of whom were engaged in holding horses and driving teams. The loss of the Mexicans was their entire artillery, ten wagons, three hundred killed and about the same number wounded, and forty prisoners. The battlefield was literally covered with the dead of the enemy. The loss of the invincible Americans was one killed, one mortally wounded and seven slightly wounded. Language can form no tribute worthy the coolness, gallantry and bravery of the officers and men in Colonel Doniphan's command.

On the first day of March they took formal possession of the capital of Chihuahua, in the name of the United States government. Their entry to this city is thus spoken of by Hon. Thomas Benton: "It had been entered once before by a detachment of American troops, but under circumstances how different! In the year 1807, Lieut. Pike and his thirty brave men, taken prisoners on the head of the Rio del Norte, had been marched captives into Chihuahua; in the year 1847, Doniphan and his men entered it as conquerors. The paltry triumph of a captain-general over a lieutenant, was effaced in the triumphal entrance of a thousand Missourians into the grand and ancient capital of all the *Internal Provinces!* and old men, still alive, could remark the grandeur of the American spirit under both events—the proud and lofty bearing of the captive thirty—the mildness and moderation of the conquering thousand."

Doniphan was not merely satisfied with conquering Chihuahua, but he bound the enemy so as to protect the American settlers in the place. Having accomplished this, the ancient capital became, like Santa Fe, not the terminating point of a

long expedition, but the starting point of a new one. Says Mr. Benton, from whom I have just quoted: "Gen. Taylor was some where—no one knew exactly where—but some seven or eight hundred miles towards the other side of Mexico." Doniphan had heard that Taylor had been defeated; that Buena Vista had not turned out well to him. He did not believe this report, but he concluded to go and see. A volunteer party of fourteen undertook to penetrate to Saltillo, and return with information as to the truthfulness of the rumor. Amidst many dangers they accomplished their mission. Then the whole army marched forward, a vanguard of one hundred men, led by Lieut.-Col. Mitchell, leading the way. Then followed the main body commanded by Col. Doniphan. The whole table land of Mexico, in all its breadth from west to east, was to be traversed. A numerous hostile population in towns—treacherous Camanches in the mountains—were to be encountered. But even in the face of these difficulties, the Americans set out, accomplishing a safe march, evading Mexican towns, and punishing Camanches. It was a novel march, for, meeting no armed forces, the Americans acted merely as protectors to the Mexicans, and delivered them from their Indian enemies.

In the month of May they arrived in Gen. Taylor's camp, where they reported for duty. But that general being then without an army, was compelled to decline their service, and the famous Missourians returned to their native State.

## CHAPTER LVII.

War Between the United States and Mexico—General Taylor Proceeds to Point Isabel with an Army—He is Ordered to Leave the Country—He Refuses—His Danger at the River Fort—The Battle of Palo Alto.

We now come to that desperate but glorious contest between the United States and Mexico. It will be unnecessary to dwell here upon the causes which led to this war. For the most part my readers are already acquainted with these. In May, 1845, General Zachary Taylor, of whose heroic defense of Fort Harrison we have already read in our account of Tecumseh's war, received a confidential letter from the Secretary of War instructing him to place his troops at such a position as would enable him to defend Texas in case that Territory should be invaded by Mexicans. This was immediately after Texas had been erected into a Territory under the United States government. As is well known this act displeased the Mexicans. They looked upon it as a violation of the law of nations, and as projected with a view to depriving them of a vast portion of her territory.

In a subsequent letter the Secretary of War addressed General Taylor in these words. "Should Mexico assemble a large body of troops on the Rio Grande, and cross it with a considerable force, such a movement must be regarded as an invasion of the United States and the commencement of hostilities. You will of course use all the authority which has been or may be given you to meet such a state of things. Texas must be protected from hostile invasion, and for that purpose you will of course employ, to the utmost extent, all the means you possess or can command."

In persuance of these instructions General Taylor took up

his position at Corpus Cristi where he remained until the eighth of March, 1846. On this date the American army commenced its march for the Rio Grande, the siege train being sent by water to Point Isabel, with a corps of engineers and officers of ordnance, commanded by Major Monroe. A body of Mexican troops were encountered at Arroya, Colorado, but the American army was permitted to pass without being attacked. The army had not proceeded far, however, when General Taylor was met by a deputation from Matamoras which protested against his apparant invasion of that country. The deputation carried a white flag, and, on approaching the General, desired an interview with him. He informed the Mexicans that he would halt at a suitable place on the road and hold a conference with them. It was, however, he says, found necessary, on account of the scarcity of water, to continue the march to Point Isabel, and when within some ten miles of this place the deputation halted, declining to accompany the army farther, and handed General Taylor a formal protest from the prefect of the northern district of Tamanlip as against the occupation of the country by American troops.

Proceeding forward the General soon discovered that the buildings at Point Isabel were in flames. On observing this he sent a messenger back to the deputaion, informing them that he would answer the protest when opposite Matamoras. Taylor looked upon the conflagration before his eyes as decided evidence of hostility, and regarded the prefect in making the protest as a tool of the military authorities at Matamoras.

The cavalry arrived in season to arrest the fire, which had fortunately consumed but two or three buildings, but the port captain who committed the act escaped before its arrival. When General Taylor arrived at Point Isabel he found that the inhabitants had fled to Matamoras.

He at once proceeded to erect a fort on the bank of the Rio Grande, over which he unfurled the flag of the United States. The position was well fortified, the fort being furnished with six bastions and capable of containing two thousand men. On the opposite side of the river the Mexicans erected batteries and made redoubts.

On the tenth of April Colonel Cross, while riding out for exercise, was attacked by some lawless rancheroes, murdered and stripped. Thus the first American blood was shed in the Mexican war. On the following day General Ampudia arrived in Matamoras, and without delay entered upon the work of "compelling the American army to leave Texas." We shall see how far he was successful. On the twelfth, in writing to General Taylor he concludes as follows: "By explicit and definite orders from my government, which neither can, will, nor should receive new outrages, I require you in all form and at latest in the peremptory term of twenty-four hours, to break up your camp and retire to the other bank of the Neuces river, while our governments are regulating the pending question in relation to Texas. If you insist on remaining upon the soil of the department of Tamanlipas, it will clearly result that arms, and arms alone, must decide the question; and in that case I advise you that we accept the war to which, with so much injustice on your part you provoke us, and that, on our part, this war shall be conducted conformably to the principles established by the most civilized nations — trusting that on your part the same will be observed."

General Taylor replied to this communication, informing the enemy that he could not, according to his instructions, withdraw from the territory. Soon after, he prevented the ships that were advancing with supplies for the Mexican army, from entering the river, and declared the Rio Grande in a state of blockade.

On the twentieth, all intercourse between the armies was broken off, and on both sides of the river preparations for the war were going forward. Soon after, Taylor received information that the Mexicans to the number of three thousand had crossed the river and fortified a position so as to cut off his retreat to Point Isabel, where he had stored his principle supplies. A party of sixty men was sent out under Captain Thornton to reconnoiter the position of the enemy, but falling into an abuscade they were all made prisoners and sent to Matamoras. The Mexicans had concealed themselves in great numbers behind a chaparral hedge, and the reconnoitering

party marched into their midst and were captured. Intoxicated with this success the Mexicans crossed the river in great numbers and completely surrounded General Taylor's position. For three days the little army endured inexpressible suspense, but on the fourth Captain Walker of the Texan Rangers arrived, bringing the welcome news that all was still safe at Point Isabel. He added to this information, however, that the place was in imminent danger. There was now no time to spare. General Taylor at once decided to move with the whole army to defend this point, which he did, leaving only a few soldiers to garrison the river fort. It was on the first of May that the retreat was commenced. The movement was celebrated in Matamoras by "the ringing of bells, explosion of fire arms and every other manifestation of joy." The river fort had been left under the command of Major Brown, and General Arista, of the Mexican forces at once commenced extensive operations for the destruction of the garrison. On the third of May a battery opened upon the fort and kept up a brisk fire for some time, but to no effect. However, on the morning of the fifth, Major Brown discovered a battery in rear of the fort, which had been erected by the Mexicans during the night. It opened a severe fire upon the fort and was assisted by the guns in Matamoras. For three days an incessant cannonade was kept up on both sides, during which Major Brown was mortally wounded. The command devolved upon Captain Hawkins who no sooner entered upon his new station than he met a summons to surrender, which he gallantly declined. The assailants renewed the attack with vigor, but on the night of the eighth retired, to the great joy of the wearied garrison.

Gen. Taylor had no sooner arrived at Point Isabel and adjusted matters at that station, than he commenced the return march. On the eighth he received information that the enemy was stationed on the field of Palo Alto, not far in advance. The hour for battle was now at hand, and the soldiers seemed to realize that they were soon to test their bravery, and measure strength with the Mexicans. The forward march was continued, and soon the Mexican army was in sight, in battle

array. The order of battle was formed in Taylor's army as follows: "The right wing, under Col. Twiggs, was composed of the fifth infantry, under Col. McIntosh; Ringgold's artillery; third infantry, under Capt. Manis; two eighteen pounders, under Lieut. Churchill; fourth infantry, under Major Allen; two squadrons of dragoons under Capts. Kerr and May. The left wing, under Col. Belknap, was formed of a battalion of artillery, under Col. Childs; Duncan's light artillery, and the eighth infantry, under Capt. Montgomery.

In this order the army marched forward to battle. When within seven hundred yards of the Mexican force, its right opened with a tremendous discharge of artillery. "Then," says an able writer, "Gen. Taylor was seen hurrying along his van, deploying it into line, and exhorting the soldiers to be firm. Order was given to return the fire, and immediately all other sounds were drowned in the fearful roar of artillery. Resigning the battle to this terrible engine, the infantry and rifle corps leaned upon their pieces, and watched the opposing columns as they swayed to and fro under the constant fire. At every discharge, whole ranks of the enemy were mowed down, and scores of horses and horsemen flung into one undistinguishable mass."

At length the Mexican infantry began to give way, and Gen. Arista ordered a charge with the cavalry. "Pouring down in two columns, the lancers came towards the American line, with a grace and rapidity peculiar to the Mexicans. But before they reached their object, Ridgley and Ringgold opened the artillery. At the first blast they staggered—again and again with stern energy, the cannon broke forth; huge gaps opened among the horsemen, and scores sunk down beneath the tramp of their companions. Fear succeeded enthusiasm. Every exertion withered before the dreadful prospect around. They turned and fled precipitately, leaving behind them at every step victims to the iron storm that pursued them." The battle now became general, and raged for some time with fearful destruction. Suddenly, from the discharge of the cannon, the grass of the prairie was ignited, which rolled up volumes of smoke and for a while screened the army from view. The

battle ceased, and both armies formed new lines. Two thousand Mexicans attempted a flank movement, but a slight breeze dispersed the smoke, and they were discovered. Capt. Duncan gallantly led his troops against them, and arrested their progress. "The Mexican infantry retired to some neighboring chaparral, but the lancers stood firm before a fire which cut deep gaps into their solid masses." But now the infantry again appeared, and moved slowly in the very face of the storm from which they had previously fled. But their effort was productive only of their ruin. At every step they were mowed down with frightful slaughter, and they were compelled to retreat in confusion. The cavalry soon followed, for it had been literally cut to pieces. As night closed in upon the battlefield of Palo Alto, six hundred Mexicans, dead and wounded, lay upon the ground, while the loss of the Americans was but nine killed and forty-four wounded.

On the following morning, the Mexicans were seen in the distance retreating, and Gen. Taylor, expecting to encounter them again during the day, advanced in battle order. His army proceeded uninterrupted until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when information was brought in that the Mexicans were posted near the road in full force. The position which they had taken was most admirably adapted to defensive action, and, by the Mexicans was called Resaca de la Palma. In this sort of ditch, and amid the dense thicket on its banks, the Mexicans were entrenched, with their artillery in such a position as to sweep the road.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

THE BATTLE OF RESACA DE LA PALMA—A DESPERATE STRUGGLE—BRAVERY OF THE MEXICANS—THE DEAD AND DYING—GEN. TAYLOR'S VICTORY—MATAMORAS TAKEN—GEN. TAYLOR'S DIFFICULTIES—THE SIEGE OF MONTEREY—THE VICTORY.

THE BATTLE of Resaca de la Palma was opened by the artillery. Ridgley pushed guns to within less than one hundred yards of the Mexicans, and then sent a shower of iron hail against the enemy. At the same time the infantry was coming up, and in a few minutes the rifle corps lent valuable aid to the artillery. And now the struggle was fierce and desperate. The Mexicans seemed determined to conquer, and took no heed to those who were falling thick and fast around them, but sent volley after volley into the American ranks. At length, however, the enemy retreated to a place of security behind a chaparral hedge, and the Americans pushed forward to complete the victory by a charge, but the position was guarded with artillery, and the men who stood by the batteries held out with commendable energy. The effect upon the troops in Gen. Taylor's army was shocking. In this extremity, the general ordered Capt. May to charge them with his dragoons. "May shouted to his men, and the next instant they were dashing headlong down the narrow road towards the cannon's mouth. Pausing till Ridgley drew the enemy's fire, they again drove on, and almost before the eye had time to trace their course, they were within a few yards of the fatal guns. May's horse was far ahead of his troops; and as he turned to wave them on, only the impetuous Inge was near him. Yet that squadron was not faltering. Fast as their steaming steeds could fly, they were hastening on, while the flinty ground rocked and echoed beneath their tread. Suddenly a volley from the higher

battery swept fearfully upon their column, crushing seven men and eight horses to death. But the living paused not. One leap, and May was upon the battery. His men followed, and the Mexicans were driven back. But the heroic La Vega rallied them to the charge, and once more seized their pieces. Thus charge after charge was made until only the Mexican general was left at the guns. Surrounded with piles of dead, grim with powder and smoke, he rallied his troops to duty, and faced his fierce enemies unmoved. In the act of discharging a piece, May ordered him to surrender, and finding further resistance vain, he complied." But the struggle did not end here. The battalion under Tampico, made a charge for the purpose of retaking their artillery, and at the same time the contest raged along the whole line. The Mexicans, from the chaparral hedges, were pouring an effective fire upon the Americans, and in the wild effort to rout the enemy from this position, the artillery ceased. And now the brave soldiers rushed forward to the charge. The fight became desperate, and Americans and Mexicans were mixed in thrilling disorder. The bayonet was freely used, and from this the enemy turned slowly, and stubbornly away. Gen. Arista's camp and headquarters had been taken, but the Tampico battalion still defied the march of the Americans. The brave men in this force held out until they were literally cut down. The standard-bearer tore the flag from the staff, and fled, but even this last man was taken prisoner, and his flag carried away by the victors. The retreat of the Mexicans now became general, and the artillery having advanced to the action, it opened upon the fleeing ranks with shocking effect.

Six thousand Mexicans opposed seventeen hundred Americans in this battle, yet after all, so brave and superior were our men that the six thousand were completely routed, and everything in their camp was captured. One thousand Mexicans were killed, while the loss of the Americans did not exceed one hundred.

But who shall describe the scene on this battlefield on the night of the ninth? When darkness gathered over Resaca de la Palma, hundreds of wounded, dying, and dead, pale and stiff,

or howling in the agonies of mortality, lay upon the ground. In the awful struggle and flight hundreds had been crushed down beneath the feet of the confused artillery, and men were writhing in a most horrible condition. But such are the results of war, and such were the results of General Taylor's second victory over the Mexicans.

The American army now returned to the river fort, opposite Matamoras, and thence to Point Isabel, where arrangements were soon completed for an attack upon Matamoras. On the eighteenth he summoned the city to surrender, and received for an answer that he might enter Matamoras without opposition. Gen. Taylor accordingly took possession of the city, and appointed Col. Twiggs to the office of its Military Governor. Gen. Arista, with his army, had retired on the previous night. The small town of Barita, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, was also occupied by the Americans.

But no sooner had Gen. Taylor achieved this victory than he seemed to be visited by a series of troubles. Although he had unfurled the flag of the United States on the left bank of the Rio Grande, yet his forces and military stores were so small that he was obliged to remain inactive during nearly the whole summer. When re-enforcements were sent him, they were entirely without means of transportation, and being inexperienced volunteers, many of them were unfit for important duty. During this inactivity of the Americans, the Mexicans were recruiting their strength for another struggle.

Gen. Taylor was compelled to remain quiet until the fifth of September, when, with a large army, he marched for the interior. Previous to this date, however, the towns of Mier, Camargo, Seralvo, and Reynosa had been occupied by American troops. Taylor had not proceeded far when he received intelligence from Gen. Worth that large re-enforcements of the enemy were daily arriving at Monterey, the capital city of the northern division of Mexico. He therefore set out for that place without delay, leaving Gen. Patterson in command on the Rio Grande. Taylor's first aim was to join Worth at Seralvo. He reached this place in due time, where he rested his army

for several days. On the eighteenth, however, they were at Walnut Springs, three miles from the capital.

At this time Monterey, the capital of New Leon, contained about fifteen thousand inhabitants. Being situated near the base of the grand mountain range called the Sierra Madre, parallel to which runs the Arroya San Juan, it possessed all the advantages for a defensive warfare. In front, and to the right of the town, a strong and extensive fortress known as the citadel, had for some time been erected. It covered an area of about three acres, the walls being of solid masonry, thick and high, with bastions commanding all approaches from the northeast, the north, and northwest. On the eastern side of the city were several redoubts. Near the outskirts on the southwest of the city were two large forts on the course of the Aroya San Juan, and on the opposite side of the river, and also on the Saltillo road, the heights were crowned by two strong fortifications. The latter was known as the Bishop's Palace. These well-constructed defenses were mounted with forty-two heavy cannon. In the city itself were also many sources of defense. The stone walls of the houses rose some distance above the roofs, thus affording good parapets. Gen. Ampudia was at this time in the city with an army of eight thousand regular troops, and over a thousand militia, with an abundant supply of arms and ammunition.

Gen. Taylor established his camp at Walnut Springs, three miles from Monterey, and determined to approach the city by way of the Saltillo road. He ordered a close reconnoisance of this route, which strengthened his determination, and he at once sent a column forward to turn the works of the enemy in that direction. Gen. Worth commanded the detachment sent on this expedition, and marched on the twentieth. His movement was soon discovered by the enemy. The following is his own account of the contest which engaged the division under him:

"My instructions were by a *detour* to the right, to endeavor to find and reach the Saltillo road, effect a thorough reconnoissance of the approaches to the city from that direction, to cut

off supplies and re-enforcements, and, if practicable, carry the heights.

"Owing to the difficulties of the ground after leaving the *Marin*, and before striking the Presquina Grande road, the division had reached only six miles, in consequence of the delay in making the route practicable for artillery, which service was performed by Capt. Sanders, at six o'clock P. M., and was halted just without the range of a gun battery on the summit of an isolated hill called *Loma de Independencia*, midway on the ascent of which was the Bishop's Palace. Thence a reconnoissance was made, under cover of detachments of Hay's Texans, to the intersection of the Presquina Grande route, then in our possession, with the Saltillo road. This examination resulted in the conviction that the grounds in our front and on our left, in advance, constituted at the same time the weak and the strong points of the enemy's position, and entered mainly into the defenses of the city—the weak point, because commanding the only lines of retreat and of supply in the direction of Saltillo, and controling that in the direction of Presquina Grande; the strong point, because of the peculiarly defensive character of the hills and gorges, and of the very careful and skillful manner in which they had been fortified and guarded. It was also clearly indicated that our further advance would be strenuously resisted.

"On the morning of the twenty-first, the division was put in motion, and with such formation as to present the readiest order of battle, on any point of assault. At six the advance, consisting of Hay's Texans, supported by the light companies, first brigade, under Capt. C. F. Smith (both extended as the valley widened or contracted), closely followed by Duncan's light artillery and battallion, heads of columns, on turning an angle of the mountain at a hacienda called *San Jeronimo*, came upon a strong force of cavalry and infantry, mostly the former. A conflict immediately ensued. The Texans received the heavy charge of cavalry with their unerring rifles and usual gallantry; the light companies opened a rapid and well-directed fire; Duncan's battery was in action in one minute (promptly supported by a section of Mackall's), delivering its fire over the

heads of our men. Ere the close of the combat, which lasted but fifteen minutes, the First brigade had formed to the front, on the right and left, and delivered its fire. The Second brigade was held in reserve, the ground not admitting of its deployment. The enemy retired in disorder (leaving on the ground one hundred killed and wounded; among the former, Don Juan N. Najua, colonel of the permanent regiment of lancers), upon the Saltillo road, and was closely pursued, until we got possession of the gorge, where all the *debouches* from Monterey unite, whereby the force just defeated, as also reinforcements and supplies from that direction, were excluded from entering the city. At this important point the division was halted, and attention directed to the mountain forts which envelope the city on its western and southwestern faces. Soon discovering, however, that our position brought us within effective range of the batteries, the troops were advanced some eight hundred yards further on the Saltillo road.

"The examination thus far had manifested, besides the importance of the positions, the impracticability of any effective operations against the city, until possessed of the exterior forts and batteries. Independent, however, of ulterior objects, the occupation of these heights became indispensible to the restoration of our lines of communication with headquarters, necessarily abandoned for the moment in order to secure the gorges of the Saltillo road. At twelve M. a force was detached under Capt. C. F. Smith, with orders to storm the batteries on the crest of the nearest hill, called *Federacion*, and after taking that, to carry the fort called *Soldada*, on the ridge of the same height, retired about six hundred yards. The two effectually guarded the slopes and roads in either valley, and consequently the approaches to the city. This command consisted of four companies of the artillery battalion, and Green's, McGowan's, R. A. Gillespie's, Chandler's, Ballone's, and McCulloch's companies of Texan riflemen, under Maj. Chevalier, acting in co-operation—in all about three hundred effectives. It was impossible to mask the movement of the storming party. On approaching the base of the mountain, the guns of both batteries opened a plunging fire, and numerous light troops were seen

descending and arranging themselves at favorable points on the slopes. Perceiving the indications of determined resistance, Capt. Miles was detached from the Seventh to support and co-operate with the first party.

"In a short time the fire became general, the enemy gradually yielding and retiring up the rugged acclivity, and our men as steadily pursuing. The appearance of heavy reinforcements on the summit, and the cardinal importance of the operation demanding further support, the fifth under Major Scott, and Blanchard's companies of volunteers were immediately detached, accompanied by Brigadier-General Smith, who was instructed to take direction in that quarter. On reaching the advance parties, General Smith discovered that under favor of the ground, he could, by directing a portion of the force to the right, and moving it obliquely up the hill, carry the Soldada simultaneously with the Federacion. He accordingly very judiciously pointed and accompanied the fifth, seventh, and Blanchard's company in that direction. Captain Smith's command having most gallantly carried the first object of attack, promptly turned the captured gun — a nine-pounder — upon the second, and moved on with his main body to participate in the assault on Soldada, which was carried in gallant style by the forces under Scott, Miles, Blanchard, and Hays (who had been detached on special service, but who returned in time to share with fifty of his men in the first assault, and to take a prominent part in the second), the whole directed by General Smith.

"At this point we secured another nine-pounder, and immediately both pieces were brought to bear upon the Bishop's Palace, situated upon and midway the southern slope of the hill Independencia, a valley of only six hundred yards intervening. We had now secured an important advantage, and yet but half the work was done. The possession of these heights only made the more apparent the controlling importance of those opposite, and the necessity of occupying the palace. A violent storm ensued, and night closing in, operations for the day ceased. The troops had now been thirty-six hours without food, and constantly tasked to the utmost physical

exertions. Such as could be permitted slept with arms in hand, subjected to a pelting storm, and without covering till three A. M., when they were aroused to carry the hill Independencia.

"Lieut.-Col. Childs was assigned to lead the storming parties, consisting of three companies, I and G (fourth), and A, (third artillery battalion;) three companies eighth infantry, (A, B, and D,) under Capt. Scriven, with two hundred Texan riflemen, under Col. Hays and Lieut.-Col. Walker (captain of rifles), acting in co-operation. The command moved at three, conducted to its point of ascent by Capt. Sanders, military, and Lieut. Meade, topographical engineers. Favored by the weather, it reached by the dawn of day within about one hundred yards of the crest, in which position, among the clefts of rocks, a body of the enemy had been stationed the previous evening in apparent anticipation of the attack. The enemy's retreating fire was ineffectual, and not returned until Col. Child's and Hays' command had reached to within a few yards of the summit, when a well-directed and destructive fire, followed by the bayonet of the regulars and rush of the Texans, placed us in possession of the work; the cannon having been previously withdrawn, no impression could be made upon the massive walls of the palace or its outworks, without artillery, except at enormous sacrifice.

"Lieut. Rowland, of Duncan's battery, was ordered from the main rank with a twelve-pound howitzer, and in two hours (aided by fifty men from the line, under Capt. Sanders, military engineer, for the purpose of selecting the route least difficult) that enterprising and gallant officer had his guns in position, having ascended an acclivity as rugged as steep, between seven and eight hundred feet in two hours. A fire was immediately opened from the howitzer, covered by the epaulement of the captured battery, upon the palace and its outworks, four hundred yards distant, and soon produced a visible sensation. Meanwhile, to re-enforce the position, the fifth, Major Scott and Blanchard's volunteers, had been passed from the first heights, and reached the second in time to participate in the operations against the palace.

"After many affairs of light troops and several feints, a heavy sortie was made, sustained by a strong corps of cavalry, with desperate resolution, to repossess the heights. Such a move had been anticipated and prepared for. Lieut.-Col Childs had advanced under cover, two companies of light troops under the command of Capt. Vinton, acting major, and judiciously drawn up the main body of his command, flanked on the right by Hays, and left by Walker's Texans. The enemy advanced boldly, was repulsed by one general discharge from all arms, fled in confusion, closely pressed by Childs and Hays, preceded by the light troops under Vinton; and while they fled past, our troops entered the palace and fort. In a few moments the unpretending flag of our union had replaced the gaudy standard of Mexico. The captured guns—one six-inch howitzer, one twelve, and two nine-pounder brass guns, together with Duncan's and Mackall's field-batteries, which came up at a gallop, were in full and effective play upon the retiring and confused masses that filled the street (of which we had the prolongation) leading to the nearest plaza, *La Capella*, also crowded with troops. At this moment the enemy's loss was heavy. The investment was now complete. Except the forces necessary to hold the positions on Independencia and serve the guns (shifted to points where the shot could be made to reach the great plaza), the division was now concentrated around the palace, and preparation made to assault the city on the following day, or sooner, should the general-in-chief either so direct, or, before communication be had, renew the assault from the opposite quarter. In the mean time attention was directed to every provision our circumstances permitted, to alleviate the condition of our wounded soldiers and officers; to the decent interment of the dead, not omitting in either respect all that was due to those of the enemy.

"About ten A. M., on the twenty-third, a heavy fire was heard in the opposite quarter. Its magnitude and continuance, as well as other circumstances, did not permit a doubt that the general was conducting a main attack; and that his orders for my co-operation (having to travel a circuit of some

six miles) had miscarried or failed to reach me, by means of the numerous cavalry of the enemy. Under these convictions, the troops were instantly ordered to commence an operation, which, if not otherwise directed, I had designed to execute in part, under favor of the night. Two columns of attack were organized, to move along the two principal streets, leading from our position, in direction of the great plaza, composed of light troops slightly extended, with orders to mask the men whenever practicable, avoid those points swept by the enemy's artillery, to press on to the first plaza, Capella, to get hold of the ends of streets beyond, then enter the buildings, and by means of picks and bars break through the longitudinal section of the walls, work from house to house, and ascending the roofs, to place themselves on the same breast-height with the enemy. Light artillery by sections and pieces, under Duncan, Roland, Mackall, Martin, Hays, Irons, Clarke, and Curd, followed at suitable intervals, covered by reserves to guard the pieces and the whole operation against the probable enterprises of cavalry upon our left. This was effectually done by seizing and commanding the head of every cross street. The streets were, at different and well-chosen points, barricaded by heavy masonry walls, with embrasures for one or more guns, and in every instance well supported by cross batteries. These arrangements of defense gave to our operations at this moment a complicated character, demanding much care and precaution; but the work went on steadily, simultaneously, and successfully. About the time our assault commenced, the fire ceased from our force in the opposite quarter. Disengaged on the one side, the enemy was enabled to shift men and guns to our quarter, as was soon manifested by accumulation of fire. At dark we had worked through the walls and squares, and reached to within one block of the great plaza, leaving a covered way in our rear—carried a large building which towered over the principal defenses, and during the night and ensuing morning, crowned its roof with two howitzers and a six-pounder. All things were now prepared to renew the assault at dawn of day, when a flag was sent out,

asking a momentary suspension of fire, which led to the capitulation upon terms so honorable to our arms.

"As the columns of attack were moving from the palace hill, Major Munroe, chief of artillery, reached me with a ten-inch mortar, which was immediately advanced to the plaza, *chapel*, put in position masked by the church wall, its bed adjusted as rapidly as possible, and by sunset opened upon the great square. At this period, our troops had worked to within one square of the plaza; the exact position of our comrades, on the opposite side, was not known, and the distance of the position to be assailed by the bomb battery, but conjecturing eight hundred yards was assumed, and the fuze and charge regulated accordingly; the first shell fell a little short of the point on which it was directed, and beside our troops; a slight increase of the projecting charge gave exact results. The whole service was managed by Major Munroe, most admirably, and, combined with other operations, exercised a decided influence upon the final results. Early on the morning of the twenty-third, Major Brown's artillery battallion was despatched with a select command, and one section of Mackall's battery, under Lieut. Irons, to occupy the stone mill and adjacent grounds, constituting, one league in advance, the narrow gorge near St. Catarina. The major took possession, repulsed the enemy's pickets, and was preparing his command to resist any attack, when he received my orders to retrace his steps, enter the city, and form the main reserve to the assaulting columns. He came up in good time and in good order, and was at once under fire.

"On the twenty-fifth, in conformity to the articles of capitulation, the citadel was taken possession of by a command consisting of two companies of each regiment, and one section of each battery, second division. Gen. Smith was directed to take command of this corps, and conduct the ceremony; which duty he executed with delicacy to the unhappy and humiliated foe.

Let us now read Gen. Taylor's account of his operations in co-öperation with the division under Gen. Worth:

"Early on the morning of the twenty-first, I received a note

from Gen. Worth, written at half-past nine o'clock the night before, suggesting what I had already intended, a strong diversion against the center and left of the town, to favor his enterprise against the heights in the rear. The infantry and artillery of the first division, and the field division of volunteers, were ordered under arms, and took the direction of the city, leaving one company of each regiment as a camp guard. The second dragoons, under Lieut.-Col. May, and Col. Wood's regiment of Texas mounted volunteers, under the immediate direction of Gen. Henderson, were directed to the right to support Gen. Worth, if necessary, and to make an impression, if practicable, upon the upper quarter of the city. Upon approaching the mortar battery, the first and third regiments of infantry, and battalion of Baltimore and Washington volunteers, with Capt. Bragg's field battery—the whole under the command of Lieut.-Col. Garland—were directed towards the lower part of the town, with orders to make a strong demonstration, and carry one of the enemy's advanced works, if it could be done without too heavy loss. Major Mansfield, Engineers, and Capt. Williams and Lieut. Pope, Topographical Engineer, accompanied this column, Major Mansfield being charged with its direction, and the designation of points of attack.

"In the meantime, the mortar, served by Capt. Ramsay, of the ordnance, and the howitzer battery under Capt. Webster, first artillery, had opened their fire upon the citadel, which was deliberately sustained, and answered from the work. Gen. Butler's division had now taken up a position in the rear of this battery, when the discharges of artillery, mingled finally with a rapid fire of small arms, showed that Lieut.-Col. Garland's command had become warmly engaged. I now deemed it necessary to support this attack, and accordingly ordered the fourth infantry, and three regiment's of Gen. Butler's division, to march at once, by the left flank, in the direction of the advanced work at the lower extremity of the town, leaving one regiment (first Kentucky) to cover the mortar and howitzer battery. By some mistake, two companies of the fourth

infantry did not receive this order, and, consequently, did not join the advance companies until some time afterwards.

"Lieut.-Col. Garland's command had approached the town in a direction to the right of the advanced work (No. 1,) at the northeastern angle of the city, and the engineer officer, covered by skirmishers, had succeeded in entering the suburbs and gaining cover. The remainder of this command now advanced and entered the town under a heavy fire of artillery from the citadel and the works on the left, and of musketry from the houses and small works in front. A movement to the right was attempted, with a view to gain the rear of No. 1, and carry that work, but the troops were so much exposed to a fire which they could not effectually return, and had already sustained such severe loss, particularly in officers, that it was deemed best to withdraw them to a more secure position. Capt. Backus, first infantry, however, with a portion of his own and other companies, had gained the roof of a tannery, which looked directly into the gorge of No. 1, and from which he poured a most destructive fire into that work and upon the strong building in its rear. This fire happily coincided in point of time with the advance of a portion of the volunteer division upon No. 1, and contributed largely to the fall of that strong and important work.

"The three regiments of the volunteer division, under the immediate command of Major-Gen. Butler, had, in the meantime, advanced in the direction of No. 1. The leading brigade, under Brig.-Gen. Quitman, continued its advance upon that work, preceded by three companies of the fourth infantry, while Gen. Butler, with the first Ohio regiment, entered the town to the right. The companies of the fourth infantry had advanced within short range of the work, when they were received by a fire that almost in one moment struck down one-third of the officers and men, and rendered it necessary to retire and effect a conjunction with the two other companies then advancing. Gen. Quitman's brigade, though suffering most severely, particularly in the Tennessee regiment, continued its advance, and finally carried the work, in handsome style, as well as the strong building in its rear. Five pieces

of artillery, a considerable supply of ammunition, and thirty prisoners, including three officers, fell into our hands.

"Major-Gen. Butler, with the first Ohio regiment, after entering the edge of the town, discovered that nothing was to be accomplished in his front, and at this point, yielding to the suggestions of several officers, I ordered a retrograde movement; but learning almost immediately from one of my staff that the battery No. 1 was in our possession, the order was countermanded, and I determined to hold the battery and defenses already gained. Gen. Butler, with the first Ohio regiment, then entered the town at a point further to the left, and marched in the direction of the battery No. 2. While making an examination with a view to ascertain the possibility of carrying this second work by storm, the general was wounded and soon after compelled to quit the field. As the strength of No. 2, and the heavy musketry fire flanking the approach, rendered it impossible to carry it without great loss, the first Ohio regiment was withdrawn from the town.

"Fragments of the various regiments engaged were now under cover of the captured battery and some buildings in its front, and on the right. The field battery of Capts. Bragg and Ridgely was also partially covered by the battery. An incessant fire was kept on this position from battery No. 2, and other works on its right, and from the citadel on all our approaches. Gen. Twiggs, though quite unwell, joined me at this point, and was instrumental in causing the artillery captured from the enemy to be placed in battery, and served by Capt. Ridgely, against No. 2, until the arrival of Capt. Webster's howitzer battery, which took its place. In the meantime, I directed such men as could be collected of the first, third and fourth regiments and Baltimore battalion, to enter the town, penetrate to the right, and carry the second battery if possible. This command, under Lieut.-Col. Garland, advanced beyond the bridge 'Purisima,' when, finding it impracticable to gain the rear of the second battery, a portion of it sustained themselves for some time in that advanced position; but as no permanent impression could be made at that point, and the main object of the general operation had been effected, the

command, including a section of Capt. Ridgely's battery, which had joined it, was withdrawn to battery No. 1. During the absence of this column, a demonstration of cavalry was reported in the direction of the citadel. Capt. Bragg, who was at hand, immediately galloped with his battery to a suitable position, from which a few discharges effectually dispersed the enemy. Capt. Miller, first infantry, was dispatched with a mixed command to support the battery on this service. The enemy's lancers had previously charged upon the Ohio and a part of the Mississippi regiments, near some fields at a distance from the edge of the town, and had been repulsed with considerable loss. A demonstration of cavalry on the opposite side of the river was also dispersed in the course of the afternoon by Capt. Ridgely's battery, and the squadrons returned to the city. At the approach of evening all the troops that had been engaged were ordered back to the camp, except Capt. Ridgely's battery and the regular infantry of the first division, who were detailed as a guard for the works during the night, under command of Lieut.-Col. Garland. One battalion of the first Kentucky regiment was ordered to re-enforce this command. Intrenching tools were procured, and additional strength was given to the works, and protection to the men, by working parties during the night, under the direction of Lieut. Scarritt, Engineers.

"The main object proposed in the morning had been effected. A powerful diversion had been made to favor the operations of the second division, one of the enemy's advanced works had been carried, and we now had a strong foothold in the town. But this had not been accomplished without a very heavy loss, embracing some of our most gallant and accomplished officers. Capt. Williams, Topographical Engineers; Lieuts. Terrett and Dilworth, first infantry; Lieut. Woods, second infantry; Capts. Morris and Field, Brevet Major Barbour, Lieuts. Irwin and Hazlitt, third infantry; Lieut. Hoskins, fourth infantry; Lieut.-Col. Watson, Baltimore battalion; Capt. Allen and Lieut. Putnam, Tennessee regiment, and Lieut. Hett, Ohio regiment, were killed, or have since died of wounds received in this engagement, while the number and rank of the officers wounded

gives additional proof of the obstinacy of the contest, and the good conduct of our troops. The number of killed and wounded incident to the operations in the lower part of the city on the twenty-first, is three hundred and ninety-four.

"Early in the morning of this day (twenty-first,) the advance of the second division had encountered the enemy in force, and after a brief, but sharp conflict, repulsed him with heavy loss. Gen Worth then succeeded in gaining a position on the Saltillo road, thus cutting off the enemy's line of communication. From this position the two heights south of the Saltillo road were carried in succession, and the guns taken in one of them turned upon the Bishop's Palace. These important successes were fortunately obtained with comparatively small loss: Capt. McKavett, eighth infantry, being the only officer killed.

"The twenty-second of September passed without any active operations in the lower part of the city. The citadel and other works continued to fire at parties exposed to their range, and at the work now occupied by our troops. The guard left in it the preceding night, except Capt. Ridgely's company, was relieved at mid-day by Gen. Quitman's brigade. Capt. Bragg's battery was thrown under cover in front of the town, to repel any demonstration of cavalry in that quarter. At dawn of day the height above the Bishop's Palace was carried, and soon after meridian the Palace itself was taken, and its guns turned upon the fugitive garrison. The object for which the second division was detached had thus been completely accomplished, and I felt confident that with a strong force occupying the road and heights in his rear, and a good position below the city in our possession, the enemy could not possibly maintain the town.

"During the night of the twenty-second the enemy evacuated nearly all his defenses in the lower part of the city. This was reported to me early in the morning of the twenty-third, by Gen. Quitman, who had already meditated an assault upon those works. I immediately sent instructions to that officer, leaving it to his discretion to enter the city, covering his men by the houses and walls, and advance carefully so far as he might deem prudent.

"After ordering the remainder of the troops as a reserve, under the orders of Brig.-Gen. Twiggs, I repaired to the abandoned works, and discovered that a portion of Gen. Quitman's brigade had entered the town, and were successfully forcing their way towards the principal plaza. I then ordered up the second regiment of Texas mounted volunteers, who entered the city, dismounted, and, under the immediate orders of Gen. Henderson, co-öperated with Gen. Quitman's brigade. Capt. Bragg's battery was also ordered up, supported by the third infantry, and after firing for some time at the cathedral, a portion of it was likewise thrown into the city. Our troops advanced from house to house, and from square to square, until they reached a street but one square in the rear of the principal plaza, in and near which the enemy's force was mainly concentrated. This advance was conducted vigorously, but with due caution, and although destructive to the enemy, was attended with but small loss on our part. Capt. Ridgely, in the meantime, had served a captured piece in battery No. 1 against the city, until the advance of our men rendered it imprudent to fire in the direction of the Cathedral. I was now satisfied that we could operate successfully in the city, and that the enemy had retired from the lower portion of it to make a stand behind his barricades. As Gen. Quitman's brigade had been on duty the previous night, I determined to withdraw the troops to the evacuated works, and concert with Gen. Worth a combined attack upon the town. The troops accordingly fell back deliberately, in good order, and resumed their original positions, Gen. Quitman's brigade being relieved after nightfall by that of Gen. Hamer. On my return to camp, I met an officer with the intelligence that Gen. Worth, induced by the firing in the lower part of the city, was about making an attack at the upper extremity, which had also been evacuated by the enemy to a considerable distance. I regretted that this information had not reached me before leaving the city, but still deemed it inexpedient to change my orders, and accordingly returned to camp. A note from Gen. Worth, written at eleven o'clock P. M., informed me that he had advanced to within a short distance of the principal plaza, and

that the mortar (which had been sent to his division in the morning) was doing good execution within effective range of the enemy's position.

"Desiring to make no further attempt upon the city without complete concert as to the lines and mode of approach, I instructed that officer to suspend his advance until I could have an interview with him on the following morning, at his headquarters.

"Early on the morning of the twenty-fourth I received, through Col. Moreno, a communication from Gen. Ampudia, proposing to evacuate the town; which, with the answer, were forwarded with my first dispatch. I arranged with Col. Moreno a cessation of fire until twelve o'clock, at which hour I would receive the answer of the Mexican general at Gen. Worth's headquarters, to which I soon repaired. In the meantime, Gen. Ampudia had signified to Gen. Worth his desire for a personal interview with me, to which I acceded, and which finally resulted in a capitulation, placing the town and the materials of war, with certain exceptions, in our possession. A copy of that capitulation was transmitted with my first dispatch.

"Upon occupying the city it was found to be of great strength in itself, and to have its approaches carefully and strongly fortified. The town and works were armed with forty-two pieces of cannon, well supplied with ammunition, and manned with a force of at least seven thousand troops of the line, and from two to three thousand irregulars. The force under my orders before Monterey, as exhibited by the accompanying return, was four hundred and twenty-five officers, and six thousand two hundred and twenty men. Our artillery consisted of one ten-inch mortar, two twenty-four pounder howitzer's, and four light field batteries of four guns each—the mortar being the only piece suitable to the operations of a siege.

"Our loss is twelve officers and one hundred and eight men killed; thirty-one officers and three hundred and thirty-seven men wounded. That of the enemy is not known, but is believed considerably to exceed our own.

"I take pleasure in bringing to the notice of the govern-

ment the good conduct of the troops, both regulars and volunteers, which has been conspicuous throughout the operations. I am proud to bear testimony to their coolness and constancy in battle, and the cheerfulness with which they have submitted to exposure and privation. To the general officers commanding divisions—Maj.-Gens. Butler and Henderson, and Brig. Gens. Twiggs and Worth—I must express my obligations for the efficient aid which they have rendered in their respective commands."

The following sketch of a portion of the engagement, from the pen of an officer in a Baltimore battalion, who participated in the hottest of the fight, will give the reader some idea of the sufferings endured, and gallantry evinced by many of the companies:

"I saw Col. Watson shouting, but as to hearing a command, that was an impossibility, owing to the deafening roar of the cannon and musketry. I saw the head of our line changing its direction, and I knew at once that the point of attack was changed, and ran to the head of my company to intercept the head of the column. I reached it just as Col. Watson was dismounting from his horse, which the next moment fell from a shot. The colonel cried out to the men, 'Shelter yourselves, men, the best way you can.' At this time, the battalion was scattered over a space of about an acre, and the men were lying down, the shot in most instances flying over our heads; but the guns were soon depressed and the shot began to take effect.

"I was lying close to Col. Watson, alongside of a hedge, when he jumped up and cried out, 'Now is the time, boys, follow me!' We were now in a street, or lane, with a few houses on either side, and within a hundred yards of three batteries which completely raked it, in addition to which, two twelve-pound guns were planted in the castle on the right, and completely enfiladed the whole distance we had to make. Add to this the thousand musketeers on the house-tops, and in the barricades at the head of the street up which we advanced, and at every cross street, and you may form some idea of the deluge of balls that poured upon us. (Bear in mind that the four companies of regulars were now with us, the one intermingled

with the other.) Onward we went, men and horses falling at every step. Cheers, shrieks, groans and words of command added to the din, whilst the roar of the guns was absolutely deafening.

"We had advanced up the street under this awful and fatal fire nearly two hundred yards, when we reached a cross street, at the corner of which all those who had succeeded in getting this far halted, as if by mutual consent. I was shaking Col. Watson by the hand, while he was complimenting me, when a shower of grape, round and canister shot came from the corner above, and *five* officers fell, and I know not how many privates. Each man sought some place of apparent shelter.

"I sat down on the ground, with my back to the wall of a house. On my left were two men torn nearly to pieces. One of them was lying flat on his back, with his legs extending farther in the street than mine. Crash came another shower of grape, which tore one of his wounded legs off. He reared up, shrieked, and fell back a corpse. I never moved, for I was satisfied that one place was as safe as another. Directly opposite to me was my Brevet Second-Lieutenant Aisquith; on the right hand corner was Lieut. Bowie, also of my company; and close to me sat Col. Watson and Adjutant Schœler. In a few minutes I saw our color sergeant, old Hart, come past with his right arm shattered, and in a few minutes there came our battalion flag, borne by one of the color guards—our glorious stars and stripes—and note this, that it was the first American flag in the city of Monterey, an honor which we know belongs to our battalion.

"No man there ever thought for a moment that he would get out alive, and most of them did not. The firing still continued without the slightest intermission, whilst we remained at this memorable corner, which was perhaps for fifteen minutes. When we were ordered to charge up the street, a slight hesitation was manifested by both regulars and volunteers, but the officers sprang to the front in double file. We advanced, I suppose, about fifty yards, when Col. Garland, of the army, ordered us to retire. We still advanced, and he again ordered us to retire, adding this time in good order. I now became

separated from Col. Watson, and never saw him again. He took the left hand side of the street and I the right hand, and when I reached the open field where he had first ordered us to lie down, I was joined by Lieut. Aisquith, who, to my inquiry, answered that he had just left the colonel, and supposed that he would soon be with us. Seeing no other officer around me, I rallied the battalion, and led them down to make another attack upon the fort."

## CHAPTER LIX.

GENERAL TAYLOR AT MONTEREY — SALTILLO TAKEN — GEN. SANTA ANNA — VICTORIA TAKEN — SCOTT SUPERCEDES TAYLOR — THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

GENERAL TAYLOR now established his headquarters at Monterey. He dispatched Gen. Worth with twelve hundred men and eight pieces of artillery against Saltillo, of which he took possession without the slightest opposition. Here he remained until the middle of January, when he was ordered to proceed with the regulars and volunteers of the army to join Gen. Scott at Vera Cruz.

Brig.-Gen. Wool was sent against Parras with a detachment of twenty-four hundred men. Meanwhile a revolution at the capital of Mexico had placed Gen. Santa Anna at the head of Mexican affairs. He did not accept the Presidential chair, but placed himself at the head of the army, and commenced extravagant preparations for raising and equipping a force sufficient to arrest the progress of Gen. Taylor. The United States government was alarmed at the appearance of his movements, and ordered Taylor to terminate the armistice which had been granted. Receiving this information, he marched a force to Victoria, and entered that place without opposition. At this time Maj.-Gen. Scott had been appointed to supercede Taylor in the command of the army in Mexico, and finding his force insufficient to attack Vera Cruz, the first object of his campaign, he made a heavy draft on Taylor's army. In obedience to this demand nearly all the regular troops, comprising the divisions of Gens. Worth and Patterson, the brigades of Quintam and Twiggs, and all the other corps that could be drawn from the Rio Grande, started out for Vera Cruz. Five hundred regulars and four thousand newly arrived volunteers

were all that remained with Gen. Taylor. As soon as the troops departed to join Scott, Taylor retired to Monterey, where he remained until informed that Gen. Santa Anna was approaching. He then set out for Agua Nueva, which is about twenty miles south of Saltillo. At this point he remained until the twenty-first of February, when, being informed that the Mexicans were approaching in great force, he retired to "the defile called Angostura, which faces the hacienda of Buena Vista."

In this strong position he posted his little army of five thousand, and awaited the approach of twenty thousand Mexicans. On the twenty-second of February the Mexican army blackened the distant hills, and Taylor's men beheld their approach. "It was a glorious spectacle," says an able writer, "and even those who had never faced an enemy felt their bosoms bounding with courage and enthusiasm as the glittering masses of Santa Anna's cavalry poured down into the plains below. All fear was flung to the winds; silently and sternly that little band gathered around its leader and awaited the fearful shock."

The American army was drawn up nearly at right angles to the road, its chief force being on the east side. This force constituted the left wing, and faced the south; a battery of light artillery occupied the road, and the right wing rested on the hill west of it. On the twenty-first a flag approached Gen. Taylor's headquarters, and the latter was treated with the following communication from Gen. Santa Anna:

"You are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and cannot, in any human probability, avoid suffering a rout and being cut to pieces with your troops; but as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you this notice in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character; to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment when my flag of truce arrives in your camp."

Gen. Taylor refused to surrender, and the celebrated battle

of Buena Vista followed, the general's own account of which is as follows:

"The information which reached me of the advance and concentration of a heavy Mexican force in my front, had assumed such a probable form as to induce a special examination far beyond the reach of our pickets, to ascertain its correctness. A small party of Texan spies, under Maj. McCulloch, dispatched to the hacienda of Encarnacion, thirty miles from this, on the route to San Luis Potosi, had reported a cavalry force of unknown strength at that place. On the twentieth of February a strong reconnoissance under Lieut.-Col. May was dispatched to the hacienda of Heclionda, while Maj. McCullough made another examination of Encarnacion. The result of these expeditions left no doubt that the enemy was in large force at Encarnacion, under the orders of Gen. Santa Anna, and that he meditated a forward movement and attack upon our position.

"As the camp at Agua Nueva could be turned on either flank, and as the enemy's force was greatly superior to our own, particularly in the arm of cavalry, I determined, after much consideration, to take up a position about eleven miles in rear, and there await the attack. The army broke up its camp and marched at noon on the twenty-first, encamping at the new position a little in front of the hacienda of Buena Vista. With a small force I proceeded to Saltillo to make some necessary arrangements for the defense of the town, leaving Brig. Gen. Wool in the immediate command of the troops.

"Before those arrangements were completed, on the morning of the twenty-second, I was advised that the enemy was in sight, advancing. Upon reaching the ground it was found that his cavalry advance was in our front, having marched from Encarnacion, as we have since learned, at eleven o'clock on the day previous, and driving in a mounted force left at Agua Nueva to cover the removal of public stores. Our troops were in position, occupying a line of remarkable strength. The road at this point becomes a narrow defile, the valley on its right being rendered quite impracticable for artillery by a system of deep and impassible gullies, while on the left a suc-

cession of rugged ridges and precipitous ravines extend far back toward the mountain which bounds the valley. The features of the ground were such as nearly to paralyze the artillery and cavalry of the enemy, while his infantry could not derive all the advantages of its numerical superiority. In this position we prepared to receive him. Capt. Washington's battery (Fourth artillery) was posted to command the road, while the First and Second Illinois regiments, under Cols. Hardin and Bissell, each eight companies (to the latter of which was attached Capt. Conner's company of Texas volunteers), and the Second Kentucky, under Col. McKee, occupied the crests of the ridges on the left and in the rear. The Arkansas and Kentucky regiments of cavalry, commanded by Cols. Yell and H. Marshall, occupied the extreme left near the base of the mountain, while the Indiana brigade, under Brig.-Gen. Lane, (composed of the Second and Third regiments, under Cols. Bowles and Lane), the Mississippi riflemen, under Col. Davis, the squadrons of the First and Second dragoons, under Capt. Steen, and Lieut.-Col. May, and the light batteries of Captains Sherman and Bragg, Third artillery, were held in reserve.

"At eleven o'clock I received from Gen. Santa Anna a summons to surrender at discretion, which, with a copy of my reply, I have already transmitted. The enemy still forbore his attack, evidently waiting for the arrival of his rear columns, which could be distinctly seen by our look-outs as they approached the field. A demonstration made on his left caused me to detach the second Kentucky regiment and a section of artillery to our right, in which position they bivouacked for the night. In the meantime, the Mexican light troops had engaged ours on the extreme left (composed of parts of the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry dismounted, and a rifle battalion from the Indiana brigade, under Major Gorman, the whole commanded by Col. Marshall,) and kept up a sharp fire, climbing the mountain side, and apparently endeavoring to gain our flank. Three pieces of Capt. Washington's battery had been detached to the left, and were supported by the second Indiana regiment. An occasional shell was thrown by the enemy into this part of our line, but without effect. The skirmishing of

the light troops was kept up with trifling loss on our part until dark, when I became convinced that no serious attack would be made before the morning, and returned, with the Mississippi regiment and squadron of second dragoons, to Saltillo. The troops bivouacked without fires, and laid upon their arms. A body of cavalry, some fifteen hundred strong, had been visible all day in rear of the town, having entered the valley through a narrow pass east of the city. This cavalry, commanded by Gen. Minon, had evidently been thrown in our rear to break up and harass our retreat, and perhaps make some attempt against the town if practicable. The city was occupied by four excellent companies of Illinois volunteers, under Major Warren of the first regiment. A field work, which commanded most of the approaches, was garrisoned by Capt. Webster's company, first artillery, and armed with two 24-pound howitzers, while the train and headquarter camp was guarded by two companies of Mississippi riflemen, under Capt. Rogers, and a field piece commanded by Capt. Shover, third artillery. Having made these dispositions for the protection of the rear, I proceeded on the morning of the twenty-third to Buena Vista, ordering forward all the other available troops. The action had commenced before my arrival on the field.

"During the evening and night of the twenty-second the enemy had thrown a body of light troops on the mountain side, with the purpose of outflanking our left; and it was here that the action of the twenty-third commenced at an early hour. Our riflemen, under Col. Marshall, who had been re-enforced by three companies under Major Trail, second Illinois volunteers, maintained their ground handsomely against a greatly superior force, holding themselves under cover, and using their weapons with deadly effect. About eight o'clock a strong demonstration was made against the center of our position, a heavy column moving along the road. This force was soon dispersed by a few rapid and well-directed shots from Capt. Washington's battery. In the meantime the enemy was concentrating a large force of infantry and cavalry under cover of the ridges, with the obvious intention of forcing our left, which was posted on an extensive plateau. The second Indi-

ana and second Illinois regiments formed this part of our line, the former covering three pieces of light artillery, under the orders of Capt. O'Brien—Brig.-Gen. Lane being in the immediate command. In order to bring his men within effective range, Gen. Lane ordered the artillery and second Indiana regiment forward. The artillery advanced within musket range of a heavy body of Mexican infantry, and was served against it with great effect, but without being able to check its advance. The infantry ordered to its support had fallen back in disorder, being exposed, as well as the battery, not only to a severe fire of small arms from the front, but also to a murderous cross-fire of grape and canister from a Mexican battery on the left. Capt. O'Brien found it impossible to retain his position without support, but was only able to withdraw two of his pieces, all the horses and cannoneers of the third piece being killed or disabled. The second Indiana regiment, which had fallen back as stated, could not be rallied, and took no farther part in the action, except a handful of men, who, under its gallant colonel, Bowles, joined the Mississippi regiment, and did good service, and those fugitives who, at a later period in the day, assisted in defending the train and depôt at Buena Vista. This portion of our line having given way, and the enemy appearing in overwhelming force against our left flank, the light troops which had rendered such good service on the mountain were compelled to withdraw, which they did, for the most part, in good order. Many, however, were not rallied until they reached the depôt at Buena Vista, to the defense of which they afterward contributed.

"Col. Bissell's regiment (second Illinois,) which had been joined by a section of Capt. Sherman's battery, had become completely outflanked, and was compelled to fall back, being entirely unsupported. The enemy was now pouring masses of infantry and cavalry along the base of the mountain on our left, and was gaining our rear in great force. At this moment I arrived upon the field. The Mississippi regiment had been directed to the left before reaching the position, and immediately came into action against the Mexican infantry which had turned our flank. The second Kentucky regiment and a sec-

tion of artillery under Capt. Bragg, had previously been ordered from the right to re-enforce our left, and arrived at a most opportune moment. That regiment, and a portion of the first Illinois, under Col. Hardin, gallantly drove the enemy, and recovered a portion of the ground we had lost. The batteries of Capts. Sherman and Bragg were in a position on the plateau, and did much execution, not only in front, but particularly upon the masses which had gained our rear. Discovering that the enemy was heavily pressing upon the Mississippi regiment, the third Indiana regiment, under Col. Lane, was dispatched to strengthen that part of our line, which formed a crotchet perpendicular to the first line of battle. At the same time Lieut. Kilburn, with a piece of Capt. Bragg's battery, was directed to support the infantry there engaged. The action was for a long time warmly sustained at that point—the enemy making several efforts both with infantry and cavalry against our line, and being always repulsed with heavy loss. I had placed all the regular cavalry and Capt. Pike's squadron of Arkansas horse under the orders of Brevet Lieut.-Col. May, with directions to hold in check the enemy's column, still advancing to the rear along the base of the mountain, which was done in conjunction with the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry under Cols. Marshall and Yell.

"In the meantime our left, which was still strongly threatened by a superior force, was farther strengthened by the detachment of Capt. Bragg's and a portion of Capt. Sherman's batteries to that quarter. The concentration of artillery fire upon the masses of the enemy along the base of the mountain, and the determined resistance offered by the two regiments opposed to them, had created confusion in their ranks, and some of the corps attempted to effect a retreat upon the main line of battle. The squadron of the first dragoons, under Lieut. Rucker, was now ordered up the deep ravine which these retreating corps were endeavoring to cross, in order to charge and disperse them. The squadron proceeded to the point indicated, but could not accomplish the object, being exposed to a heavy fire from a battery established to cover the retreat of those corps. While the squadron was detached on this

service, a large body of the enemy was observed to concentrate on our extreme left, apparently with a view of making a descent upon the hacienda of Buena Vista, where our train and baggage were deposited. Lieut.-Col. May was ordered to the support of that point, with two pieces of Capt. Sherman's battery under Lieut. Reynolds. In the meantime, the scattered forces near the hacienda, composed in part of Majors Trail and Gorman's commands, had been to some extent organized under the advice of Major Monroe, chief of artillery, with the assistance of Major Morrison, volunteer staff, and were posted to defend the position. Before our cavalry had reached the hacienda, that of the enemy had made its attack; having been handsomely met by the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry under Cols. Marshall and Yell. The Mexican column immediately divided, one portion sweeping by the depôt, where it received a destructive fire from the force which had collected there, and then gaining the mountain opposite, under a fire from Lieut. Reynolds' section, the remaining portion regaining the base of the mountain on our left. In the charge at Buena Vista, Col. Yell fell gallantly at the head of his regiment; we also lost adjutant Vaughan, of the Kentucky cavalry—a young officer of much promise. Lieut.-Col. May, who had been rejoined by the squadron of the first dragoons and by portions of the Arkansas and Indiana troops, under Lieut.-Col. Roane and Major Gorman, now approached the base of the mountain, holding in check the right flank of the enemy, upon whose masses, crowded in the narrow gorges and ravines, our artillery was doing fearful execution.

"The position of that portion of the Mexican army which had gained our rear was now very critical, and it seemed doubtful whether it could regain the main body. At this moment I received from Gen. Santa Anna a message by a staff officer, desiring to know what I wanted? I immediately despatched Brig.-Gen. Wool to the Mexican general-in-chief, and sent orders to cease firing. Upon reaching the Mexican lines Gen. Wool could not cause the enemy to cease their fire, and accordingly returned without having an interview. The extreme right of the enemy continued its retreat along the

base of the mountain, and finally, in spite of all our efforts, effected a junction with the remainder of the army.

"During the day, the cavalry of Gen. Minon had ascended the elevated plain above Saltillo, and occupied the road from the city to the field of battle, where they intercepted several of our men. Approaching the town, they were fired upon by Capt. Webster from the redoubt occupied by his company, and then moved off towards the eastern side of the valley, and obliquely towards Buena Vista. At this time, Capt. Shover moved rapidly forward with his piece, supported by a miscellaneous command of mounted volunteers, and fired several shots at the cavalry with great effect. They were driven into the ravines which lead to the lower valley, closely pursued by Capt. Shover, who was farther supported by a piece of Capt. Webster's battery, under Lieut. Donaldson, which had advanced from the redoubt, supported by Capt. Wheeler's company of Illinois volunteers. The enemy made one or two efforts to charge the artillery, but was finally driven back in a confused mass, and did not again appear upon the plain.

"In the meantime, the firing had partially ceased upon the principal field. The enemy seemed to confine his efforts to the protection of his artillery, and I had left the plateau for a moment, when I was recalled thither by a very heavy musketry fire. On regaining that position, I discovered that our infantry (Illinois and second Kentucky) had engaged a greatly superior force of the enemy—evidently his reserve—and that they had been overwhelmed by numbers. The moment was most critical. Capt. O'Brien, with two pieces, had sustained this heavy charge to the last, and was finally obliged to leave his guns on the field—his infantry support being entirely routed. Capt. Bragg, who had just arrived from the left, was ordered at once into battery. Without any infantry to support him, and at the imminent risk of losing his guns, this officer came rapidly into action, the Mexican line being but a few yards from the muzzle of his pieces. The first discharge of canister caused the enemy to hesitate, the second and third drove him back in disorder, and saved the day. The second Kentucky regiment, which had advanced beyond supporting distance in

this affair, was driven back and closely pressed by the enemy's cavalry. Taking a ravine which led in the direction of Capt. Washington's battery, their pursuers became exposed to his fire, which soon checked and drove them back with loss. In the meantime the rest of our artillery had taken position on the plateau, covered by the Mississippi and third Indiana regiments, the former of which had reached the ground in time to pour a fire into the right flank of the enemy, and thus contribute to his repulse. In this last conflict we had the misfortune to sustain a very heavy loss. Col. Hardin, first Illinois, and Col. McKee and Lieut.-Col. Clay, second Kentucky regiment, fell at this time while gallantly leading their commands.

"No farther attempt was made by the enemy to force our position, and the approach of night gave an opportunity to pay proper attention to the wounded, and also to refresh the soldiers, who had been exhausted by incessant watchfulness and combat. Though the night was severely cold, the troops were compelled for the most to bivouac without fires, expecting that morning would renew the conflict. During the night the wounded were removed to Saltillo, and every prepartion made to receive the enemy, should he again attack our position. Seven fresh companies were drawn from the town, and Brig.-Gen. Marshall, with a re-enforcement of Kentucky cavalry and four heavy guns, under Capt. Prentiss, first artillery, was near at hand, when it was discovered that the enemy had abandoned his position during the night. Our scouts soon ascertained that he had fallen back upon Agua Nueva. The great disparity of numbers, and the exhaustion of our troops, rendered it inexpedient and hazardous to attempt pursuit. A staff officer was dispatched to Gen. Santa Anna to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, which was satisfactorily completed on the following day. Our own dead were collected and buried, and the Mexican wounded, of which a large number had been left upon the field, were removed to Saltillo, and rendered as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

"On the evening of the twenty-sixth, a close reconnoissance was made of the enemy's position, which was found to be

occupied only by a small body of cavalry, the infantry and artillery having retreated in the direction of San Luis Potosi. On the twenty-seventh, our troops resumed their former camp at Agua Nueva, the enemy's rear-guard evacuating the place as we approached, leaving a considerable number of wounded. It was my purpose to beat up his quarters at Encarnacion early the next morning, but upon examination, the weak condition of the cavalry horses rendered it unadvisable to attempt so long a march without water. A command was finally despatched to Encarnacion, on the first of March, under Col. Belknap. Some two hundred wounded, and about sixty Mexican soldiers were found there, the army having passed on in the direction of Matehuala, with greatly reduced numbers, and suffering much from hunger. The dead and dying were strewed upon the road, and crowded the buildings of the hacienda.

"The American force engaged in the action of Buena Vista is shown, by the accompanying field report, to have been three hundred and thirty-four officers, and four thousand four hundred and twenty-five men, exclusive of the small command left in and near Saltillo. Of this number, two squadrons of cavalry and three batteries of light artillery, making not more than four hundred and fifty-three men, composed the only force of regular troops. The strength of the Mexican army is stated by Gen. Santa Anna, in his summons, to be twenty thousand; and that estimate is confirmed by all the information since obtained. Our loss is two hundred and seventy-seven killed, four hundred and fifty-six wounded, and twenty-three missing. Of the numerous wounded, many did not require removal to the hospital, and it is hoped that a comparatively small number will be permanently disabled. The Mexican loss in killed and wounded may be fairly estimated at one thousand five hundred, and will probably reach two thousand. At least five hundred of their killed were left upon the field of battle. We have no means of ascertaining the number of deserters and dispersed men from their ranks, but it is known to be very great."

## CHAPTER LX.

GEN. SCOTT'S CAMPAIGN — THE SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ — VICTORY OF CERRO GORDO — CAPTURE OF PUEBLA — ADVANCE ON MEXICO — BATTLE OF THE CONTRERAS — THE VICTORY — OTHER BATTLES — BATTLE OF CHURUBUSCO — THE ARMISTICE.

LEAVING Gen. Taylor at Monterey, to which place he marched soon after the battle of Buena Vista, let us turn our attention to the campaign of Major-Gen. Winfield Scott, who was advancing into Mexico from another quarter. After mustering an army of nearly twelve thousand men, part of them having been drawn from Gen. Taylor's force, he proceeded against the city and castle of Vera Cruz, the first object of the campaign. On the fifth of March, 1847, Gen. Scott's fleet arrived in the port of Anton Lizardo, presenting a grand scene. "The whole eastern horizon," says an eye witness, "looked like a wall of canvass. The usually quiet harbor was soon astir with the fleet, which presented a perfect wilderness of spars and rigging. For five days the excitement raged; drums were beating, bands of music playing," and everything told of an approaching conflict. On the tenth, the ships of war were got under way for Vera Cruz, and the army was transported from the transports to them in surf-boats. The ships then set sail for the city, and, in the passage, presented a beautiful sight. "The tall ships of war sailing leisurely along under their topsails, their decks thronged in every part with dense masses of troops, whose bright muskets and bayonets were flashing in the sunbeams; the gingling of spurs and sabres; the bands of music playing; the hum of the multitude rising up like the murmur of the distant ocean; the small steamers plying about, their decks crowded with anxious spectators; the long lines of surf-boats towing astern of the ships, ready

to disembark the troops; all these tended to render the scene one of the deepest interest." About three o'clock in the afternoon, the army beheld in the distance, the time-worn walls and battlements of Vera Cruz, and the stately old castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, with their ponderous cannon, tier upon tier, flashing in the yellow rays of the sun.

The scene of embarkation and the siege, is thus described by an eye witness, whose language has been preserved in a neat little work, entitled "The Mexican War and its Heroes:" "It was a most beautiful, nay, a *sublime* sight, that embarkation. I still retained my position in the fore-top, and was watching every movement with the most anxious interest; for it was thought by many that the enemy would oppose the landing of our troops. About four o'clock, the huge surf-boats, each capable of conveying one hundred men, were hauled to the gangways of the different men-of-war, and quickly laden with their 'warlike fraughtage;' formed in a single line, nearly a mile in length; and at a given signal, commenced slowly moving toward the Mexican shore. It was a grand spectacle! On, on went the long range of boats, loaded down to the gunwales with brave men, the rays of the slowly-departing sun resting upon their uniforms and bristling bayonets, and wrapping the far inland and fantastic mountains of Mexico in robes of gold. On they went; the measured stroke of the countless oars mingling with the hoarse, dull roar of the trampling surf upon the sandy beach, and the shriek of the myriads of sea-birds soaring high in air, until the boats struck the shore, and quick as thought our army began to land. At this instant, the American flag was planted, and unrolling its folds, floated proudly out upon the evening breeze; the crews of the men-of-war made the welkin ring with their fierce cheering; and a dozen bands of music, at the same time, and as if actuated by one impulse, struck up

> 'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave,
> O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!'

"Early the next morning, the old grim castle of San Juan d'Ulloa commenced trying the range of its heavy guns, throw-

ing Paixhan shells at the army, and continued it at intervals for a week; but with the exception of an occasional skirmish with a party of the enemy's lancers, they had all the fun to themselves. In the meantime our forces went quietly on with their preparations, stationing their pickets, planting their heavy mortars, landing their horses, provisions and munitions of war, constantly annoyed with a ceaseless fire from the Mexican batteries, which our troops were as yet too busy to return.

"On the twenty-fourth, Lieut. Oliver Hazard Perry, with a zeal worthy of his illustrious father, 'the hero of Lake Erie,' dismounted one of the waist guns of the 'Albany,' a sixty-eight pounder, procured a number of volunteers who would willingly have charged up to the muzzles of the Mexican cannon with such a leader, and taking forty rounds of Paixhan shells, proceeded on shore, where, after dragging his gun through the sand for three miles, he arrived at a small fortification, which the engineers had constructed of sand-bags for him, and there planted his engine of destruction, in a situation which commanded the whole city of Vera Cruz. Roused by such a gallant example, guns from each of the other ships of the squadron were disembarked and conveyed to the breastwork, which was as yet concealed from the eyes of the Mexicans by being in the rear of an almost impervious chaparral, and in a short time a most formidable fortress was completed, which was styled the Naval Battery.

"At this period, Gen. Scott, having quietly made all his arrangements, while a constant shower of shot and shell were thrown at his army by the enemy, sent a flag of truce, with a summons for the immediate surrender of the city of Vera Cruz, and the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, and with a full understanding that unless his demand was immediately complied with, an attack would follow. As a matter of course, the Mexicans, expecting an assault, for which they were well prepared, and not a bombardment, returned an indignant refusal, and were told that at four o'clock P. M., they should hear farther from us. In the meantime, the chaparral had been cut away, disclosing the Naval Battery to the gaze of the astonished

Mexicans, and the mortars and heavy artillery, which had been planted upon the hills overlooking the city, and were ready to vomit forth their fires of death. Every person was now waiting with trembling anxiety the commencement of the fray.

"About four o'clock P. M., while the crews of the squadron were all at supper, a sudden and tremendous roar of artillery on shore proclaimed that the battle had begun. The tea-things were left to 'take care of themselves,' and pell-mell tumbled sick and well up the ladders to the spar-deck. I followed with the human tide, and soon found myself in the fore-top of the 'Albany,' and looking around me a sublime but terrific sight my elevated perch presented to the view. Some two hundred sail of vessels were lying immediately around us, their tops, cross-trees, yards, shrouds—everything where a foothold could be obtained—crowded with human beings, clustered like swarming bees in mid-summer on the trees, all intently watching the battle. I turned my eyes on shore. Jonathan had at last awakened from his slumber, and had set to work in earnest. Bombshells were flying like hail-stones into Vera Cruz from every quarter; sulphurous flashes, clouds of smoke and the dull boom of the heavy guns arose from the walls of the city in return, while ever and anon a red sheet of flame would leap from the great brass mortars on the ramparts of the grim castle, followed by a report, which fairly made the earth tremble. The large ships of the squadron could not approach near enough to the shore to participate in the attack upon the city, without exposing them to the fire of the castle; but all the gunboats, small steamers and everything that *could* be brought to bear upon the enemy, were sent in and commenced blazing away; a steady stream of fire, like the red glare of a volcano! This state of things continued until sunset, when the small vessels were called off; but the mortars kept throwing shells into the devoted town the live-long night. I was watching them until after midnight, and it was one of the most striking displays that I ever beheld.

"A huge black cloud of smoke hung like a pall over the American army, completely concealing it from view; the Mexicans had ceased firing, in order to prevent our troops from

SIOUX INDIANS BURNING A PRISONER.

THE BATTLE OF THE WASHITA.

directing their guns by the flashes from the walls; but the bombardiers had obtained the exact range before dark, and kept thundering away, every shell falling directly into the doomed city. Suddenly, a vivid, lightning-like flash would gleam for an instant upon the black pall of smoke hanging over our lines, and then as the roar of the great mortar came borne to our ears, the ponderous shell would be seen to dart upward like a meteor, and after describing a semi-circle in the air, descend with a loud crash upon the house-tops, or into the resounding streets of the fated city. Then, after a brief but awful moment of suspense, a lurid glare, illuminating for an instant the white domes and grim fortresses of Vera Cruz, falling into ruins with the shock, and the echoing crash that came borne to our ears, told that the shell had exploded, and executed its terrible mission!

"Throughout the whole night these fearful missiles were traveling into the city in one continued stream; but the enemy did not return the fire. At daylight, however, the Mexicans again opened their batteries upon our army, with the most determined bravery.

"About eight o'clock A. M., the gallant Perry and his brave associates, having finished the mounting of their guns, and completed all their arrangements, opened with a tremendous roar the Naval Battery upon the west side of the city, and were immediately answered from four distinct batteries of the enemy. The firm earth trembled beneath the discharge of these ponderous guns, and the shot flew like hail into the town, and were returned with interest by the Mexicans. Their heavy guns were served with wonderful precision; and almost every shot struck the little fort, burst open the sand-bags of which it was constructed, and covered our brave officers and men with a cloud of dust. Many shot and shell were thrown directly through the embrasures; and to use the expressions of one of our old tars who had been in several engagements, 'the red-skins handled their long thirty-two's as if they had been rifles!' Several of our men and one officer had fallen, but the remainder of the brave fellows kept blazing away; while the forts and ramparts of the city began to crumble to the earth. This

state of things continued until the twenty-seventh; the army throwing a constant shower of bombs into the city, and the Naval Battery (manned daily by fresh officers and men,) beating down the fortifications, and destroying everything within its range, when a flag of truce was sent out with an offer, which was immediately accepted, of an unconditional surrender of the city of Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa."

The American army under Gen. Scott entered Vera Cruz in triumph, where it remained about two weeks, when the General marched his army for the Mexican Capital. On the seventeenth of April he arrived at the pass of the Sierra Gorde, where Gen. Santa Anna was posted with eleven thousand men. Scott made preparations for attacking the enemy on the following day, planning an attack which has become famous for its perfection and results. In his report of the engagement, Gen. Scott says: "We are quite embarrassed with the results of victory—prisoners of war, heavy ordnance, field batteries, small arms, and accoutrements. About three thousand men laid down their arms with the usual proportion of field and company officers, besides five generals, several of them of great distinction. Pinson, Jarerro, La Vega, Noriega, and Obando. A sixth general, Vasquez, was killed in defending the battery (tower) in the rear of the whole Mexican army, the capture of which gave us those glorious results." The loss of the Americans in this terrible battle was light, while that of the Mexicans was, as in most of their engagements with the United States troops, very heavy.

A detachment under Gen. Worth captured Puebla on the fifteenth of May, where the army remained until the seventh of August, when the whole army marched for the city of Mexico. On the afternoon of the third day's march, a sudden turn in the route revealed a scene that was well calculated to excite the weary soldiers. The whole vast plain of Mexico was before them. The coldness of the air, which was most sensibly felt at this great elevation, their fatigue and danger were forgotten, and their "eyes were the only sense that thought of enjoyment." Mexico with its lofty steeples and

chequered domes, its bright reality, and its former fame, its modern splendor and its ancient magnificence, was before them, while around on every side its thousand lakes seemed like silver stars on a velvet mantle. Scott's army encamped that night at the base of the mountains with the enemy's scouts on every side. On the following day the army halted at Ayotta, only fifteen miles from Mexico. "We were separated," says one who bore the fatigues of the march, "from the city by the marshes which surround Lake Tezcuco, and by the lake itself." The road from this point was commanded by a steep and loftly hill called El Pinnal, which had been strongly fortified by Santa Anna. Batteries mounting over fifty guns in all, had been placed on its sides, and a deep ditch, twenty-four feet wide, and ten deep, filled with water, had been cut, connecting the ports already surrounded by marshes. On this side Santa Anna had twenty-five thousand men against the American force of a little over nine thousand.

On the twenty-second of August, the Americans made a reconnoisance of the work which was pronounced impracticable, as the lives of half the troops would be sacrificed before the ditch could be crossed. After a long search another road was found, which led around on the left, but which was guarded with five strong batteries at a point about five miles from the city. All approach to the city seemed to be cut off, but at length, by means of his scouts, General Worth, who was encamped about five miles distant found a path around the left of Lake Chalco, which led to the western gate of the city, and which had not yet been fortified. On the fourteenth the army commenced its march by this route. On the nineteenth it arrived at San Juan, Worth's division being considerably in advance. When the Americans arrived at this place, they received orders to sling their blankets across their shoulders, put their knapsacks into their wagons, and to put two day's bread and beef in their haversacks. When this order came the men knew that the work was at hand. The enemy was reported to be in position as follows: Santa Anna with twenty thousand men was at St. Augustine; Valencia with ten thousand was at an elevation called Contreros which commanded

the road in that direction. It now became Scott's object to drive Valencia from his position, and thus get in between Santa Anna and the city. With a view to effecting this, Gen. Worth was directed to keep Santa Anna in check, while a portion of the army under Gen. Twiggs was to rout Valencia. The progress from this point is thus described by one who participated:*

*"We left San Juan about one o'clock, not particularly desiring a fight so late in the day, but still not shunning it in case we could have a respectable chance. About two P. M., as we had crawled to the top of a hill, whither we had been ourselves pulling Magruder's battery and the mountain howitzers, we suddenly espied Valencia fortified on a hill about two hundred yards off, and strongly re-enforced by a column which had just come out of the city. We laid down close to avoid drawing their fire, while the battery moved past at a full gallop. Just then, Gen. Smith's manly voice rung out, '*Forward the rifles —to support the battery.*' On they went until we got about eight hundred yards from the work, when the enemy opened upon them with the long guns, which were afterwards found to be sixteen and eight-inch howitzers. The ground was the worst possible for artillery, covered with rocks large and small, prickly-pear and cactus, intersected by ditches filled with water and lined with maguey-plant, itself imperviable to cavalry, and with patches of corn which concealed the enemy's skirmishers, while it impeded our own passage. The artillery advanced but slowly under a most tremendous fire, which greatly injured it before it could be got in range, and the thickness of the undergrowth caused the skirmishers thrown forward to lose their relative position, as well as the column. About four, the battery got in position under a most murderous fire of grape, canister, and round-shot. Here the superiority of the enemy's pieces rendered our fire nugatory. We could get but *three* pieces in battery, while they had *twenty-seven*, all of them three times the calibre of ours. For two hours our troops stood the storm of iron and lead they hailed upon them, unmoved. At every discharge they laid flat down to

* The Mexican War and Its Heroes.

avoid the storm, and then sprung up to serve the guns. At the end of that time, two of the guns were dismounted, and we badly hurt: thirteen of the horses were killed and disabled, and fifteen of the cannoniers killed and wounded. The regiment was then recalled. The lancers had been repelled in three successive charges. The third infantry and first artillery had also engaged and successfully repelled the enemy's skirmishers without losing either officers or men. The greatest loss had been at the batteries. Officers looked gloomy for the first day's fight, but the brigade was formed, and Gen. Smith in person took command. All felt revived, and followed him with a yell, as, creeping low to avoid the grape, (which was coming very fast,) we made a circuit in rear of the batteries; and, passing off to the right, we were soon lost to view in the chaparral and cactus.

"Passing over the path that we scrambled through, behold us at almost six o'clock in the evening, tired, hungry, and sorrowful, emerging from the chaparral and croosing the road between it and Valencia. Here we found Cadwalader and his brigade already formed, and discovered Riley's brigade skirmishing in rear of the enemy's works. Valencia was ignorant of our approach, and we were as yet safe. In front of us was Valencia, strongly entrenched on a hill-side and surrounded by a regular field-work, concealed from us by an orchard in our rear. Mendoza, with a column of six thousand, was in the road, but thinking us to be friends. On our right was a large range of hills whose continued crest was parallel to the road, and in which were formed in line of battle five thousand of the best Mexican cavalry. On our left we were separated from our own forces by an almost impassible wilderness, and it was now twilight. Even Smith looked round for help. Suddenly a thousand *vivas* came across the hill-side like the yells of prairie wolves in the dead of night, and the squadrons on our right formed for charging. Smith is himself again! 'Face to the rear!' 'Wait till you see their red caps, and then give it to them!" Furiously they came on a few yards, then changed their minds, and, disgusted at our cool reception, retired to their couches.

"On the edge of the road, between us and Valencia, a Mexican hamlet spread out, with its mud huts, large orchards, deep-cut roads, and a strong church; and through the centre of this hamlet ran a path parallel to the main road, but concealed from it; it is nearly a mile long. In this road Smith's and Riley's brigade bivouacked. Shields, who came up in the night, lay in the orchard, while Cadwalader was nearest the enemy's works. As we were within range of their batteries, which could enfilade the road in which we lay, we built a stone breastwork at either end to conceal ourselves from their view and grape. There we were, completely surrounded by the enemy, cut off from our communications, ignorant of the ground, without artillery, weary, dispirited, and dejected. We were a disheartened set. With Santa Anna and Salas's promise of 'no quarter,' a force of four to one against us, and one-half defeated already, no succour from Puebla, and no news from Gen. Scott, all seemed dark. Suddenly the words came whispered along, '*We storm at midnight.*' Now we are ourselves again! But what a horrible night! There we lay, too tired to eat, too wet to sleep, in the middle of that muddy road, officers and men side by side, with a heavy rain pouring down upon us, the officers without blankets or overcoats (they had lost them in coming across), and the men worn out with fatigue. About midnight the rain was so heavy that the streams in the road flooded us, and there we stood crowded together, drenched and benumbed, waiting for daylight.

"At half-past three the welcome word '*fall in*' was passed down, and we commenced our march. The enemy's works were on a hill-side, behind which rose other and slightly higher hills, separated by deep ravines and gullies, and intersected by streams. The whole face of the country was of stiff clay, which rendered it almost impossible to advance. We formed our line about a quarter of a mile from the enemy's works, Riley's brigade on our right. At about four we started, winding through a thick orchard which effectually concealed us, even had it not been dark, debouching into a deep ravine which ran within about five hundred yards of the work, and which carried us directly in rear and out of sight of their bat-

teries. At dawn of day we reached our place, after incredible exertions, and got ready for our charge. The men threw off their wet blankets and looked to their pieces, while the officers got ready for a rush, and the first smile that lit up our faces for twelve hours boded but little good for the Mexicans. On the right, and opposite the right of their work, was Riley's brigade of the Second and First infantry and Fourth artillery, next the rifles, then the First artillery and Third infantry. In rear of our left was Cadwalader's brigade, as a support, with Shield's brigade in the rear as a reserve—the whole division under command of Gen. Smith, in the absence of Gen. Twiggs. They had a smooth place to rush down on the enemy's work, with the brow of the hill to keep under until the word was given.

"At last, just at daylight, Gen. Smith, slowly walking up, asked if all was ready. A look answered him. '*Men, forward!*' And we *did* 'forward.' Springing up at once, Riley's brigade opened, when the crack of a hundred rifles startled the Mexicans from their astonishment, and they opened their fire. Useless fire! for we were so close that they overshot us, and before they could turn their pieces on us we were on them. Then such cheers arose as you never heard. The men rushed forward like demons, yelling and firing the while. The carnage was frightful, and, though they fired sharply, it was of no use. The earthen parapet was cleared in an instant, and the blows of the stocks could be plainly heard mingled with the yells and groans around. Just before the charge was made, a large body of lancers came winding up the road, looking most splendidly in their brilliant uniforms. They never got to the work, but turned and fled. In an instant all was one mass of confusion, each trying to be foremost in the flight. The road was literally blocked up, and, while many perished by their own guns, it was almost impossible to fire on the mass from the danger of killing our own men. Some fled up the ravine on the left, or on the right, and many of these were slain by turning their own guns on them. Towards the city the rifles and Second infantry led off the pursuit. Seeing that a large crowd of the fugitives were jammed up in a pass in the road, some of our

men ran through the cornfield, and by thus heading them off and firing down upon them, about thirty men took over five hundred prisoners, nearly a hundred of them officers. After disarming the prisoners, as the pursuit had ceased, we went back to the fort, where we found our troops in full possession, the rout complete.

"We found that the enemy's position was much stronger than we had supposed, and their artillery much larger and more abundant. Our own loss was small, which may be accounted for by their perfect surprise at our charge, as to them we appeared as if rising out of the earth, so unperceived was our approach. Our loss was one officer killed, Capt. Hanson, of the Seventh infantry, and Lieut. Van Buren, of the rifles, shot through the leg, and about fifty men killed and wounded. Their force consisted of eight thousand men, under Valencia, with a reserve, which had not yet arrived, under Santa Anna. Their loss, as since ascertained, was as follows: Killed, and buried since the fight, seven hundred and fifty; wounded, one thousand; and fifteen hundred prisoners, exclusive of officers, including four generals—Salas, Mendoza, Garcia, and Gaudalupe—in addition to dozens of colonels, majors, captains, etc. We captured, in all, on the hill twenty-two pieces of cannon, including five eight-inch howitzers, two long eighteens, three long sixteens, and several of twelve and eight inches. In addition were taken immense quantities of ammunition and muskets; in fact, the way was strewd with muskets, escopets, lances, and flags for miles. Large quantities of horses and mules were also captured, though large numbers were killed.

"Thus ended the glorious battle of Contreros, in which two thousand men, under Gen. P. F. Smith, completely routed and destroyed an army of eight thousand men, under Gen. Valencia, with Santa Anna and a force of twenty thousand men within five miles. Their army was so completely routed that not fifteen hundred men rejoined Santa Anna and participated in the second battle. Most people would have thought that a pretty good day's work. Not so. We had only saved ourselves, not conquered Mexico, and men's work was before us yet.

"At eight A. M. we formed again, and Gen. Twiggs having taken command, we started on the road to Mexico. We had hardly marched a mile before we were sharply fired upon from both sides of the road, and our right was deployed to drive the enemy in. We soon found that we had caught up with the retreating party, from the very brisk firing in front, and we drove them through the little town of San Angelo, where they had been halting in force. About half a mile from this town we entered the suburbs of another called San Katherina, when a large party in the church-yard fired on the head of the column, and the balls came right among us. Our men kept rushing on their rear and cutting them down, until a discharge of grape-shot from a large piece in front drove them back to the column. In this short space of time five men were killed, ten taken prisoners, and a small color captured, which was carried the rest of the day.

"Meanwhile Gen. Worth had made a demonstration on San Antonio, where the enemy was fortified in a strong hacienda; but they retired on his approach to Churubusco, where the works were deemed impregnable. They consisted of a fortified hacienda, which was surrounded by a high and thick wall on all sides. Inside the wall was a stone building, the roof of which was flat, and higher than the walls. Above all this was a stone church, still higher than the rest, and having a large steeple. The wall was pierced with loop-holes, and so arranged that there were two tiers of men firing at the same time. They thus had four different ranges of men firing at once, and four ranks were formed on each range, and placed at such a height that they could not only overlook all the surrounding country, but at the same time they had a plunging fire upon us. Outside the hacienda, and completely commanding the avenues of approach, was a field-work extending around two sides of the fort, and protected by a deep, wet ditch, and armed with seven large pieces. This hacienda is at the commencement of the causeway leading to the western gate of the city, and had to be passed before getting on the road. About three hundred yards in rear of this work another field-work had been built where a cross-road meets the causeway, at a point where

it crosses a river, thus forming a bridge head, or *tête de pont*. This was also very strong, and armed with three large pieces of cannon. The works were surrounded on every side by large corn-fields, which were filled with the enemy's skirmishers, so that it was difficult to make a reconnoissance. It was therefore decided to make the attack immediately, as they were full of men, and extended for nearly a mile on the road to the city, completely covering the causeway. The attack commenced about one P. M. General Twiggs' division attacked on the side towards which they approached the fort; that is, opposite the city. Gen. Worth's attacked the bridge head, which he took in about an hour and a half; while Gens. Pillow and Quitman were on the extreme left, between the causeway and Twiggs' division. The rifles were on the left and in rear of the work, entrusted by Gen. Scott with the task of charging it in case Gen. Pierce gave way. The firing was most tremendous—in fact, one continued roll while the combat lasted. The enemy, from their elevated station, could readily see our men, who were unable to get a clear view from their position. Three of the pieces were manned by 'the deserters,' a body of about one hundred, who had deserted from the ranks of our army during the war. They were enrolled in two companies, commanded by a deserter, and were better uniformed and disciplined than the rest of the army. These men fought most desperately, and are said not only to have shot down several of our officers whom they knew, but to have pulled down the white flag of surrender no less than three times.

"The battle raged most furiously for about three hours, when, both sides having lost a great many, the enemy began to give way. As soon as they commenced retreating, Kearney's squadron passed through the *tête de pont*, and charging through the retreating column, pursued them to the very gate of the city. When our men got within about five hundred yards of the gate they were opened upon with grape and canister, and several officers wounded. The official returns give our loss in killed and wounded at one thousand one hundred and fifty, besides officers. The Mexican loss is five hundred killed in the second battle, one thousand wounded, and eleven hundred prisoners,

exclusive of officers. Three more generals were taken, among them Gen. Rincon, and Anaya, the Provisional President; also ten pieces of cannon, and an immense amount of ammunition and stores. Santa Anna, in his report, states his loss in killed, wounded, and missing, at twelve thousand. He has only eighteen thousand left out of thirty thousand, which he gives as his force on the twentieth in both actions.

"Thus ended the battle of Churubusco, one of the most furious and deadly, for its length, of any of the war. For reasons which he deemed conclusive, Gen. Scott did not enter the city that night, but encamped on the battle-field, about four miles from the western gate of the city. The next day a flag of truce came out, and propositions were made which resulted in an armistice."

## CHAPTER LXI.

TERMINATION OF THE ARMISTICE—THE BATTLE OF MOLINOS DEL REY—THE SIEGE OF THE CAPITAL—THE CITY OF MEXICO OCCUPIED—THE AMERICAN FLAG FLOATING FROM THE MEXICAN NATIONAL PALACE.

AN ARMISTICE was concluded on the twenty-fourth of August between Gen. Scott and President Santa Anna, with a view of terminating the war and effecting a treaty of peace. Negotiations at once commenced, but terminated on the seventh of September, when both armies assumed hostile attitudes. On the date last mentioned, a large body of Mexicans was discovered hovering about Molinos del Rey, within a mile of the American camp and Gen. Scott's headquarters. Gen. Worth was at once ordered to attack the enemy at this point, and his division being re-enforced, he moved forward to battle. The position of the Mexicans was well taken. Their left rested upon and occupied a group of strong stone buildings, called El Molino del Rey, adjoining the grove at the foot of the hill of Chapultepec, and directly under the guns of the castle which crowned its rummit. The right of his line rested upon another stone building, called Casa Mata, situated at the foot of the ridge that slopes gradually from the heights above the village of Tacubaya to the plain below. Midway between these buildings was the enemy's field battery, and his infantry forces were disposed on either side to support it. "The early dawn," says Worth, "was the moment appointed for the attack, which was announced to the troops, by the opening of Huger's guns on El Molinos del Rey, upon which they continued to play actively until this point of the enemy's line became sensibly shaken, when the assaulting party, commanded by Wright, and guided by that accomplished officer, Capt. Mason,

of the engineers, assisted by Lieut. Foster, dashed gallantly forward to the assault."

* Unshaken by the galling fire of musketry and canister that was showered upon them, on they rushed, driving the infantry and artillerymen at the point of the bayonet. The enemy's field battery was taken, and his own guns were trailed upon his retreating masses; before, however, they could be discharged, perceiving that he had been dispossessed of this strong position by comparatively a handful of men, he made a desperate effort to regain it. Accordingly, his retiring forces rallied and formed with this object. Aided by the infantry, which covered the house-tops (within reach of which the battery had been moved during the night,) the enemy's whole line opened upon the assaulting party a terrific fire of musketry, which struck down *eleven* out of *fourteen* officers that composed the command, and non-commissioned officers and men in proportion; including among the officers Brev.-Major Wright, the commander; Capt. Mason and Lieut. Foster, engineers; all severely wounded. This severe shock staggered for a moment that gallant band. The light battalion, held to cover Huger's battery, under Capt. E. Kirby Smith, and the right wing of Cadwalader's brigade, were promptly ordered forward to support, which order was executed in the most gallant style; the enemy was again routed, and this point of his line carried, and fully possessed by our troops. In the meantime, Garland's brigade, ably sustained by Capt. Drum's artillery, assaulted the enemy's left, and, after an obstinate and very severe contest, drove him from this apparently impregnable position, immediately under the guns of the castle of Chapultepec. Drum's section, and the battering guns under Capt. Huger, advanced to the enemy's position, and the captured guns of the enemy were now opened on his retreating forces, on which they continued to fire until beyond their reach. While this work was in progress of accomplishment by the center and right, the troops on the left were not idle. Duncan's battery opened on the right of the enemy's line, up to this time engaged; and the second brigade, under Col. McIntosh, was now ordered to

* Gen. Worth's Report.

assault the extreme right of the enemy's line. The direction of this brigade soon caused it to mask Duncan's battery, the fire of which, for the moment, was discontinued; and the brigade moved steadily on to the assault of Casa Mata, which, instead of an ordinary field entrenchment, as was supposed, proved to be a strong stone citadel, surrounded with bastioned entrenchments and impassable ditches—an old Spanish work, recently repaired and enlarged. When within easy musket range, the enemy opened a most deadly fire upon the advancing troops, which was kept up, without intermission, until the gallant men reached the very slope of the parapet of the work that surrounded the citadel.* By this time a large proportion of the command was either killed or wounded, among whom were the three senior officers present, Brevet-Col. McIntosh, Brevet Lieut.-Col. Scott, of the fifth infantry, and Major Waite, eighth infantry; the second killed, and the first and last desperately wounded. Still, the fire from the citadel was unabated. In this crisis of the attack, the command was momentarily thrown into disorder, and fell back on the left of Duncan's battery, where they rallied. As the second brigade moved to the assault, a very large cavalry and infantry force was discovered approaching rapidly upon the left flank, to re-enforce the enemy's right. As soon as Duncan's battery was masked, as before mentioned, supported by Andrews's voltigeurs, of Cadwalader's brigade, it moved promptly to the extreme left of the line to check the threatened assault on this point. The enemy's cavalry came rapidly within canister range, when the whole battery opened a most effective fire, which soon broke the squadrons and drove them back in disorder. During this fire upon the enemy's cavalry, Major Sumner's command moved to the front, and changed direction in admirable order, under a most appalling fire from the Casa Mata. This movement enabled his command to cross the ravine immediately on the left of Duncan's battery, where it remained, doing noble service until the close of the action. At the very moment the cavalry were driven beyond reach, the American troops drew back from before the Casa Mata, and enabled the guns of Dun-

* Gen. Worth's Report.

can's battery to re-open upon this position, which, after a short and well-directed fire, the enemy abandoned. The guns of the battery were now turned upon the retreating columns, and continued to play upon them until beyond reach. The Mexicans were now driven from every point of the field, and their strong lines, which had certainly been defended well, were in Worth's possession. In fulfillment of the instructions of Gen. Scott, the Casa Mata was blown up, and such of the captured ammunition as was useless to the Americans, as well as the cannon-moulds found in El Molinos del Rey, were destroyed. After which, Worth's command, under the orders of the general-in-chief, returned to quarters at Tacubaya, with three of the enemy's four guns, as also a large quantity of small arms, with gun and musket ammunition, and exceeding eight hundred prisoners, including fifty-two commissioned officers. * By the concurrent testimony of prisoners, the enemy's force exceeded fourteen thousand men, commanded by Gen. Santa Anna in person. His total loss, killed (including the second and third in command, Gens. Valdarez and Leon), wounded, and prisoners, amounted to three thousand, exclusive of some two thousand who deserted after the rout. Worth's command, re-enforced as before stated, only reached three thousand one hundred men of all arms. The contest continued two hours, and its severity was painfully attested by the heavy loss of American officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, including in the first two classes some of the brightest ornaments of the service.

But why horrify the reader with all the bloody details of this siege? A series of battles of forty-eight hour's continuance followed Worth's triumph at Molinos del Rey, after which, on the fourteenth of September, 1847, Gen. Scott's glorious army hoisted the flag of the United States on the walls of the National Palace of Mexico. Immediately on entering the Palace, the following order was issued:

"The general-in-chief calls upon his brethren in arms to return both in public and private worship, thanks and gratitude to God for the signal triumphs which they have recently

* Gen. Worth's Report.

achieved for their country. Beginning with the nineteenth of August, this army has gallantly fought its way through the fields and forts of Contreras, San Antonio, Churubusco, Molinos del Rey, Chapultepec and the gates of San Casone and Tacubaya or Belén, into the Capital of Mexico. When the very limited numbers who have performed these brilliant deeds shall have become known, the world will be astonished and our own countrymen filled with joy and admiration. But all is not yet done. The enemy, though scattered and dismayed, has still many fragments of his late army hovering about us, and, aided by an exasperated population, he may again reunite in treble our numbers, and fall upon us to advantage if we rest inactive on the security of past victories." * *

Retiring from the capital, Gen. Santa Anna collected several fragments of his army, and laid siege to Puebla, which was poorly garrisoned. The siege was prosecuted with considerable vigor for twenty-eight days, and nobly repulsed by the commander, Col. Childs, who had been left to guard the place with a feeble garrison. And here, without following Gens. Scott and Butler through all the war of detail that completed the conquest of Mexico, or the military and diplomatic disputes that finally terminated in a peace between that country and the United States, we will return to the main current of our narrative, from which I have so widely diverged—the wars with the Indians.

## CHAPTER LXII.

WARS WITH THE INDIANS IN NEW MEXICO—THE MASSACRE OF THE WHITE FAMILY—BRUTALITY OF THE APACHES—THE WARS WITH UTAHS AND APACHES—THE SETTLEMENTS IN NEW MEXICO INVADED BY HOSTILE INDIANS—A BRILLIANT COMPANY—SEVEN BATTLES—PEACE.

LET US now return to New Mexico, which has become a part of our own truly great nation. No sooner had the United States forces occupied that territory than the neighboring Indians raised the hatchet in defiance. The insolence of the Mexican settlers had wrought hard upon their native thirst for vengeance, and the presence of an American military force irritated their rage to fury. At this time, 1848-9, Col. Beall was commanding the United States forces in New Mexico, and had established his headquarters at Taos. The Indians with whom he had to deal were, for the most part, Apaches, who, among all the western tribes have given the United States government the most trouble. They were never to be trusted. In war they were treacherous, in peace they were always finding cause for new quarrels. But we must not suppose that these constant outbreaks were always without a reason—a cause sometimes founded in just complaint. The savages were not always to blame. They were not responsible for their creation, and it is unreasonable to suppose that they should have put themselves to death, with a view to accommodating American pioneers—or even to quietly submit to having their best hunting grounds taken from them without making a faint resistance. The Indian had a right to make war upon the Americans; his only wrong was in not conquering them—a wrong for which his race has suffered total extermination. As a rule,

the Indians, and more especially the western tribes, have been held to a strict account for their depredations upon the whites. No one should complain of this, not even the Indians themselves. Unhappily, on the contrary, those who have been appointed over them in official position by the United States government, have not been held to a strict account for their depredations upon the savages. But the savages had no representatives in Congress; they had orators, but no statesmen, and the story of their wrongs will die with them, unless a jealous nation shall perpetuate it in history.

The Apaches were an obstinate race of Indians. They were brave, too, for the chief source of their ruin has been the battle-field. Long before the United States troops entered New Mexico, these fierce natives had been a terror to the Spanish settlers there. They had invaded the settlements from every quarter, and it required every exertion of the Mexicans to hold them in check. For ten long years the Apaches had at frequent intervals, invaded the settlements of this interior Mexican state with furious onset, spreading the terrors of massacre throughout the peaceful villages. But now, in 1848, their progress was barred by the arms of a superior foe.

No sooner had Col. Beall been appointed to the office already mentioned, than he became possessed of the conviction which has ever invaded the breasts of United States officers on attaining a similar position—that the only sure plan of making peace with the Indians was to exterminate them. With this righteous determination he despatched a junior officer with a strong force, with orders to pursue the Apaches, overtake them, and punish them. The order was obeyed, and the expedition started. This time, however, providence had defended the savages. The snow was too deep for the pursuit, and the gallant army returned to Taos. But Col. Beall was dissatisfied, and after listening to the report of his subordinate officer he replied: "that there was no such word as impracticability in the soldiers vocabulary, and that nothing ought to be impossible for the first regiment of United States Dragoons to accomplish." Col. Beall took the detachment under his own immediate command, and with the famous Kit Carson as guide, he

set out for the country of the Apaches. It was a long and fatiguing march, and required all the courage and perseverance of the men and animals, but the rugged mountains were crossed, and fruitless days spent in the valley beyond in the search for the enemy. At length, when signs of Indians were no where to be found, the dragoons turned their faces homeward, but as they were slowly making a difficult mountain pass, known as the *Sangre de Christo*, a village of the hostile Indians suddenly appeared before them. A charge was ordered, but the tired animals could make so little progress in the deep snow that all the savages, except two old chiefs, made their escape in safety. Col. Beall gave these men a severe "talk" and dismissed them, after which his tired dragoons were permitted to return to Taos.

It was not long before the military commander of New Mexico received intelligence that his Apache enemies had committed another wicked murder, the details of which are heartrending. A Santa Fé merchant had been to the United States for the purpose of purchasing a supply of goods. On his return the train was escorted by a small force of men. The prairies and mountains had been crossed in safety, and the caravan was nearing Santa Fé, when Mr. White, thinking that all danger had been passed, drove in advance with his private carriage, in which he was accompanied by his wife and child. A few men brought up the immediate rear as an escort. He had proceeded but a few miles when he was attacked by a band of Apaches. The Indians had concealed themselves in the rocks on either side of the trail, and as the carriage neared their hiding places they poured forth a volley upon the travelers with terrible effect. Every man in the escort, including Mr. White, fell pierced by Indian bullets. But Mrs. White and her child were reserved for the horrors of captivity.

As soon as the news of this disaster reached New Mexico, a command was organized for the purpose of pursuing the Indians, and, if possible, rescuing Mrs. White. In due time this party arrived at the place where the butchery had been consummated. Here were many evidences of Indian cruelty, but the exasperated party did not wait long to examine these.

Finding the trail, they pursued the savages for twelve days before coming up with them. During the march they met many evidences which convinced them that Mrs. White was still living. At the camping grounds of the savages were found several remnants of her dress, which appeared to have been torn from her in a struggle with her captives. At length the enemy was in full view. At this critical point the Americans stopped to hold a consultation as to the best mode of attacking the savages. This was a fatal mistake, for had they charged upon the enemy Mrs. White might have been rescued alive. Yet there was little to be regretted. Her person was so fearfully mutilated that she could not have long survived the shock. The position of her body showed that a bullet had pierced her heart while attempting to escape to her friends, whom she had observed. Her child had fallen a prey to the merciless tomahawk, many days before.

In this affair the Americans succeeded in killing but three warriors, wounding several others, and capturing the camp equippage. On their return they were overtaken by a terrible snow storm, from which one of their men perished.

But it will be impossible to mention all the outbreaks which have characterized the border wars between the settlers of New Mexico and the Apache Indians, in this volume. I have space only to describe some of the more important battles of this war. When Kit Carson was appointed to the position of Indian Agent at Taos, in New Mexico, the Apaches were at the height of their discontent, and with every day came reports of their lawless acts. The settlers in Northern New Mexico had been driven from their homes, robbed and murdered, and the savage invaders, gloating over their success, were fast becoming bolder in their attacks. Lieut. Bell, of the Second Regiment of United States dragoons, was now sent against these Indians. After a short march he came upon them on the Red river, and at once made an attack. At first the savages returned their fire, but the soldiers made repeated charges, and penetrated through and through the Indian ranks. They were compelled to fall back and retreat. In this battle the Apaches lost many warriors. Among the slain was their principal chief, whose

death was a severe blow to the tribe. The Americans lost two soldiers killed, and several seriously wounded.

Not more than ten days after this battle news was received at Taos that a strong band of Apache warriors was encamped in the mountains, not twenty miles distant. This report was soon confirmed by the hostile appearance of these Indians among the settlements, which resulted in one of the most thrilling battles ever fought by American soldiers against the Apaches. It was as follows: Lieut. Davidson (now Lieutenant-Colonel of the Tenth United States cavalry), with a command of sixty men belonging to the First regiment of United States dragoons, started out to repulse the savage invaders. He marched to the *Embuda mountains*, where he came upon the enemy. The Indians were prepared for the assault, having taken a strong position. The strength of the Apaches in this contest was two hundred and forty warriors, and the advantages of their position seemed to defy approach. After a consultation with his officers, Lieut. Davidson concluded to make an attempt to draw the savages from their position by proposing to hold a talk with them. This plan failed, and he next resolved to hazard an attack. He ordered his men to dismount, and leaving the horses in charge of a small guard, the soldiers began the ascent of the mountain for the purpose of reaching the stronghold of the enemy. They succeeded in dislodging the savages, with the loss of five of their men killed, notwithstanding they met with a desperate resistance; but when the brave soldiers reached the top of the mountain, they found, to their great disappointment, that instead of taking to flight, the Indians were surrounding them. Lieut. Davidson now faced his little command about and commenced the return march, with a view of saving their horses. During this march both soldiers and Indians fought with commendable courage. The latter obstinately contested every inch of the ground, but the former, after a severe struggle, secured the animals. However, the fight did not end here. The Indians became bolder at seeing the weakness of the Americans, and, confident in the superiority of their own numbers, they continued the pursuit with great energy. When the horses had been reached, the

soldiers faced about and threw back a volley at their pursuers, but the Indians were so well secured behind trees that the balls were spent in vain. At this point Lieut. Davidson ordered a retreat. Seeing this the savages took new courage, and charged down the mountain, yelling the war whoop, and rushing upon the soldiers. The latter beat them off with their guns, but the Indians pursued the retreating party with such boldness, that, by the time they reached the road in the valley at the foot of the mountain, twenty of their men had been killed, and nearly all the survivors wounded. Thus two hundred and forty Apaches had driven back sixty soldiers, killing one-third of them, and wounding nearly every one who escaped death.

When the news of this disaster reached Taos, the inhabitants became greatly excited. An expedition was immediately formed for the purpose of bringing in the dead bodies of the fallen soldiers, in which both Americans and Mexicans freely volunteered. On reaching the field the dead were found, but the bodies were horribly mutilated and stripped of all clothing.

No sooner had this expedition returned to Taos than a large body of American troops were made ready to pursue and punish the Apaches, who had gained a victory over Lieut. Davidson's command. This expedition was commanded by Col. Cook, of the second regiment of United States dragoons. Besides the regulars, Col. Cook employed for this expedition some forty men selected from the Mexican and Pueblo Indians. These were to be used as spies, on account of their familiarity with Indian habits. They were commanded by James H. Quinn, a well known and prominent citizen of New Mexico.

Col. Cook's command marched from Taos, ten miles north to a stream known as Arroya Hondo, and thence to the Rio del Norte. The fording of this river was attended with many difficulties, but was executed in a gallant manner by the soldiers. On the opposite shore new difficulties were presented. In their front rose a precipice at least six hundred feet in height. Up the zigzag trail in this rocky bank, the soldiers bent their course, and after a tedious effort they mounted the summit and commenced their journey over a rough country, in which they continued for six days before the Indians were

overhauled. The band of Apaches had been traveling slowly, and their animals were, consequently, in good spirits, while, on the contrary, the horses of the Americans were nearly exhausted. Thus when their strength was most needed, it was too far spent to be of much service. The Indians discovered their pursuers in time to make their escape, not however, without losing many of their warriors and most of their camp equipage. Thus, after a long and wearisome march, the soldiers were compelled to return, without rendering their enemies the justice they so richly deserved.

Soon after, another expedition against the Apaches was undertaken by Major Brooks, of the Third Regiment of United States dragoons. He had no difficulty in discovering the trail of the enemy, but it soon led him into the country of the Utahs, where it was crossed and re-crossed by the trails of the Utahs until his guides could not tell the Apache from the Utah trail. The result of this was that his command, after being on the march fifteen days, was compelled to return without accomplishing anything.

But these hostile Indians were not permitted to escape without further punishment. Another expedition was made ready and placed under the command of Major Carlton, of the First Regiment of United States dragoons. The march was taken up, and in due time the trail was discovered which led to the Indian encampment on "Fisher's Peak" in the Raton mountains. Climbing to the summit, they routed the Indians with a heavy loss, capturing about forty horses and nearly all their camp equipage.

But these details soon resulted in a formidable Indian war. Outrages had been committed upon the Utahs, and this nation waited only the distribution of their annuities before joining the Apaches against the settlements. And now the forests of New Mexico were filled with hostile savages, who were preparing to rush upon the villages, painted for battle. Travelers were waylaid and murdered, towns were attacked and the inhabitants murdered or made captives. Thus matters continued until every settlement in New Mexico was filled with consternation. Terror seized the defenseless inhabitants, but

there was no way open for mercy in flight, for the isolated towns of this territory were far away from a place of refuge. Indian depredations were continued until nearly half the horses, mules, cattle and sheep in the territory were captured by the savages.

The Utahs, by whose strong, fierce warriors the Apaches had been re-enforced, were led to battle by their renowned war chief Blanco, who had become famous in all the west for great bravery and skill in war. Being thus strengthened, the savages set the United States forces at defiance. At Fort Massachusetts, in northern New Mexico, affairs soon became critical. It was impossible to leave the fort without falling into the merciless hands of the lurking savages, and the towns for many miles around disappeared in smoke and flame, while the inhabitants either perished under the tomahawk, or were made prisoners. At length the fort became an object of conquest, and the savages congregated in the neighboring forest for the purpose of laying plans for the destruction of the little garrison. Every precaution was taken by the troops to save the fort. Breastworks were thrown up on the block house attached to the fort, so that the soldiers could be well protected in case of an attack. Sentinels were posted in these, and the the guards were doubled. Preparations were also made against fire, and every step calculated to ensure safety was taken, and it was well that these precautionary measures were taken, for it was afterwards discovered that the savages remained in the vicinity of the fort several days, waiting in vain for an opportunity to attack it.

It was not possible that this state of affairs should long continue without some opposition on the part of the United States authorities in New Mexico. The Governor issued a proclamation calling upon the people to volunteer for the purpose of defending their lives and property, and of repelling the savages. The call was promptly responded to, and in a few days six companies, each containing eighty volunteers, were mounted and equipped. The troops had the power to elect their own officers, by and with the advice and consent of the Governor. Each man furnished himself with a horse, and was to receive thirty

dollars per month from the government for his services. Mr. Ceran St. Vrain, of Taos, was selected as the leader of the volunteers, having the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel conferred upon him by the Governor. His appointment was received by the people with approval, for with such a force, and with so brave and judicious a commander, they felt that they were to be delivered from the constant and increasing hostilities of the Indians. Early in February, 1855, Col. T. T. Fauntleroy arrived at Taos from Fort Union, a post not very far distant, in that Territory. By orders from the War Department, Col. Fauntleroy had been appointed to the chief command of the whole expedition. His command, when completed, consisted of four companies of Mexican volunteers, two companies of dragoons, one company of artillery, who were performing duty as a rifle corps, and one company of spies. The other two companies of volunteers were sent out to protect some of the frontier towns from further Indian depredations. The artillery company was not mounted, but succeeded in keeping up with the horses when the mountains had been reached.

With Kit Carson as guide, the troops under Col. Fauntleroy set out for Fort Massachusetts. Reaching this post, they wasted no time, but continued in the direction of the hostile Indians. The march from Fort Massachusetts to the mountains by the route of the great cañon of the Rio Grande del Norte, was attended with many hardships, which were not decreased by its continuation to the Saquachi Pass, bordering the valley of San Luis. At this point the main trail of the Indians was discovered, and subsequently the Indians themselves. The latter were in their war dress, about two hundred and fifty strong, and on seeing the advance company of spies, arrayed themselves in battle order to receive them. The spies pretended to be arranging for an attack, when really they were only holding the attention of the savages until the volunteers should arrive. In the meantime the great war chief, Blanco, was seen riding to and fro in front of his lines, giving orders, and apparently in high hope of victory. When the main body had advanced to the proper point, being still unobserved by the savages they prepared for the charge. In a moment more the

bugle sounded the command, and away dashed the enthusiastic soldiers, eager for the battle. As they galloped in sight the Indians saw the truth of their situation, and turned to fly, but for many of them it was too late. In a few minutes the soldiers were among them, and the work of slaughter commenced. The savages wasted no time to return the fire, but kept up the flight, their ranks thinning by the steady fire of the volunteers as they advanced along the valley. The running fight was continued for nearly eight miles, when the Indians who had not fallen escaped to the mountains. On the following morning the volunteers made preparations and started in pursuit of the Indians, which they kept up for several days. Finally they discovered the enemy, and after a hard fight they routed them a second time, with severe loss. Having thus thoroughly punished these hostile Indians, the whole command returned to Fort Massachusetts. In this campaign Col. Fauntleroy's little army suffered no loss beyond a few slightly wounded. The Mexicans had shown themselves worthy so brave a commander, and had executed his orders with a firmness and gallantry truly commendable.

The command remained at this post for several months, recruiting their tired and weary animals, and preparing for a new campaign. When the preparations had been completed, the soldiers were divided into two parties, one under Col. St. Vrain, and the other under Col. Fauntleroy. The latter commander proceeded to the headwaters of the Arkansas, where he came upon a fresh trail, which led directly to a large village of Apaches and Utahs, which was discovered by the Americans, whose presence was unobserved by the Indians. When the command reached an eminence commanding a view of the village, its occupants were engaged in a war and scalp dance, making such hideous noises that they did not hear the sound of the approaching soldiers. They were having a merry time, not dreaming of danger, when a volley of rifle balls was poured in upon them, striking down many of the foremost participants. The surprise was complete, and so benumbed with fear and consternation were the savages that they knew not which way to turn for flight. Many of their bravest warriors were

shot down before the real danger was understood. The survivers flew to the woods for refuge, leaving everything behind. A few of the warriors, however, seized their rifles and returned the fire of the soldiers, killing two, and severely wounding four others.

In this contest our soldiers won a splendid victory for peace, for the lesson, although severe, proved a lasting reminder to those forgetful savages. In this affair the Indians lost all their provisions, ammunition, horses, and camp equipage, besides a large stock of valuable furs. It was the severest blow the Utahs and Apaches ever received at the hands of the United States government, and was richly deserved.

Not satisfied with this victory, Col. Fauntleroy pursued a trail which led to a village in which the celebrated Blanco resided. Coming upon this, the savages were routed with a heavy loss of their best warriors; and so hotly were they pursued that the brave Blanco came out upon a rock in the mountain side and asked the white chief in the plain below to grant him a "talk." He said his men were tired of war, and were anxious to conclude a lasting peace with their white brethren. In another moment a ball went whizzing by his head, which had been discharged from a Mexican's rifle for the purpose of dispatching him, but which had missed its object. Blanco disappeared suddenly. After scouring the country for many miles around, and severely chastising the Indians wherever they could be found, Col. Fauntleroy returned to Fort Massachusetts, where, to his great satisfaction, he learned that Col. St. Vrain, who had been sent out as before mentioned, had also encountered several strong bands of Indians, and dispersed them all with a severe chastisement.

I ought, perhaps, at this point, to explain that the Fort Massachusetts here referred to is not the one occupied at the present time. The one spoken of here was abandoned some years ago, and another bearing the same name was erected six miles from the original site, on the river Trinchera.

Cols. Fauntleroy and St. Vrain had thus terminated a brilliant Indian campaign. The Utahs and Apaches had been

engaged in seven battles, and had been routed as many times with the loss of all their camp equipage and over five hundred horses. Being thus defeated and punished on every hand, they sued for peace, which was granted them in a grand council held at Santa Fé.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

THE NAVAJO INDIANS JOIN THE REBELS — THEIR HOSTILE ATTITUDE — CARSON LEADS AN ARMY AGAINST THEM — TEN THOUSAND INDIANS TAKEN PRISONERS — ADVOCATES OF THE NEW RESERVATION POLICY — THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI — ITS EXTENT — CONDITION OF THE TRIBES IN THIS DIVISION IN 1866.

IN 1860, and, in fact, during the whole of the civil war in the United States, Indian affairs in New Mexico were unsettled. Many of the strongest bands became the allies of the Texans, and invaded the settlements that were supposed to be friendly to the Union, without mercy. Perhaps, among the tribes which thus assumed a hostile attitude, the Navajo Indians were the most troublesome. Indeed, for more than ten years they had defied the United States government, and now, allied with the rebels, they were unusually bold and dangerous. Their warriors numbered into the thousands, and were considered as formidable enemies. Soon after the War of the Rebellion broke out, two thousand picked men were placed under the command of Kit Carson, then Colonel of Volunteers, and ordered to march against these hostile Indians. Carson's command performed this service in a very satisfactory manner. Driving the Indians into a narrow ravine, and disposing of his forces so as to command every approach, Carson effected the surrender of ten thousand Indians, which is said to be the largest single capture of Indians ever known. For this gallant service Kit Carson was breveted with the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. Soon after, the captured Indians were placed on a reservation on one of the tributaries of the Arkansas river, and, at a later day, under Gen. Sherman's management, the same Indians were removed to a reservation in their own country, where they still remain, though reduced in numbers, and fallen from their primitive state.

This splendid victory over the savages most hostile to the people of New Mexico, put an end to the formidable Indian wars in that territory, with one or two exceptions, which I have yet to mention.

But with the termination of the war with the Sioux, a change in the Indian policy was felt to be much needed, both by the government and the people, as well as by the Indians themselves. Many of my readers will remember the appeal sent out by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, in which he said: "There is not a man in America who ever gave an hour's calm reflection to this subject, who does not know that our Indian system is an organized system of robbery, and has been for years a disgrace to the nation. It has left savage men without governmental control; it has looked on unconcerned at every crime against the law of God and man; it has fostered savage life by wasting thousands of dollars in the purchase of paint, beads, scalping-knives and tomahawks; it has fostered a system of trade which robbed the thrifty and virtuous to pay the debts of the indolent and vicious; it has squandered the funds for civilization and schools; it has connived at theft; it has winked at murder; and at last, after dragging the savage down to a brutishness unknown to his fathers, it has brought a harvest of blood to our own door."

This appeal met with a hearty support in all parts of the United States, and led to the petition from the Episcopal bishops and clergy of the Northern States to the President, in which the following timely suggestions were set forth:

"*First*—That it is impolitic for our government to treat a heathen community, living in our borders, as an independent nation, but that they ought to be regarded as our wards.

"*Second*—That it is dangerous to ourselves and to them, to leave these Indian tribes without a government, not subject to our laws, and when every corrupt influence of the border would inevitably foster a spirit of revenge leading to murder and war.

"*Third*—That the solemn responsibility of the care of a heathen race requires that the agents and servants of the government who have them in charge, shall be men of eminent

fitness, and in no case should such offices be regarded as a reward for political service.

"*Fourth*—That every feeling of honor and of justice demands that the Indian funds which we hold for them as a trust, shall be carefully expended under some well devised system which will encourage their efforts toward civilization.

"*Fifth*—That the present system of Indian trade is mischievous and demoralizing, and ought to be so amended as to protect the Indian and wholly to prevent the possibility of the sale of the patrimony of the tribe to satisfy individual debts.

"*Sixth*—That it is believed that the history of our dealings with the Indians has been marked by gross acts of injustice and robbery, such as could not be prevented under the present system of management, and that these wrongs have often proved the prolific cause of war and bloodshed.

* * * * * * "We feel that these results cannot be secured without much careful thought, and, therefore, request you to take such steps as may be necessary to appoint a commission of men of high character, who have no political ends to subserve, to whom may be referred this whole question, in order that they may devise a more perfect system for the administration of Indian affairs, which shall redress these wrongs, preserve the honor of the government and call down upon us the blessings of God."

In these sentiments the press of the country, for the most part, heartily concurred, and during President Grant's first term of office, the commission asked for in the foregoing petition, was appointed, but not until great evils had grown out of the old policy, as we shall see.

We must now go back a few years and bring forward the history of the wars between the United States and the Indians in regular order. At the close of the war of the rebellion in 1865–6, the whole territory of the United States was divided into five great military districts. The first of these to which our attention is directed, and which has, for many years, been the center of border warfares, is styled the Military Division of the Missouri. This military division embraced, in 1866, the vast region from the Mississippi river to the Rocky Moun-

tains, and from the south border of New Mexico to the British line on the north. In speaking of the condition of this important and extensive tract of territory in 1866, Gen. W. T. Sherman said: "The land on the eastern border is fertile and well adapted to settlement, but the western parts are a prairie, with good grasses, but generally devoid of trees or minerals, are subject to droughts, and are not inviting to settlers. Next in order are the mountainous Territories of Montana, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico, composed of high plateaus and mountains, containing minerals of every kind, with forests of timber and numerous valleys susceptible of high cultivation, either by means of the ordinary rains, or the more certain system of irrigation that has been begun within a comparatively recent period, and has been pushed with an energy and success that promises the best results. These new and mountain territories present a most interesting feature in our future development as a nation, and are, in my judgment, worthy the liberal and fostering care of the general government. Between these mountain territories and those of the river border lie the great plains of America, which have been well mapped and described by the hundreds of explorers that have traversed them from the time of the expeditions of Pike, and Lewis and Clark, as early as 1803, until the present moment. These plains can never be cultivated like Illinois, never be filled with inhabitants capable of self-government and self-defense as against Indians and marauders, but at best can become a vast pasture-field, open and free to all for the rearing of herds of horses, mules, cattle and sheep. The mountain territories seem to be more rapidly improving and assuming a condition of self-protection and defense, because the people can acquire fixed habitations and their property is generally grouped in valleys of some extent, or in localities of mines capable of sustaining a people strong enough to guard themselves against the predatory bands of nomadic Indians. Still, they occupy at this time an isolated position, presenting a thinly settled frontier in every direction, with a restless people branching out in search of a better place, or of better mines. To defend them perfectly is an utter impossibility, and all we can do is to aid

the people in self-defense, until in time they can take care of themselves, and to make the roads by which they travel or bring their stores from the older parts of our country as safe as the case admits of."

A review of the condition of the Indians in this military division in 1866, will afford us a good starting point for an account of the wars that followed. The wandering and war-like Sioux, who inhabited the country from Minnesota to Montana, and down as far as the Arkansas, had, for the previous ten years, been committing acts of hostility, that have been pronounced as impossible to foresee or to prevent. In like manner, the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, Kiowas, Camanches and Apaches, Navajoes and Utahs, though supposed to have been restricted to reservations, were, in 1866, unsettled, dissatisfied and beginning to assume a hostile attitude.

With this unpleasant condition of Indian affairs in the military division of the Missouri, something must be done, and General Sherman was called upon for his advice. He proposed to restrict the Sioux north of the Platte, west of the Missouri river and east of the route to Montana which leads from Fort Laramie to Virginia City, by way of Forts Reno, Philip, Kearney, Smith, etc. All Sioux found out of this reservation, without a proper pass from the military authorities, were to be duly punished. He further proposed to restrict the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Camanches, Kiowas, Apaches and Navajoes south of the Arkansas and east of Fort Union.

It will be observed that Sherman's policy would leave to settlers the exclusive use of the wide belt, east and west, between the Platte and the Arkansas, in which lie the two great railroads, and over which at that time, passed all the travel to the mountain territories. The Indian wars of the previous year had been of such a character as to require such steps as General Sherman recommended, which led to the hearty co-operation of the war department with his plan. Yet after all, when we consider the causes of Indian hostility at this period, a feeling of sympathy is awakened. And it is unecessary to turn away from official reports to find good grounds for this feeling. Gen. Pope, in reporting from Fort

Union, New Mexico, in 1866, speaks of the condition of the Indians in his department as follows: "The condition and feeling of the Ute Indians are unsatisfactory, not to say alarming. In addition to other causes of trouble, the southern bands of these Indians are suffering for food, many of them, indeed, are in a starving condition. Venison has become very scarce, and in the several attempts they have made to supply their actual necessities by hunting buffalo on the plains, they have been beaten in fight by their hereditary enemies, the Camanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, and driven back to the mountains. The Indian department has refused to supply them even with the scantiest food, and it is neither the business of the military, nor, in fact, as matters stand, is it in their power to supply these deficiencies. In this state of things, the Utes are compelled either to starve to death or supply their pressing wants by depredating upon the herds and flocks of the nearest settlements. These depredations, although trifling in the quantity of stock taken, occasion, of course, great dissatisfaction and uneasiness among the settlers, and have led to various violent acts which will very soon culminate in open and extensive hostilities, unless something is done to remedy this deplorable condition of things. The Indians are anxious to be at peace as they have always been, but they must kill a few cattle and sheep now and then, or starve. For such acts I can not consider them at war."

Here is a case, which has hundreds of parallel cases in the history of the American aborigines, where the Indians, having been deprived of their hunting grounds, brought upon themselves an avalanche of American bayonets for stealing the cattle and sheep of the settlers to prevent starvation. While at the same time the government refused to provide them the means of subsistence.

# CHAPTER LXIV.

INDIAN TROUBLES IN THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI IN 1867—THE HORRIBLE MASSACRE AT FORT PHIL. KEARNEY—INDIAN OUTBREAKS IN MONTANA—OUTRAGE AT SMOKY HILL, AND ALONG THE ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA—THE PEACE COMMISSION POLICY—INACTIVITY OF THE MILITARY.

ABOUT the close of the year 1866, a wagon train started from Fort Phil. Kearney—one of the outposts established the previous year to protect the wagon road leading from the North Platte to the new mining territory of Montana—after timber for the saw mill, and had proceeded but a short distance, with an armed escort, when firing was heard, and the alarm given that the train was attacked by Indians.

At this time Col. H. C. Carrington was commanding at Fort Kearney, and he immediately sent out a detachment of forty-nine men under the command of Capt. W. J. Fetterman, with orders to overtake the train, escort it back to the fort in safety, but not to pursue the enemy. Lieut. Grummond, with twenty-seven men, of the Second cavalry, was afterwards dispatched to report to Capt. Fetterman, and reiterate the orders he had already received. The detachment was joined by Capt. Brown and two citizens, making, in all, three commissioned officers, seventy-six enlisted men, and two citizens. This detachment, instead of going to the threatened train, diverged very considerably to the right, crossed Big Piney creek, and passed over a high piece of ground that covered them from view.

Soon after, sharp firing was heard from that direction, which lasted about half an hour. Hearing this, Col. Carrington dispatched Capt. Ten Eyck with a small detachment, with orders to hasten to Fetterman's assistance. He at once set out,

but arrived too late to be of any service, except to obtain the dead and mutilated bodies of the unfortunate detachment. Every man in Fetterman's detachment was shot down, not one escaping death. In the distance Capt. Ten Eyck observed about two thousand Indians retreating in good order. He collected the bodies of the dead and carried them back to the fort, where they were properly buried. The wagon train also returned to the post in safety, and the Indians disappeared.

Subsequent accounts from the Indians indicated that they had expected to draw out and murder the whole garrison, but their loss in the conflict with Capt. Fetterman was such that they abandoned any further efforts. During the same winter a strong detachment was sent against these Indians, but the weather was so severe that the command was forced to return without accomplishing anything. The Indians who perpetrated this bold massacre were the Sioux.

With the opening of the spring of 1867, Indian affairs in the Military Division of the Missouri assumed an unpleasant attitude. Large bands of hostile Sioux and Crows were pouring down upon the settlements in the valley of the Gallatian, and the inhabitants were fleeing for their lives. About the same time, the Indians, both from the north and the south, began a systematic attack upon the Platte route, while along the Arkansas river route to New Mexico, and the Smoky Hill route to California, bands of Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Arapahoes had boldly notified the commanding officers of posts, and stage-drivers, and agents, that as soon as the grass grew they would insist on their withdrawal from these roads. These Indians were also joined by strong bands of Ogalalla and Brulé Sioux, and were pushing preparations for general hostilities, having already commenced the work by committing several cold-blooded murders.

Gen. Hancock, with a small detachment, marched against these Indians early in the spring of 1867, and after dispersing them burnt the principal villages of the Cheyennes and Sioux on the Pawnee Fork. But for the most part during the year 1867, only a defensive Indian war was prosecuted, in order to co-operate with the new Peace Commission policy which had

been commenced. Therefore, as no decisive blow was struck against the hostile Indians that year, murders and massacres were of frequent occurrence, and the settlers, from Montana to New Mexico, and from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, were wrought up to a state of exceeding alarm. The military authorities in the West, particularly Gen. Sherman, were exasperated with the slow and uncertain movements of the Commissioners, and with the constant outbreaks of the Indians, which, for the most part, went unpunished. Even the bold band of hostile Sioux which had massacred the detachment under Fetterman, were still roaming at large, committing new depredations, and boasting of the scalps they had taken. While at Smoky Hill, and all along the road to California, the various bands of the Cheyennes, Kiowas and Arapahoes, joined by the Ogalallas and Brulé Sioux, were daily committing depredations, such as horse stealing, murdering pioneer settlers, and carrying women and children into a barbarous captivity.

And yet, in the face of all these outrages, the military were held inactive, being ordered not to engage and punish the Indians unless a formidable Indian war should be thrust upon them. Thus it will be seen that however much good was destined to come out of the policy of a Peace Commission, while that Board was deliberating at St. Louis, trying to solve the Indian question, thousands of hostile savages were invading the settlements of the West from countless directions, and murdering the defenseless inhabitants, with but a defensive opposition, which was incapable of extending itself to but few of the settlements.

## CHAPTER LXV.

WARS WITH THE INDIANS IN THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI — OPERATIONS OF THE PEACE COMMISSION — COUNCILS WITH THE INDIANS — CONGRESS FAILS TO CO-OPERATE — A FORMIDABLE INDIAN WAR — BREAKING OUT OF HOSTILITIES — MURDER, MASSACRE AND HORROR — A CHAPTER OF OUTRAGES.

WE will continue for the present to follow out the military operations in the division of the Missouri, which, as I have already observed, included that vast extent of territory between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, and the southern boundary of New Mexico, and the northern boundary of Montana. At the time of which I write, 1867-8, the division was under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Sherman, and was divided into three departments, the Missouri, the Platte, and the Dakota, commanded respectively by Gen. Sheridan, Augur, and Terry. As stated in a previous chapter the military in this whole division had been instructed to prosecute only a defensive war, in order to offer all possible advantages to the plans of the new Peace Commissioners. Indeed, the movements of the United States forces in this territory were subject to the direction of that Board. The Commissioners, after long and careful deliberation, had unanimously agreed to remove all the Indians in Sherman's division, on reservations as far removed as possible from white settlements and lines of travel, and that they should be maintained at the cost of the United States until they could partially or wholly provide for themselves. The two principal reservations indicated by the commission were north of the State of Nebraska, and west of the Missouri river, and south of the State of Kansas and west of the Arkansas. This general plan was justified by the facts existing at the time, and its wisdom has been demonstrated by subsequent events.

For the purpose of obtaining the consent of the Indians to this plan, the peace commission, during the fall and winter of 1867, and the spring and summer of 1868, held councils with all, or nearly all the tribes east of the Rocky Mountains, making liberal provision for, and presents to all who came to the appointed places of council, according to the forms and ceremonies to which they were long accustomed. Formal written treaties were made with each separate tribe, signed with due formality, and transmitted to the United States for ratification.

It is believed by many that the bloody war which followed in 1868 might have been avoided had the Congress of the United States promptly co-operated with the peace commission, but for some reason this matter was overlooked. The treaties with the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Camanches, Navajoes, and Crows were duly confirmed, but those with the various tribes of the Sioux, Snakes, etc., were not acted upon. But the worst blow of all was the failure of Congress to take action upon the chief proposition of the commissioners, viz.: that which related to the setting apart the two reservations already spoken of, and providing governments therefor, which was designed to precede any of the treaties, and which was the vital principle of them all. It hardly admits of doubt that this want of prompt action led, in a great measure, to the formidable war with the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Camanches in 1868.

This war took place in the department of the Missouri, which was then under the immediate command of Gen. Sheridan, being a part of the military division of the Missouri, under the chief command of Lieut.-Gen. Sherman. The hostilities of the Indians began with the opening of spring, and although Gen. Sheridan did all in his power to promote peace, the Kiowos, Camanches, Arapahoes and Cheyennes continued their depredations without intermission. Their promises were kept only while they were in council. And it was impossible to place any reliance upon their engagements. About the fourth of July the Kiowas and Camanches arrived at Fort Larned, and demanded rations, making many threats

of what they would do should they be refused. To prevent an outbreak, Gen. Sheridan ordered rations to be issued to them, which, together with the presence of a large cavalry force, kept them quiet.

Soon after, orders were issued to distribute the regular annuities to the Cheyennes, withholding guns, pistols, and ammunition. This incensed the Indians, who told the agent in a very insolent manner, while the teams were hauling the goods to their camp, that he could haul them back again, as they would have nothing unless they were given their fire arms and ammunition. The agent sent for the wagons and had them returned to Fort Larned. This took place in the latter part of July, 1868.

Early in August, a mixed party of Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux, organized a war expedition, and proceeded from their camp on Pawnee creek, to the Saline valley settlements, north of Fort Harker. They were kindly received by the farmers living on the outskirts of the settlements, and given coffee, etc. After throwing the coffee into the faces of the women serving it to them, because it was given to them in tin cups, they commenced the robbery of the houses, and insulting the women in a brutal manner. After committing countless acts of crime among the settlers in the Saline valley, they crossed over to the settlements on the Solomon, where they were also kindly received and served with coffee, but where they repeated the hostile and barbarous acts which they had perpetrated in the former place. In the latter town they murdered thirteen men and two women. At this point they divided, a small party passing over to the Republican, where they also murdered several of the settlers. The larger party returned to the settlements of the Saline, where they again commenced to murder peaceful settlers. Fortunately, however, Col. Benteen, with his company of the seventh cavalry, which had marched rapidly from Zarah, arrived, routed the Indians and ran them about ten miles.

In speaking of this situation in our Indian history, Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan, in his report, says: "Lieut. Beecher, who was with his scouts on Walnut creek, hearing there was trouble

on the Solomon and Saline, but without knowing its nature, dispatched Comstock and Grover to the camp of Turkey Leg, on the Solomon, to be ready to explain, in case the white people were at fault. They were ordered out of Turkey Leg camp, and were followed by a party of seven Indians, professing friendship; and while conversing with them were both shot in the back—Comstock killed instantly, and Grover badly wounded; but by lying on the ground, making a defense of Comstock's body, he kept the Indians off, and made his escape in the darkness of the night. From this time out, and almost before information could be communicated by the Indian runners, people were killed and scalped from the Cimarron river, south of the Arkansas, to the Republican, and from the settlements on the Solomon and Saline west of the Rocky Mountains; stock run off, trains burned, and those accompanying them, in some cases, thrown into the flames and consumed. The most horrible barbarities were perpetrated on the dead bodies of these victims of savage ferocity. There was no provocation on the part of the white people during the whole summer, although some of them had to abandon their ranches. Friendly issues were made at the military posts to the Indians visiting them, and large issues made by the Indian department of rations and goods."

As if to make matters worse, the Indian agent, after ordering the wagons containing the Cheyenne annuities back to Fort Larned, immediately afterwards distributed them to these Indians, with arms and ammunition. They had already been insulted by the refusal to their demand for arms and ammunition a short time previous, and, goaded on by their principal medicine man, they were soon in the front ranks of the most hostile tribes. Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan, in closing his report, in 1868, says: "I am of the belief that these Indians require to be soundly whipped and the ringleaders in the present trouble hung, their ponies killed, and such destruction of their property as will make them very poor. These Indians are now rich in houses, stock and other property suitable for their comfort in their manner of life. From my best information, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes will average from twenty to two

hundred horses to a lodge of six persons. Most of this stock has been accumulated in their periodical wars. Before wars became a source of profit to them, they had to pack their dogs in moving from place to place. They are now so independent, that whether we shall have our people murdered, our mail lines and lines of communication interrupted, our soldiers living in dug-outs from Hays to Denver, and from the mouth of the Little Arkansas to Pueblo, and large expense periodically incurred by the government, without any adequate chastisement, seems to depend on the mere whim of the savages."

It would be difficult to imagine the extent of alarm and anxiety that was felt by the settlers in the broad extent of country included in the Military Division of the Missouri, in 1868. Many exaggerated reports were on foot, but, for the most part, the thrilling accounts borne on the tongues of runners were only too true. Gen. Sheridan's headquarters at Fort Hays was constantly besieged with startling reports, such as these:

On the twenty-fifth of August, Acting Governor Hall, of Colorado, reported by telegraph that over two hundred Indians were devastating Southern Colorado. On the same day, the same person telegraphed to Gen. Sheridan as follows: "The Arapahoes are killing settlers, destroying ranches in all directions. For God's sake give me authority to take soldiers from Fort Reynolds. The people are arming and will not be restrained." A few hours later and the same gentleman reported that he was surrounded by hostile Indians. Stages were stopped, stock was being taken, and the people were organizing volunteer companies to avenge the atrocities committed.

But these were not all; for not an hour passed which did not bring the news of some new disaster. Let us glance at the authentic reports as they came to Gen. Sheridan's headquarters at Fort Hays, between the twenty-eighth of August and the twenty-first of October, 1868.* Mr. Powers (wood and hay contractor) and party, were attacked by a body of Indians, three of their number being killed, and all their stock driven off.

* Gen. Sheridan's Report, 1868.

Mr. Stickney, station keeper at Kiowa Springs, traveling with one man in a wagon, about dark, was attacked by fifteen or twenty Indians, and the wagon and five mules captured. Mr. Stickney was wounded. The mules were wild and ran away. Night coming on they made their escape.

The sergeant at Lake station reports two employees driven in, and also station keeper and stock tender at Reed's Spring driven off from station, and forty head of stock run off from Kiowa station.

Gen. Penrose, commanding Fort Lyon, reports on the twenty-third, at mid-day, a band of Cheyennes at Bent's Fort, twenty miles distant from Fort Lyon, drove off fifteen head of horses and mules and four head of beef cattle. On the twenty-fourth Indians chased the stage from the east back. He also states from reports, that the Denver stage line, the Smoky Hill, and between Forts Lyon and Dodge, are overrun by hostile Indians. On the twenty-second of August a train of thirteen wagons, belonging to Senor Don Ramirez, was attacked by seventy-five or one hundred Indians, eighteen miles from the Arkansas river, the oxen killed and the train destroyed, the men in charge, twelve in number, escaping to Fort Lyon in the darkness of night.

Lieut. T. A. Riley, fifth infantry, reports that Indians ran off two hundred horses belonging to the Kansas Stage Company and the United States Express Company, and that the stage line is interrupted.

J. H. Jones, agent of stage line, reports one woman and a child killed and scalped, and thirty head of stock run off by a body of Indians west of Lake station.

A wagon guarded by four men of the seventh cavalry was attacked by a large body of Indians near Little Coon creek. Three of the men were badly wounded. One of their number bravely volunteered to go to Fort Dodge for aid, giving his arms to his comrades, saying, "Here, boys, you want them more than I do." They were finally relieved by a party from Fort Dodge under Lieut. Wallace, of the third infantry.

Brevet Lieut.-Col. J. G. Tilford, commanding Fort Reynolds, reports four persons killed near Colorado City. He is in great

need of cavalry to pursue hostile Indians. A large body of Indians attacked the station at Hugo Springs, firing on the guards and circling round, but were repulsed.

A body of Indians drove off five head of stock from the station at Hugo Springs, and then went off and burned Willow Springs. The commanding officer of Fort Reynolds urges, in consequence of Indian depredations and outrages, that the troops, and especially the cavalry at that post, be not reduced. The settlers are clamorous and excited, and ask for arms and ammunition, but he has none to give them. He believes that if the troops were withdrawn the settlements would be devastated.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax telegraphs from Denver: "Hostile Indians have been striking simultaneously at isolated settlements of Colorado for a circuit of over two hundred miles. Men, women, and children have been killed and scalped daily, and hundreds of thousands of dollars of property stolen. These atrocities have been mainly near the three great lines of travel from this focal point. * * * The Territory has no means to put volunteers in the field, and is literally defenseless," and suggests that a strong cavalry force be sent there, and that a supply of arms and ammunition be sent the territorial authorities.

Col. H. C. Bankhead, commanding Fort Wallace, reports that a body of Indians, twenty-five in number, killed and scalped two citizens one and a half miles west of Sheridan. The same party drove off between seventy and eighty head of mules from Clark & Co.'s train at the hay camp on Turkey creek.

Maj. Douglas forwards the report of Lieut. D. W. Wallingford, seventh cavalry, sent out to assist a wood train of thirty-five wagons, said to be attacked at Cimarron crossing, twenty-eight miles west, and fifty men with it. He had been fighting Indians for four days; had two men and two horses killed, and seventy-five head of cattle run off, and a great many mules wounded. Five and a half miles further west the remains of a train of ten wagons that had been captured and burned were found. Nothing but the iron work remained. There were fifteen persons with it, supposed to have been killed, and their

bodies burned with the train, as the peculiar stench and large quantity of bones found among the debris indicated.

Mr. C. W. M. Ruggles, of Sheridan, reports that the Indians burned a ranch and killed its occupants six miles from Sheridan, on the road to Wallace. The same ranch was also burned two weeks before and had been rebuilt.

Gen. Penrose reports two men killed and one wounded of L troop, seventh cavalry, in a fight with hostile Indians.

Capt. Butler, commanding Fort Wallace, reports the stage fired into by Indians four miles east of Lake station. On the first of September three men were killed by a band of Indians four miles east of Reed's Spring station.

Clark & Co., hay contractors, telegraph that they have lost eighty-one head of stock, and will have to give up contract unless protected.

Gen. Nichols, traveling to Fort Reynolds, was attacked by Indians, but they drew off when they saw the arms of the guard. They then ran off the stock of Thompson and McGee, opposite Bent's Old Fort, then made a raid on a house at Point of Rocks, and ran off four head of stock.

Ellis station was burned and one citizen killed. Gen. Sully reports two killed and one wounded of his command.

Col. Bankhead reports that a body of fifteen Indians fired into the Mexican ranch, four miles east of Big Timbers station.

Acting Governor Hall, of Colorado, telegraphs: "Indians more numerous and bold than ever before. It is impossible to protect the families and property of the people and fight them at the same time. We now find ourselves helpless, exposed daily to assaults, accompanied by horrid butcheries."

Gen. Hazen reports attack on Fort Zarah by about one hundred Indians, who were driven off. They then attacked a provision train, killed one teamster and secured the mules from four teams; then attacked the ranch eight miles below, and drove away all the stock.

Gen. Sully reports attack by Indians on a train between Larned and Dodge. Three citizens were killed and three wounded, and over fifty mules run off.

Maj. Douglas reports: "On Thursday Indians appeared

under cover of a thick fog, wounded a Mexican at Lime Kiln, three miles off; then attacked a train about ten miles down the road, killed two men and wounded two; destroyed stores and ran off stock."

Gen. Penrose reports three hundred Indians on Purgatory, on the seventh instant. They killed one Mexican and ran off a quantity of stock.

Brevet-Maj. E. A. Belger reports a party of Indians near Ellsworth City. They killed one man and several are missing.

Lieut. Kaiser, third infantry, reports that a party of Indians surrounded and drove off six horses and two mules from citizens near Zarah.

Gen. Penrose reports a train attacked by Indians at Sand creek, who ran off the cattle and captured Mrs. Blinn and her child. These Indians were led by Satanta, chief of the Kiowas.

Col. Royall reports attack by Indians on his camp on Prairie Dog creek, killing one man, wounding one, and running off twenty-six horses.

Col. Bankhead reports Col. Carpenter's command of tenth cavalry attacked by four hundred Indians on Beaver creek. Three men wounded and two horses killed.

## CHAPTER LXVI.

WINTER CAMPAIGN OF LIEUT.-GEN. SHERIDAN IN 1868—A BRILLIANT TRIUMPH OVER THE INDIANS EAST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—SURRENDER OF THE TRIBES—THEY ARE PLACED ON THE RESERVATIONS—THE WAY OPENED FOR THE LABORS OF THE PEACE COMMISSION.

TO MEET this hostile force of Indians that was now sweeping all before them, Gen. Sheridan had but one thousand two hundred cavalry, and about one thousand four hundred infantry, and this force was distributed throughout New Mexico, Indian Territory, Kansas, Upper Arkansas and the State of Missouri as garrisons to the different military posts. "With this small force," says Gen. Sheridan, "for offensive operations, it was impossible to accomplish a great deal in so extensive a country. The Indian, mounted on his hardy pony, and familiar with the country, was about as hard to find, so long as the grass lasted, as the Alabama on the ocean."

With the accession to the ranks of the hostile Indians of the Kiowas and Camanches, the Indian forces opposed to Gen. Sheridan's command amounted to six thousand warriors. This force being altogether too strong to be operated against successfully with Sheridan's little army, he called upon the Governor of Kansas for a regiment of one thousand two hundred cavalry, which was promptly responded to.

Gen Sheridan, who had now assumed the duties of commander-in-chief of the Military Division of the Missouri, in place of Gen. Sherman, made preparations in the fall of 1868 for a winter campaign. This was a bold undertaking, but through great effort proved abundantly successful and resulted in subduing the most important Indian tribes. It is not difficult to judge of the fruits of the peace commission had

this campaign not been made. All attempts at effecting a peace must have been futile.

In speaking of the condition of affairs which led to his great winter campaign Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan says:

"The Indians, commencing about the tenth of August, had distributed themselves in small parties along the western line of the settlements in Kansas, and the eastern line of settlements in Colorado, and the lines of travel up Smoky Hill river to Denver, and on the Arkansas river and Santa Fé roads, driving in the settlers, stopping all commercial traffic, murdering many defenseless persons in the most brutal manner, and escaping from the troops sent against them by traveling at night, or by the swiftness of their hardy grass-fed ponies. This kind of work they expected to keep until the approach of winter, when the inclemency of the weather would give them ample security, and they could live on their plunder, glory in the scalps taken and the debasement of the poor unfortunate women whom they held as prisoners.

"The experience of many years of this character of Indian depredations, with security to themselves and families in the winter, had made them very confident and bold; especially was this true of the previous summer and winter. So boldly had this system of murder and robbery been carried on, that not less than eight hundred people had been murdered since June, 1862 — men, women and children. To disabuse the minds of the savages of this confident security, and to strike them at a period at which they were the most if not entirely helpless, became a necessity, and the general-in-chief then in command of this division authorized a winter campaign, and at or about the same time directed that the reservation set apart for the Kiowas and Camanches at the Witchita Mountains should be considered a place of refuge, where, if the savages would go and submit, they would be exempt from the operations of the troops. The authority for this winter campaign was received October 9, 1868. At this time the operations of the Indians had been mostly transferred to the line of the Arkansas river and Santa Fé road, owing to the operations of troops under Col. Forsyth, Gen. Bradley, and Gen.

Carr, north of the Smoky Hill river and on the Republican, as well as to the near approach of winter, which caused the savages to work in the direction of their families, then supposed to be on the headwaters of the Red river, immediately south of the Antelope Hills."

Preparations were made and Sheridan's forces concentrated at Camp Supply. From this point it was expected that the main column would strike the Indians either on the headwaters of the Washita or still further south, on the Sweet Water and other branches of the Red river. Gen. Sheridan arrived at Camp Supply on the twenty-first of November, where he found the troops under Gen. Sully engaged in the construction of a block-house, wells, and store-house, for the protection of the supplies. In speaking of the progress of his campaign from this point, Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan says:

"A furious snow storm commenced on the same evening, which continued during the night and next day, making the situation very gloomy, especially on account of the non-arrival of the Nineteenth Kansas, which I had expected would have reached Camp Supply about the same time as myself. This was a great disappointment to me, as I had expected to unite this regiment with the Seventh Cavalry and launch them both on the Indians, whom I still supposed to be just south of the Antelope Hills. This disappointment was further increased by the appearance of Indians on the distant hills as I came down, just north of Bluff Creek, and the discovery of a large fresh trail by Sully's command — traveling due north; and I thought the discovery of the troops would cause the Indians south of Antelope Hills to take to flight. I therefore, on the second day after my arrival at Camp Supply, directed Gen. Custer to move his regiment, storm or no storm, on the morning of the twenty-third of November. This order was responded to with alacrity by the officers and men of the Seventh Cavalry, and on the morning of the twenty-third the regiment moved at daylight, although the snow continued to fall with unabated fury.

"On the evening of the twenty-sixth, Gen. Custer struck the trail of the war party before alluded to as having passed

north, and which had been seen by Sully's command, and some of the same party had been seen by my escort, near Bluff Creek. This war party was composed, as I afterward learned from Indians, of Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes; also other Cheyennes and Arapahoes. They had been north, killed the mail carriers between Dodge and Larned, an old hunter at Dodge, and two of my expressmen, whom I had sent back with letters from Bluff Creek to Dodge. As soon as Custer struck the trail he corraled his wagons, left a small escort with them, and followed the Indian trail, which was very fresh and well marked in the deep snow, until it led into Black Kettle's village. The next morning, before daylight, the Osage Indian trailers discovered the village and stock of the Indians, and notified Custer, who at once made the most admirable disposition of his command for the attack and capture of the village. At dawn the attack was made, the village captured and burned, eight hundred horses or ponies killed in accordance with my positive orders, and one hundred and three warriors killed, and fifty-three women and children captured.

"While this work was going on, all the Indians, for a distance of fifteen miles down the Washita, collected and attacked Custer. These Indians were Cheyennes, Camanches, Kiowas, and Apaches; but were driven down the stream for a distance of four or five miles, when, as night was approaching, Custer withdrew and returned to a small train of provisions which he had directed to follow up his movements. Our loss at the attack on the village was Capt. Louis M. Hamilton, and three men killed, and three officers and eleven men wounded; but, unfortunately, Major Elliott, of the regiment, a very gallant and promising young officer, seeing some of the young boys escape, followed, with the sergeant-major and fifteen men, to capture and bring them in; after capturing them, and while on their way back to the regiment, they were surrounded and killed. It occurred, I think, in this way: Elliott and his party followed the boys shortly after the attack on the village, taking a course due south and nearly at right angles to the Washita river, which was here very small; after traveling south one mile and a half from the village, a very small branch

of the Washita was crossed, and an open prairie reached; on this prairie the boys were captured and were being brought back, when the party was attacked by Indians from below, numbering from one thousand to fifteen hundred; it fought its way back toward the small creek before named until within rifle range of the creek, when it was stopped by the Indians having taken position in the bed of the creek, and picking off the men, who had formed a little circle, around which their dead and horribly mutilated bodies were found. No one, so far as I could learn, of those back with the regiment, knew of their having followed the Indian boys; no one heard the report of their guns, and no one knew of their exact fate until they were discovered, some two weeks afterward."

On the thirteenth of November, the Nineteenth Kansas arrived at Camp Supply, after a long and tedious journey in which the regiment lost its way, being thereby delayed. The blow that Custer had struck was a hard one and fell on the guiltiest of all the bands — that of Black Kettle. It was this band, says Gen. Sheridan, that, without provocation, had massacred the settlers on the Saline and Solomon, and perpetrated cruelties too fiendish for recital.

But Gen. Sheridan was not satisfied with this victory, but continued the pursuit of the Indians until every hostile band in his division surrendered themselves. In this work Gen. Sheridan and the officers and soldiers under him rendered their country a service which we cannot commend too highly. During the summer preceding his campaign, while the peace commission was deliberating as to the best means of civilizing and christianizing the Cheyennes, Camanches, Kiowas, Apaches, Arapahoes and Sioux, these Indians were committing merciless depredations upon the settlements between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains with the full hope that the severity of winter would protect them from just punishment; but, as we have seen, they were disappointed in this hope. Many of their warriors paid the penalty of their crimes by their lives upon the battle-field, while the others were forced to submission and compelled to retire to their reservations. Thus, through the courage and foresight of Gen. Sheridan the

Indians were thoroughly conquered and the way opened for that long, and, in many respects, prosperous peace which has followed. The Indians east of the Rocky Mountains have given the government but little trouble since this campaign, the Western settlements have been protected from a barbarous invasion, women and children have been shielded from a fiendish captivity, and the Indians themselves have fared much better than when dependent upon depredations for the means of subsistence. For this brilliant service Lieut.-Gen. P. H. Sheridan has his reward in the respect and esteem in which he is held by the whole people of the United States.

## CHAPTER LXVII.

INDIAN TROUBLES WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS — HORRIBLE MASSACRE OF INDIANS — DIFFICULTIES OF MAKING WAR ON THE SAVAGES IN THE WILDS OF THE WEST — THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS IN ARIZONA AND CALIFORNIA — CURIOUS SPEECHES OF CHIEFS.

LET US now turn our attention to the wars with the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, and more particularly in Arizona. Here, too, we find the good results of the labors of the Peace Commissioners, but not without being preceded by the evils consequent upon a change in the Indian policy. Perhaps the new peace policy met with more opposition among the white settlers west of the Rocky Mountains than in Sheridan's military division, east of them. In the former country the pioneers of civilization who had suffered all manner of hardships and cruelties at the hands of the savages, seemed to look upon them with a feeling of revenge. This revenge often found vent in open hostilities, and sometimes in massacres that, for cruelty, equalled the deeds of the Indians themselves. In 1871 a number of Apaches were murdered on their reservation in Arizona, by whites, there being no cause for the outrage beyond past hostilities. Lieut. R. E. Whiteman, of the United States army, and commander at the post near which the massacre took place, gives a very good account of the affair in his report: "Many of the men whose families had all been killed, when I spoke to them and expressed sympathy for them, were obliged to turn away, unable to speak, and too proud to show their grief. The women whose children had been killed or stolen were convulsed with grief, and looked to me appealingly, as though I was their last hope on earth. Children who, two days before, had been full of fun and frolic, kept at a distance, expressing wondering horror. I did what I could; I fed them,

and talked to them, and listened patiently to their accounts. I sent horses into the mountains to bring in two badly-wounded women, one shot through the left lung, and one with an arm shattered. These were attended to, and are doing well, and will recover. Their camp was surrounded and attacked at day-break. So sudden and unexpected was it, that no one was awake to give the alarm, and I found quite a number of women shot while asleep beside their bundles of hay, which they had collected to bring in on that morning. The wounded who were unable to get away, had their brains beaten out with clubs or stones, while some were shot full of arrows after having been mortally wounded by gunshot. The bodies were all stripped. Of the whole number buried, one was an old man and one a well-grown boy — all the rest, women and children. Of the whole number killed and missing, about one hundred and twenty-five, eight only were men. It has been said that the men were not there; they were all there. On the twenty-eighth, we counted one hundred and twenty-eight men, a small number being absent for meseal, all of whom have since been in. I have spent a good deal of time with them, since the affair, and have been astonished at their continued unshaken faith in me, and their perfectly clear understanding of their misfortune. They say: 'We know there a great many white men and Mexicans who do not wish us to live at peace. We know that the Papagos would not have come out after us at this time unless they had been persuaded to do so.' What they do not understand is, while they are at peace, and are conscious of no wrong intent, that they should be murdered by government arms in the hands of Papagos and Mexicans. One of the chiefs said: 'I no longer want to live; my women and children have been killed before my face, and I have been unable to defend them. Most Indians in my place would take a knife and cut his throat, but I *will live* to show these people that all they have done, and all they can do, shall not make me break faith with you, so long as you will stand by us and defend us, in a language we know nothing of, to a great governor we never have, and never shall, see.' About their captives they say: 'Get them back for us; our little boys will grow up

slaves, and our girls, as soon as they are large enough, will be diseased prostitutes, to get money for whoever owns them Our women work hard, and are good women, and they and our children have no diseases." * * * * * *

The extract from Lieut. Whiteman's report will not be read without feelings of pity for the savages who were so shamefully treated. Yet after all, they had visited a more cruel and barbarous torture, and a more wicked death, upon the unfortunate whites who had from time to time fallen into their hands, and although this fact does not justify the lawless course taken in this massacre, it redoces, to some extent, the just indignation against the perpetrators.

We have an additional account of this horrid affair from the pen of one of the post surgeons attached to Lieut. Whiteman's command. He says: "Lieut. Whiteman ordered me to go to the Indian camp to render medical assistance, and bring down any wounded I might find. I took twelve men (mounted) and a wagon, and proceeded without delay to the scene of the murder. On my arrival I found that I should have but little use for wagon or medicine; the work had been too thoroughly done. The camp had been fired, and the dead bodies of some twenty-one women and children were lying scattered over the ground; those who had been wounded in the first instance had their brains beaten out with stones. Two of the best looking of the squaws were lying in such a position, and from the appearance of the genital organs and of their wounds, there can be no doubt that they were first ravished and then shot dead. Nearly all of the dead were mutilated. One infant of some ten months was shot twice, and one leg hacked nearly off. While going over the ground we came upon a squaw who was unhurt, but we were unable to get her to come in and talk, she not feeling very sure of our good intentions. Finding nothing further could be done, I returned to the post and reported the state of affairs to Lieut. Whiteman, commanding post."

It will be impossible, in view of the space now left for the completion of this volume, to enter into a narrative of all the petty wars with the Indians on the Pacific slope. From the earliest settlement of the country by the Mexicans, and at a

little later period by the Americans, down to the Modoc war, there was a continuous war with the Indian tribes, among the most prominent of which were the Apaches, Klamaths, Modocs, and other bands. In this country, which was so well adapted to the Indian mode of fighting, it was almost impossible to defeat the savages, no matter how strong the force commanded against them. They could retreat to the mountain recesses, in chasms, or among the dark passes in the lava beds, where American troops found it impossible to follow. And if, by dint of struggle and sacrifice, the summit was gained, or the chasm penetrated, it only opened a field of new dangers, and exposed them to the deadly fire of a barbarous enemy, which could not be effectually returned.

But the surging tide of such a war was kept up on the Pacific slope for many years. Long before Col. Fremont penetrated this country with his hardy mountaineers, the sharp report of the unerring rifle was heard among the wastes, telling of the death of some lurking savage, or unfortunate trapper. Bands of hostile Indians, painted for the battle, ranged over the deserts, on mountain summits, or among the deep recesses of the wild, uneven country, watching the slow progress of immigrant trains, and pouncing upon them as soon as a favorable opportunity presented itself, murdering the men, plundering the train, and carrying the women and children into a barbarous captivity. The pen refuses to write of the horrors which surrounded these captive women. Their sufferings were often beyond description, and always replete with the most barbarous acts.

But after many years of war between these Indians and the whites, with victories first for civilization and then for barbarity, the peace commission went among them to hold sacred councils, and promote the reservation policy. The head chiefs of tribes were invited to meet the disciples of peace, and, actuated by the hope of receiving liberal presents and of deliverance from the poverty and bondage into which a long and cruel war had forced them, they came in great numbers to shake the white chiefs by the hand, and tell the story of their wrongs.

The deliberations between the commissioners and the Indi-

ans were sometimes full of interest, and many of the ablest speeches of the chiefs are worthy of preservation in this volume, as they will present to the world, to a great degree, the condition of the Indians at the present day. Howlish-Wampo, head chief of the Cayuse, after listening to the address of the commissioner, replied in these words: "You talked with a good heart when you told me that you believed in God. I thought that was good; that is my heart, too, while I stand upon this ground. What you have spoken this people have heard; all understand what you have said. You came here to ascertain what is our mind. This reservation is marked out for us. We see it with our eyes, and our hearts, we all hold it with our bodies and with our souls. Right out here are my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and children, all buried; I am guarding their graves. My friend, this reservation, this small piece of land, we look upon it as our mother—as if she were raising us. You come to ask me for my land. It is like as if we, who are Indians, were to be sent away and get lost. I look upon all sides. On the outside of the reservation I see your houses; they have windows, they are good. You are bringing up your children well. What is the reason you white men who live near the reservation like my land, and want to get it? You must not think so. My friends, you must not talk too strong about getting my land. I like my land, and will not let it go. You have been asking my heart about the reservation. This is my heart."

Wenap-snoot, of the Umatillas, said: "Our red people were brought up here, and some one had to teach them as they grew. Those who were taught grew up well. I believe the man who understands and follows the way he is taught, grows up well. I learned from the way in which I was brought up, and I am going to have my children taught more, and they will grow up better than I am. When my father and mother died, I was left here. They gave me rules, and gave me their lands to live upon. They left me to take care of them after they were buried. I was to watch over their graves. I do not wish to part with my land. I have felt tired working on my land, so tired that the sweat dropped off me on the ground.

Where is all that Governor Stevens and Gen. Palmer said? I am very fond of this land that is marked out for me, and the rest of the Indians have no more room for their stock than they need, and I do not know where I'd put them if I had to confine myself to a small piece of ground; should I take only a small piece of ground, and a white man sit down beside me, I fear there would be trouble all the time."

A chief called William, spoke in these words: "God is my Heavenly Father; you are my father from Washington. If you look at our houses you will see they are very poor. I tell you we are very poor; see the tools we work with (exhibiting a stone hammer and other Indian tools); it is with these we have to build our houses; we use a stone for a hammer. We are almost all dead, but we are glad to see you. One of our employers treats us like dogs; he uses us like slaves. I tell you the truth, he struck an Indian on the face, and the blood gushed out. You tell us to talk freely, and I do so. The whites cheat us, and some of our agents cheat us. I speak to you; I talk in the presence of the God who made us. I talk to you as my father. I am glad to see you; I came from one of these tribes. I have no land now. I am a poor old man. God made me; the whites took our land. Here is my country below this reservation; near it is the Tulalip. I want a paper to keep any white men away when they come. They scare the old men and want to kill us."

Billy Williamson spoke in council as follows: "Since Mr. Meacham came, this summer, our eyes have been opened. Our saw-mill is almost done, and we expect to have a grist-mill soon. Mr. Brunot comes from Washington, and I want to know whether what I said before, and that now, was put on paper—did my words go to Washington? Then the Indians were all separated; now they are all here. If you go to see their homes, you will find many things they made themselves. They learned it from the whites outside. The men on the reservation did not learn us. When the treaty was made we were very poor. For fifteen years we have been talking about what was needed. Do they know it at Washington? Some white men say we will only get twenty acres. Where I came from I

had not only twenty acres, but a hundred. Everybody knows we are poor. I had a cow and a yoke of oxen long ago; that is all I have now. I don't want to lie to God. I don't think I am a very good man. I may tell a lie; I am an Indian. I speak the truth. I don't drink. I don't do as Indians did in old times; I have quit that. We can't do everything in a day. If we get our land, we need cows and horses and plows and wagons. Then we won't go outside; we will stay here. There are a few half-breeds here. I think nothing about that; they have families here. I want to know if money was sent here for us. Now we are like white men. You know about God; so do these Indians; I speak no bad words. White men and Indians are all alike. Some Indians here have been shot and whipped by white men for nothing. Two of our people are in Salem penitentiary. We want to get them out; they did nothing. White men gave them whisky and got them drunk, and now they have got them into the penitentiary."

Such were the men and such the complaints which met the members of the Peace Commission in the far West, but while these speeches indicate the understanding of wrongs perpetrated upon themselves, they also show that these savages were not ignorant of the crimes which they themselves had committed. Thus while their complaints beget sympathy on the one hand, they elicit indignation on the other.

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

HISTORY OF THE MODOCS—HORRIBLE MASSACRE OF A PARTY OF IMMIGRANTS—BEN WRIGHT'S VENGEANCE—TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION OF THE MODOCS FROM STARVATION—CANIBALISM—THE RESERVATION TROUBLES.

PERHAPS no other portion of this narrative will be more interesting to the general reader than that which now follows, giving a history of the Modoc Indians and their recent wars against the whites. Their wild homes among the lava beds of Arizona and Northern California, which have been rendered famous by the thrilling sketches that have, from time to time, appeared through the newspapers and periodicals of the United States, have added not a little to the interest felt in these peculiar savages. But above all else, the recent Modoc war has given this tribe a world-wide notoriety.

The number of this people when in their primitive glory and power, must have been many thousands. The remains of their ancient villages, found along the shores of the lakes, the streams, and the forest springs, go very far to establish the fact of their former greatness. But this greatness has fallen! Their power has passed away, and as a nation they are now nearly extinct. Only three or four hundred of these brave natives now live to tell us the singular traditions of the tribe. These will soon pass on to oblivion, in the dark, mysterious way in which all the red men of the American forests have been driven by civilization.

But there have been sources for the destruction of this people other than that which civilization has produced. I refer to the deadly conflicts which have been waged upon them by the fierce Indians in the wilds of the neighboring forests, vague accounts of which have come to us upon the current of their

strange traditions. But these were not more effective of their ruin than the wars which have taken place between them and the early settlers of Northern California and Southern Oregon. They have ever been an obstinate, unconquerable race, merciless in war, full of treachery and possessed of the blackest stratagem. Nor has the romantic country in which they built their homes, failed in furnishing them every facility for the prosecution of war after their treacherous designs.

As early as 1847 we find trains of Oregon immigration passing through their country. The road was a dangerous one, winding through dark cañons, and passing under precipitous cliffs that afforded secure and impenetrable ambuscade. At every opening through the craggy cliffs bands of mounted warriors were revealed, who seemed to be watching for a favorable opportunity to capture and plunder the travelers. If, perchance, the train was weak, the warriors would rush upon it, slaughter the immigrants and capture the supplies. Such outrages seem to have been, for many years, their chief occupation.

The first in this dark catalogue of which I have any well authenticated information was in 1852. In this year a small train, comprising only eighteen souls, men, women and children, made an attempt to reach central Oregon, by the Rhett Lake route. Leaving Pitt River they journeyed for several days without molestation, not having observed a single Indian. Reaching the eastern shore of Rhett Lake they encamped under a bluff, now called "Bloody Point." Here the weary travelers rested—rested forever from earthly toils. They sat down together and began to partake of some refreshments, under the great rocks that hung in grandeur over them; and scarcely had they begun to congratulate each other upon the unexpected quiet of the Indian country, when the air rung out with the deafening yells of ferocious savages. In another instant countless painted Indians poured down from the rocks overhead. But their bloody work was soon ended. Only one escaped to tell the horrors of the massacre.

In reference to the revenge upon the Indians for this terrible massacre, William M. Turner, in an able article in the

*Overland Monthly*, says: "The men of early times in these mountains were brave and chivalrous men. In less than twenty-four hours, a mounted force of miners, packers, and prospectors—men who feared no living thing—were at the scene of the massacre. The remains of the victims were found, shockingly mutilated, lying in a pile with their broken wagons, and half charred; but not a Indian could be found. It was not until the next year that the Modocs were punished for this cruel deed. An old mountaineer named Ben Wright—one of those strange beings who imagine that they are born as instruments for the fulfillment of the red man's destiny—organized an independent company at Yreka, in 1853, and went into the Modoc country. The Indians were wary, but Ben was patient and enduring. Meeting with poor success, and accomplishing nothing but protection for incoming emigrants, he improvised an 'emigrant train' with which to decoy the enemy from the cover of the hills and ravines. Winding slowly among the hills and through the sage-plains, Ben's canvass covered wagons rolled quietly along, camping at the usual watering-places, and apparently in a careless and unguarded way. Every wagon was filled with armed men, anxious and willing to be attacked. The ruse failed, however; for the keen-sighted Indians soon perceived that there were no women or children with the train, and its careless movements were suspicious. After several months of unsatisfactory skirmishing, Ben resolved on a change of tactics. Surprising a small party of Modocs, instead of scalping them, he took them to his camp, treated them kindly, and making them a sort of Peace Commission, sent them with olive-branches, in the shape of calico and tobacco, back to their people. Negotiations for a general council to arrange a treaty were opened. Others visited the white camp; and soon the Modocs, who had but a faint appreciation of the tortuous ways of white diplomacy, began to think that Ben was a very harmless and respectable gentleman. A spot on the north bank of Lost River, a few hundred yards from the Natural Bridge, was selected for the council. On the appointed day, fifty-one Indians (about equal in number to Wright's company) attended, and, as agreed upon by both parties, no weapons

were brought to the ground. A number of beeves had been killed, presents were distributed, and the day passed in mutual professions of friendship; when Wright—whose quick, restless eye had been busy—quietly filled his pipe, drew a match and lit it. This was the pre-concerted signal. As the first little curling wreath of smoke went up, fifty revolvers were drawn from their places of concealment by Wright's men, who were now scattered among their intended victims; a few moments of rapid and deadly firing, and only two of the Modocs escaped to warn their people!"

In giving a sketch of the history of the Modocs, the same writer says: "In 1864, when old Schonchin buried the hatchet and agreed to war with the pale-faces no more, he said, mournfully: 'Once my people were like the sands along yon shore. Now I call to them, and only the wind answers. Four hundred strong young men went with me to the war with the whites; only eighty are left. We will be good, if the white man will let us, and be his friends forever.' And this old chief has kept his word—better, perhaps, than his conquerors have theirs. The Modocs themselves offer a better reason for the great decrease of their people. They say that, within the memory of many of this generation, the tribe was overtaken by a famine that swept off whole ranches, and they speak of it as if remembered like a fearful dream. As is usual with savages, the chief labor of gathering supplies of all kinds, except those procured by fishing and the chase, devolved upon the Modoc women. Large quantities of *kamas* and *wocas* were already harvested, but the predatory character of the surrounding tribes made it dangerous to store their food in the villages; and it was customary to *caché* it among the sage-brush and rocks, which was done so cunningly that an enemy might walk over the hiding-places without suspicion. Snow rarely fell in this region sufficiently deep to prevent access to the *cachés;* but the Modocs tell of one winter when they were caught by a terrible storm, that continued until the snow was more than seven feet in depth over the whole country, and access to their winter stores impossible. The Modocs, like all other Indians, have no chronology; they do not count the years, and only

reckon their changes by the seasons of summer and winter. Remarkable events are remembered only as coincident with the marked periods of life; and, judging from the probable age of the survivors of that terrible famine, it must have occurred over forty years ago, long before any of the tribe had ever looked upon the face of a white stranger. These wild people generally regard such occurrences with superstitious horror; they rarely speak of the dead, and even long residence among the whites does not remove a superstition that forbids them to mention even a dead relative by name. From those who have lived among the whites since early childhood, the particulars of this season of suffering and desolation are obtained; and they say that their parents who survived it still speak of that dreadful winter in shuddering whispers.

"It seems that the young men of the tribe had returned, late in the season, from a successful hunt, when a heavy snow-storm set in; but these people — like children, in many things — had no apprehension, as their present wants were supplied. But the storm increased in fury and strength; the snow fell in blinding sheets, for days and days, till it had covered bush, and stunted tree, and plain, and rock, and mountain, and every landmark was obliterated. The survivors tell of frantic efforts to reach the *caches:* how strong men returned to their villages, weak and weary with tramping through the yielding snow, in search of the hidden stores. They tell how the little brown faces of the children, pinched with hunger, drove the men out again and again in search of food, only to return empty-handed and hopeless; how everything that would sustain life — deer and antelope skins, their favorite dogs — even the skins of wild fowl, used as bedding, were devoured: how, when everything that could be used as food was gone, famine made women out of strong, brave warriors, and a dreadful stillness fell upon all the villages. They tell how death crept into every house, till the living lay down beside the dead and waited. After weeks of pinching hunger, and when in the last extremity, an opportune accident saved the largest village on the south-eastern extremity of Rhett Lake from complete extinction. A large band of antelopes, moving down from the

PONTIAC, THE OTTAWA CHIEFTAIN.

CAPTAIN JACK, THE MODOC CHIEFTAIN.

hills, probably in search of food, attempted to cross an arm of the lake, only a short distance from the village, and were caught in the breaking ice and drowned. Those who had sufficient strength left, distributed antelope meat among the families, and it was then that the shocking fact was discovered that some of the starving people had been driven to cannibalism. In one house, a woman was found with the half-eaten foot of her husband concealed beneath her bed. When wholesome food was given her, she went raving mad, and confessed that she had killed him to save her life and the life of her little one. The survivors tell how, when the spring came, and the grass grew green again on the hills, this poor demented creature was missing — decoyed away, perhaps, by some friend of her husband, and murdered. Some of them, with that fondness for the supernatural so strong among all savages, aver that, even to this day, that woman's voice is heard in mournful lamentation, borne on the night-wind from the rugged cliffs on the western shore of the lake, often and often; and they tell of little piles of rock raised by unseen hands along the western mountain — Indian signs of sorrow and mourning.

"All accounts agree that, at the opening of spring, it was found that fully one-half of the people had perished, and that, in many houses, there was not a single survivor. The details of this fearful famine are related so circumstantially by different narrators, that there can be but little doubt of their correctness. But the Modoc nation, certainly once so numerous, is easily counted now, and their days are numbered. The spirit of the majority of the tribe is broken; they are content to be cooped up within the limits of their reservation, in a country where once they were lords, and the superior race claims their former possessions by the right of might. They are part and parcel of that problem — the red race, created by the same power as we, for God's own purposes. Like the rest of the red people they are destined to speedy extinction; and the last of the Modocs, powerful as they have been, will probably be seen by the present generation of white men."

And now more particularly as to the Modoc war. In 1864, a treaty was made with the Modocs, Snakes and Klamaths, by

which it was agreed that these Indians would immediately repair to a reservation set apart for them in the southern part of Oregon. The Snakes and Klamaths moved on to the reservation conformably to the treaty, as also did a part of the Modocs under Chief Schonchin. A strong band of these Indians under Captain Jack remained at their old homes near Clear Lake, about sixty miles from Klamath, without being seriously disturbed until 1869.

## CHAPTER LXIX.

QUARRELS AMONG THE INDIANS ON THE RESERVATION — DEPARTURE OF CAPTAIN JACK AND HIS BAND FOR THE LAVA BEDS — THE TROOPS PURSUE THEM IN VAIN — FATAL ATTEMPTS OF THE PEACE COMMISSION — MURDER OF THE COMMISSIONERS — EXECUTION OF THE MODOCS.

IN THE year 1869, Captain Jack's band was induced to go onto the reservation, but these Indians had not been long in their new quarters before the Klamaths picked a quarrel with them which terminated in disaster. These quarrels on the reservation were laid before the authorities at Washington, whereupon orders were issued to have the Modocs removed to another part of the reservation where they would not come in contact with their enemies, the Klamaths; but, unfortunately, this did not put an end to the hostilities on the reservation, and soon after Captain Jack's band resolved to depart for their old homes among the lava beds.

Soon after Superintendent Odeneal succeeded in holding a council with Captain Jack's band, when they positively refused to return to the reservation. The military were now called upon and Capt. Jackson, of the United States army, with thirty men, was ordered to visit "Jack's" headquarters with instructions not to fight except in defending themselves against injury. Capt. Jackson delivered his message to the Modocs, and asked them to lay down their arms, but they refused. One of the leaders, Scar-Faced Charley, raised his gun, and with an oath said he would kill one officer to begin with. He fired at Lieut. Boutelle, who was in front of his men, shooting four bullet holes through his coat-sleeve. This ed to a battle which lasted about two hours, when the Indians escaped. Their rage was now excited to the highest pitch, and

before the day closed they murdered eleven citizens. Immediately after they retired to the celebrated lava beds, whence they were pursued by a strong body of United States troops, but to no purpose. Within the secure retreats of this wild country they defied the strongest force of troops that could be marched against them, many times charging upon them from their ambuscades with fatal results, shooting down soldiers, scalping the fallen and then escaping within their chasm, hiding places.

After the troops had done all they could do, being still unable to drive these fierce Indians from their strongholds, they turned the matter over to the peace commissioners who undertook to settle the difficulty. The commission appointed to this duty consisted of Hon. A. B. Meacham, Chairman; Hon. Jesse Applegate and Samuel Case, of Oregon. This peace board commenced its negotiations on the twentieth of February, and after holding several talks with the leaders of Captain Jack's band they acknowledged their cause as hopeless. At length a new commission was formed consisting of Gen. E. R. S. Canby, the Rev. Dr. E. Thomas, a leading Methodist divine of California, Mr. A. B. Meacham, Judge Rosborough, of California, and Mr. Dyer, of Oregon.

Soon after, Gen. Canby telegraphed to Gen. Sherman his opinion of Modoc affairs in which he said: "I think that a system of gradual compulsion, with an exhibition of the force that can be used against them, if the commission should again fail, will satisfy them of the hopelessness of any further resistance, and give the peace party sufficient strength to control the whole band. Time is becoming of the greatest importance, as the melting of the snow will soon enable them to live in the mountains. This will greatly increase the difficulties we have to contend with, as they will then break up into small parties, and can more readily make their escape from their present location.'

The new peace commission received the following instructions from Secretary Delano, of the Interior Department: "The objects to be gained by this Commission are these: First, to ascertain the causes which have led to the difficulties and hostilities between the troops and the Indians; and, secondly,

to devise the most effective and judicious measures for preventing the continuance of their hostilities and for the restoration of peace. It is the opinion of the Department, from the best information in its possession, that it is advisable to remove the Modoc Indians, with their consent, to some new reservation; and it is believed that the coast reservation in Oregon, lying between Cape Lookout on the north and Cape Perpetua on the south, and bounded on the east by the coast range of mountains, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean, will be found to furnish the best location for these Indians. The Commission will therefore be directed to make an amicable arrangement for locating the Indians on some portion of this reservation, provided it is possible for it to do so, and provided that said Commission is not of opinion, after fully investigating the case, that some other place is better adapted to accomplish the purpose of the Department; in either of which events the Commission will, before finally concluding an arrangement with the Indians, hold communication with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and receive further advice.

"The Commission will in no wise attempt to direct the military authorities in reference to their movements. It will be at liberty, however, to inform the commanding officer of the wish of the Department, that no more force or violence be used than in his opinion shall be deemed absolutely necessary and proper, it being the desire of the Department in this, as well as in all other cases of like character, to conduct its communications with the Indians in such a manner as to secure peace and obtain their confidence, if possible, and their voluntary consent to a compliance with such regulations as may be deemed necessary for their present and future welfare."

The new Commission succeeded in holding several "talks" with Captain Jack and his leading men, but at all of these they assumed a defiant attitude, appearing in several instances with the scalps of their victims fastened to their belts. On the evening of the tenth of April, 1873, Bogus Charley visited the camp of the Commissioners, and informed them that Captain Jack and several others of the band would meet for a talk at the spot near the lake, about three-quarters of a mile from the camp of the Commissioners, on the next day. Bogus

Charley remained with the Commissioners all night, and early on the following morning Boston Charley, also, visited the camp, and stated that Captain Jack and the others were preparing for the council. In a few hours after the peace party, composed of Gen. Canby, A. B. Meacham, Dr. Thomas, Mr. Dyer, Riddle the interpreter, and his squaw, with Bogus Charley and Boston Charley, went out to the place agreed upon, where they met Captain Jack, John Schonchin, Black Jim, Schack Nasty Jim, Ellen's Man and Hooker Jim. They had no guns, but each was provided with pistols.

At the place selected, the party sat down in a circle, and Mr. Meacham commenced the talk, and told them that the government and people of the United States wanted to do them good. He was followed by Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas, who said much that was calculated to pacify the Indians. When the last speaker had finished, John Schonchin began a reply, but he had said but a few words, when, as if they were the signal for the attack, the work of treachery began. A dozen shots were fired in less than a minute, and the massacre completed. The first shot was fired by Captain Jack himself, who shot and killed Gen. Canby. Mr. Meacham was shot by Schonchin, and Dr. Thomas by Boston Charley. Mr. Dyer barely escaped, being fired at twice. Riddle, the interpreter, and his squaw, also escaped.

The troops immediately rushed to the spot, where they beheld the dead bodies of Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas. Mr. Meacham, who was badly wounded by a pistol shot over the left eye, was taken back to the camp, where he received the necessary medical treatment, but the troops pushed forward after the murderers, but the latter reached their retreats in the lava beds before they could be overtaken, and the soldiers were forced to return without vengeance.

At this point the reader will naturally inquire as to the difficulties which prevented the pursuit of these guilty Indians. To this I will answer that the retreats of these savages in the lava beds were utterly inaccessible by troops. Only these cunning Modocs knew the paths leading through the fearful chasms in this mountainous country. A more definite description of this wild and broken country is found in the report of Dr. J.

S. Newbury, geologist, who visited it in 1849, with a surveying expedition. He says: "The valley is bounded by walls of more than one thousand feet in height, composed of dark, lava-like trap or red scoria, the interval between them forming a nearly level lava plain, a kind of congealed sea, of which the surface was everywhere roughened by waves, cooled while flowing; their crests black and ragged, the troughs containing a little ash-like soil, which supported a tangled growth of sage manzanita. At numerous points of this lava plain we passed miniature volcanic vents or chimneys, which had evidently been formed by the bursting out of steam or gases from below; and, in more than one instance, we noticed subterranean galleries or caverns having a diameter of fifteen or twenty feet, an irregularly circular section, and extending indefinitely in either direction. The chimneys to which I have referred probably communicated with these passages. Near Wright Lake occurs a conical mountain of trap rock, which rises to a height of perhaps fifteen hundred feet from the plain on which it stands. The south shore of this lake is bordered by a mountain range of nearly equal altitude, which has here a course nearly east and west, curving round toward the north. Its western extremity terminates in bold headland on the shore of Rhett Lake, and is connected by a low ridge with similar hills lying north of these lakes. This connecting ridge forms the barrier between Rhett and Wright Lakes, is composed exclusively of trap, and bears on it a conical hill of blood-red scoria, which has evidently, at no distant day, formed a volcanic vent. On the eastern shore of the lake is a conical hill, considerably removed from the cliffs referred to, but having apparently the same structure. Following the boundary line with its initial point on the twelfth mile, we reach the high divide of mountains overlooking Goose Lake, which, almost at our feet, bears off some twenty miles to the north and south, with fertile bottom lands on its east side. On the west side steep ridges put down bluff to the water's edge. Still further, the country is covered with juniper timber. In the distant horizon, Rhett or Tule Lake is barely discernible. Much nearer to the southwest is Wright or Clear Lake. To the southward the country

is streaked with sparse timber, and presents a more broken and mountainous appearance. To the west southwest the great Shasta Butte towers with its bi-capped peak, whitened with eternal snows. Passing west from Goose Lake, a measured distance of forty-four miles, the country is timbered and covered with masses of broken and loose rocks, cut in various directions by deep ravines, through which it would not be possible to operate with cavalry. The remains of many old Indian fortifications are to be found in this district, in the erection and location of which much skill and judgment would appear to have been manifested. This region is well watered, and there are also numerous small patches of meadows, a few acres in extent, covered with luxuriant grass. Here large numbers of deer abound, also brown and grizzly bears, and numbers of 'jackass rabbits.' In the lakes and streams are to be found an abundance of fish."

In the following May, Boston Charley gave himself up and volunteered to guide the troops to Captain Jack's stronghold. This led to the capture of Captain Jack and his whole band, a number of whom, while being transported in wagons to headquarters were murdered by Oregon volunteers. These Indians were held as prisoners until July, when their trial took place, which resulted in the conviction of Captain Jack, Schonchin, Boston Charley, Hooker Jim, Broncho, *alias* One-Eyed Jim, and Slotuck, who were sentenced to be hanged. The sentences were approved by the President (with the exception of Broncho and Slotuck, whose sentences were commuted to hard labor for life), and the guilty parties were duly executed at Fort Klamath, on the third of October, 1873. Thus ended the Modoc troubles.

A good deal has been said against the execution of these Indians by the clergy and religious press of the United States, but time and experience have shown that had they been shot at the first outbreak on the reservation, several valuable lives would have been saved, and a needless expenditure avoided. No band of Indians ever so richly merited extermination as the Modocs. Their depradations and treachery have resulted in a loss to the nation, in the untimely death of Gen. Canby and his associates, which cannot soon be forgotten.

## CHAPTER LXX.

THE SEMINOLE WAR—EARLY SETTLERS OF FLORIDA AND GEORGIA—INDIAN AND NEGRO SLAVERY—DIFFICULTIES AMONG THE CREEKS—SEA COFFEE'S BAND—SLAVES FLEE TO FLORIDA—TREATY WITH THE CREEKS.

AND NOW, in conclusion, let us notice briefly the principal features of the Seminole war, which, among the dark annals of Southern border warfare, is the only contest that deserves particular mention. This will carry us back many years.

Florida was settled by the Spaniards, in 1558, who were the first of the American colonists to engage in the African slave trade. The Carolinas were settled about the year 1630, under charters which embraced a great portion of the territory of Florida. This boundary conflict between the Spanish settlers in Florida and the colonists of the Carolinas soon led to open hostilities. The Carolinians also held many slaves, among whom were many Indians who resided in the vicinity. When the boundaries of Florida and South Carolina had been established, "* the colonists found themselves separated by the territory now constituting the State of Georgia," which at this early day was principally occupied by the Creek Indians.

The Indian slaves belonging to the Carolinians soon became tired of the restraints of bondage, and escaped into the country of the Creeks. Their example was soon followed by the African slaves, who also fled into Georgia, and thence with the Indian fugitives to the Spanish State of Florida, where they soon became a separate community, protected by Spanish laws. In 1736 the numbers of this community were greatly increased by the large desertions from the Carolinas, and many of them were formed into companies, and relied on by the Floridians as allies to aid in the defense of that Territory. Fostered by

* The Exiles of Florida.

recognition and protection from the Florida Spaniards, these exiles soon increased in numbers and strength, and became formidable enemies to their former masters.

In 1738, the Colonial Governor of South Carolina sent a messenger to the Governor of St. Augustine, with a demand for the return of the fugitive slaves in Florida, which was promptly rejected. This was the commencement of a long and bloody struggle between these colonies, which soon led to the establishment of the colony of Georgia. It was thought that this colony, being free, would afford the planters of Carolina protection against the further escape of their slaves from service. These exiles were called by the Creek Indians, "Seminoles," the same name that was afterwards given to a very strong band of their own nation. The name, in Indian, signifies "Runaways."

Georgia had not been established a decade when she became a slave-holding colony, bringing the slaves of her planters, both Africans and Indians, into the very neighborhood of the exiles, who had long been free under Spanish laws. In 1750, a difficulty arose among the Creek Indians, "which eventually becoming irreconcilable, a chief named Sea Coffee, with a large number of followers, left that tribe—at that time residing within the present limits of Georgia and Alabama—and continuing their journey south, entered the Territory of Florida, and, under the Spanish colony policy, were incorporated with the Spanish population, entitled to lands wherever they could find them unoccupied, and to the protection of Spanish laws." From that day Sea Coffee and his numerous followers refused to acknowledge Creek authority, or be represented in Creek councils. They elected their own chiefs, and in all respects became a separate tribe, embracing the Michansukies, with whom they united. "They settled in the vicinity of the exiles, associated with them, and a mutual sympathy and respect existing, some of their people intermarried, thereby strengthening the ties of friendship, and the Indians having fled from oppression, and taken refuge under Spanish laws, were also called the Seminoles, or runaways." *

* The Exiles of Florida.

From the time that Georgia became a slave-holding colony to the commencement of the Revolutionary War, parties of slaves in Georgia and in South Carolina were constantly leaving their masters and joining the Seminoles in Florida. This practice was largely increased by the movements of a strong faction in Georgia opposed to slavery, and led to the exercise of the greatest severity over, and suffering among, the slaves. However, the Seminoles enjoyed their liberty among the Spaniards until after the War of the Revolution, many of them becoming rich in flocks and herds. At the close of this war the authorities of Georgia began negotiations with the Creeks for the return of their fugitive slaves, which soon led to hostilities, and a long series of complications between the Federal government and the local government in Georgia.

On the first of August, 1790, President Washington, through the Secretary of War, Gen. Knox, effected a treaty with the Creeks, who were represented by all their chiefs and principal men of their tribe in New York. The third article of the treaty stipulated that: "The Creek nation shall deliver, as soon as practicable, to the commanding officer of the troops of the United States stationed at Rock Landing, on the Oconee river, all citizens of the United States, white inhabitants or negroes, who are now prisoners in any part of said nation; and if any such prisoners or negroes should not be so delivered, on or before the first day of June ensuing, the Governor of Georgia may empower three persons to repair to the said nation, in order to claim and receive such prisoners and negroes." Although the Seminoles were not represented in this council, and were in no way parties to this treaty, the Creeks proceeded to act for them, and to bind them to deliver their prisoners and negroes, *or themselves*, up to their former persecutors. It was a novel treaty for the fathers of our liberty to frame, and, as we shall see, produced one of the most horrid border wars that has ever been waged between the United States and the Indians.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

THE SEMINOLE WAR — DIFFICULTIES WITH THE CREEKS — THEIR INABILITY TO RETURN THE FUGITIVE SLAVES — COMPLAINTS OF THE SLAVEHOLDERS OF GEORGIA — THE GEORGIANS INVADE FLORIDA — THEIR DEFEAT — CRUELTY TO SETTLERS — THE SECOND INVASION — MORE SUFFERING — BRITISH INTERFERENCE AND OCCUPATION IN GEORGIA AND FLORIDA — THE FORT OF THE EXILES — THE FORT BLOWN UP — GREAT DESTRUCTION OF HUMAN LIFE — COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIRST SEMINOLE WAR.

THE CREEKS soon found it impossible to keep the treaty which they had made. The Seminoles, of course, refused to recognize or be bound by it. They claimed to be a separate, independent tribe, and declared that the attempt of the Creeks and the United States authorities to dictate what they should do, or should not do, was an insult to their dignity, and worthy only of their contempt. "The Creeks dared not attempt to bring back the exiles by force, and the government of the United States was unwilling to invade a Spanish colony for the purpose of recapturing those who had escaped the bonds of oppression and had become legally free." In 1792, when this unpleasant state of affairs existed, an agent by the name of Leagrone, was sent to Florida for the purpose of negotiating with the Spanish authorities for the return of the fugitive slaves. The same person had been agent to the Creeks, and he well understood their views in regard to the treaty. On reaching Florida, he found the authorities of that province entirely opposed to the surrender of any subjects of the Spanish crown to slavery. The Seminoles and the slaves who had become a part of their community, were regarded as holding the same rights which the white citizens of Florida held; but this was not all. The representatives of the King of Spain in Florida encouraged both the Seminoles and the exiles or fugitives to

refuse compliance with the treaty. Nor were the Creeks united in support of the treaty. Those known as the "Lower Creeks," or those residing on the southern border of Georgia, were half inclined to join the Spaniards, and McGellivray, their principal chief, was already raising his voice against the United States. "This man," says Mr. Giddings, "exerted great influence with the Indians. He was the son of an Indian trader, a Scotchman, by a Creek woman, the daughter of a distinguished chief. He had received a good English education; but his father had joined the English during the Revolution, and he, having been offended by leading men of Georgia, had taken up his residence with the Indians, and became their principal chief, in whom they reposed implicit confidence."

But the difficulty was not confined to the Indians and the United States. The people of Georgia were dissatisfied with the treaty, since it ceded some valuable portions of their land to the Indians, and they were loud in their expressions of contempt for the actions of the Federal government. The agent, Leagrone, writing from Georgia to the Secretary of War, uses these words: "To such lengths have matters gone, that they (the Georgians) now consider the troops and servants of the United States, who are placed among them, nearly as great enemies as they do the Indians."

With this condition of affairs, the Governor of Georgia raised and equipped a military force, invaded the Creeks, destroyed one of their principal villages, and killed several of their warriors. But notwithstanding, the Creeks were unable to return the fugitive slaves; and in 1794, President Washington, in a special message to Congress, announced the failure of all efforts to maintain peace between the people of Georgia and the Creek Indians.

It will be observed that the slaveholders of Georgia had sustained considerable loss by the escape of their slaves to the Seminole community in Florida; and now that the United States government had failed to secure the return of these fugitives by treaty, Congress was called upon to make an appropriation out of the public treasury, to pacify these much-abused slaveholders, but that body was already beginning to see the

evils of slavery, and wisely refused to make the desired appropriation.

It would seem that the Seminoles had taken the fugitive slaves under their immediate protection, and being themselves at enmity with the Creeks, from whom they had separated, they were firm in their determination to promote the liberty which both they and their brothers, the exiles, were enjoying under the Spanish laws. From this time until 1811, the fugitives remained secure with their friends the Seminoles in Florida, although the people and government of Georgia exercised constant effort to effect their return to bondage. In the last mentioned year a law was passed by Congress, in secret session, and approved by the President, for taking possession of Florida.

But the movements of the federal government were too slow to satisfy the Georgians. "In 1812," says Mr. Giddings, "the Executive of Georgia, apparently entertaining the idea that his State was competent to declare war and make peace, raised an army, which, under the command of the Adjutant-General, entered Florida with the avowed intention of exterminating the Seminoles who had so long refused to surrender the exiles; while the real object was the recapture and re-enslavement of the refugees. The Creeks of the Lower Town, however, took sides with the Seminoles, in opposing this piratical foray of slave-catchers. The army having penetrated a hundred miles or more into Florida, found itself surrounded with hostile savages. Their supplies were cut off; the men, reduced almost to a state of starvation, were compelled to retrace their steps, and, with great loss, the survivors reached Georgia. But they robbed those Spanish inhabitants who fell in their way, of all their provisions, and left them to suffer for the want of food. Nor were the Georgians satisfied with taking such provisions as were necessary to support life; they also took with them a large number of slaves, owned by Spanish masters, with whom they resided."

Not long after this the Legislature of Georgia, impatient with the inactivity of the Federal government, passed an act for raising a force "to reduce St. Augustine, and punish the

Indians." Another army of hunters, trappers, vagabonds and men of desperate fortunes, was raised; numbering five hundred, and Florida was again invaded. This expedition was more successful than the first. Several small Seminole towns were burned; corn-fields were destroyed, and large herds of cattle were captured. However, none of the exiles were captured. This state of warfare was continued until 1813, when Georgia, being unable to obtain any of her fugitive slaves, gave up the contest. These transactions in the South excited very little attention at the National Capital, on account of the deeper interest felt in the issues of the War of 1812, which, as we have seen, was then raging. But if the American Congress failed to bestow proper attention upon the pending Seminole War, the British were not wanting in their regard for its possible advantages. In 1814, a hostile fleet under Lord Cochran, entered Chesapeake Bay. This British commander issued a proclamation, inviting all persons, including slaves, who desired to leave the United States, to go on board his Britannic Majesty's ships of war. The proclamation offered them homes in either of the British West India Islands. This act created great alarm in Georgia and even in the Carolinas.

About the same time two British sloops-of-war and a number of smaller vessels, suddenly appeared in Appalachicola Bay, when a body of British troops was landed under Lieut.-Col. Nichols, with the avowed intention of protecting the exiles and the Seminoles. This officer wasted no time in furnishing them with arms and ammunition, which they gladly accepted, and, at his call, fell into the ranks of his army in great numbers. In November, he built a strong fort on the east side of the Appalachicola river, about thirty miles above its mouth. This fort came into the hands of the Seminoles and fugitive slaves in the spring of 1815, when the British withdrew from the South, and was afterwards known as the "Negro Fort." In the same year, a part of the American army under the immediate command of Gen. Gaines, was sent to the Georgian frontiers to maintain peace between the slaveholders and the Indians, and the "Negro Fort," as well as the fugitives and

Seminoles who garrisoned it, soon became an object of conquest. On the sixteenth of May, 1816, Gen. Jackson wrote Gen. Gaines, saying: "I have little doubt of the fact that this fort has been established by some villains for the purpose of rapine and plunder, and that it ought to be blown up regardless of the ground on which it stands; and if your mind should have the same conclusion, destroy it and return the stolen negroes and property to their rightful owners."

The receipt of this order was all that Gen. Gaines waited for. He immediately despatched Col. Clinch, of the regular troops, and five hundred friendly Creeks, under their favorite chief McIntosh, with two pieces of artillery, to blow up the "Negro Fort." A naval force was sent to co-operate with Col. Clinch, and on the morning of the twenty-seventh of July, it anchored in the river opposite the fort. The land force had approached to within a few hundred yards of the fort three days before, and erected a battery from which a heavy cannonade was constantly kept up, and now, joined by the guns of the naval re-enforcements shot and shells were poured in upon the poor exiles—men, women and children, to the number of three hundred—murdering them without mercy. There were also about forty Seminole Indians in the fort.

In speaking of this siege, Mr. Giddings, in his valuable little book, says: "Mothers and children now shrieked with terror, as the roar of the cannon, the whistling of balls, the explosion of shells, the war-whoops of the savages, the groans of the wounded and dying, foretold the sad fate which awaited them. The stout-hearted old men cheered and encouraged their friends, declaring that death was to be preferred to slavery. The struggle, however, was not protracted. The cannon balls not taking effect upon the embankments of earth, they prepared their furnaces and commenced the fire of hot shot, directed at the principal magazine. This mode proved more successful. A ball, fully heated, reached the powder in the magazine. The small size of the fort, and the great number of people in it, rendered the explosion unusually fatal. Many were entirely buried in the ruins, others were killed by falling timbers, while many bodies were torn in pieces. Limbs were separated from

the bodies to which they had been attached, and death in all its horrid forms was visible within the doomed fortress. Of three hundred and thirty-four souls within the fort, two hundred and seventy were instantly killed, while of the sixty who remained, only three escaped without injury. Two of the survivors—one negro and one Indian—were selected as supposed chiefs of the allied forces within the fort. They were delivered over to the Indians who accompanied Col. Clinch, and were massacred within the fort, in presence of our troops; but no report or record shows the extent of torture to which they were subjected." Those who survived their wounds, were taken back to Georgia and re-enslaved — a fate but little better than that of those who had perished in the ruins of the fort. The property captured by the military in this campaign, amounted in value to over two hundred thousand dollars.

## CHAPTER LXXII.

THE FIRST SEMINOLE WAR — MASSACRE OF LIEUTENANT SCOTT — JACKSON'S ARMY INVADES FLORIDA, AND BURNS SEMINOLE TOWNS — PEACE — PURCHASING SLAVES FROM INDIANS WITH WHISKY — A MOVEMENT TO REMOVE THE SEMINOLES WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI — OSCEOLA, HIS WIFE, HER FATE, AND HIS REVENGE — THE MASSACRE AT FORT KING — LOUIS, THE GUIDE — TERRIBLE MASSACRE AT THE GREAT WAHOO SWAMP.

THE MASSACRE of exiles and Seminoles at the "Negro Fort" led to the first formidable Seminole war, in which the surviving fugitives joined. Early in the spring and summer of 1817, Gen. Gaines's scouts brought in the intelligence that the Seminoles and exiles were preparing for the contest, they having purchased arms and ammunition from the Spanish and British merchants, and being then undergoing the necessary drill. Gen. Gaines also began active preparations. Thus matters continued until November, when a boat belonging to the United States was ascending the Appalachicola river with supplies for Fort Scott, "under the escort of a Lieutenant and forty men, in company with a number of women and children." As soon as the fugitives and Seminoles became aware of the approach of the convoy, they raised a band of warriors for the purpose of revenging the death of their relations who perished at the fort-massacre. The party proceeded to the river, and drawing this convoy into an ambuscade, massacred Lieut. Scott and all his men but six, and all the children, and all the women but one. The woman was carried to Suwanee a prisoner, and the six soldiers escaped. Forgetting the fort-massacre, where so many fugitives and Seminoles were needlessly destroyed by the United States troops, the American government, press and people, denounced the Massacre of Lieut. Scott's party as wholly unprovoked. Gen. Gaines was now ordered to carry

an offensive war into Florida for the purpose of punishing the Seminoles, and Gen. Jackson was sent to the field in person, with power to call on the States of Tennessee and Georgia for such militia as he might deem necessary for the due prosecution of the war. On entering the field he called on the State of Tennessee for two thousand troops. He also organized a very strong force of Georgia volunteers. The Creek Indians, under their favorite leader, McIntosh, also joined Jackson's force in large numbers. With this army he moved upon the Negro and Seminole towns near Lake Mickasukie, defeating the allied forces, burning about three hundred dwellings, and capturing a considerable supply of provisions.

The American army, under Gen. Jackson, moved on to St. Marks, a Spanish fort situated on the river of that name. While Jackson was capturing this fort, the fugitives and Seminoles concentrated at the "Old Town" of "Suwanee," where they prepared to meet the Americans in battle. In due time Jackson approached, and after a severe battle, in which the negroes lost many dead upon the field, the allied forces were again defeated. The Americans entered the villages and burned all the dwellings for several miles on either hand. They also captured three hundred women and children, while those belonging to the fugitive negroes had been prudently removed beyond reach of the invading army.

After this battle Gen. Jackson, being unable to follow the exiles and Seminoles into the Southern portions of Florida, withdrew with his army to St. Mark's, where the trial and execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, which has been celebrated in history, took place. Soon after this event Jackson declared the war at an end, and withdrew from the field to his home in Nashville.

Thus the fugitive negroes, although badly defeated in battle, were still at liberty, and the vast expenditure of blood and treasure on the part of the United States was unavailing in the effort to re-enslave them. This led to many new desertions in Georgia, and as a consequence of the latter, revived the disposition of the Georgian slave-masters to put an end to Spanish rule in Florida. The purchase of Florida now became the all-

absorbing theme, and in February, 1819, a treaty was negotiated, and in consideration of five millions of dollars, Florida was transferred to the United States, and the Seminoles and fugitive negroes were brought within the jurisdiction of the United States.

The policy of removing the Seminoles west of the Mississippi was now introduced, and every means adopted to effect their removal. Meantime, slave-catching parties invaded Florida and carried off many of the fugitives into bondage. Not long previous to the second Seminole war the practice of purchasing these fugitives from their friends, the Seminoles, was protected by the authorities, which gave rise to indescribable cruelties. The purchase was generally made with whisky and false promises, and the cruelty with which the betrayed negroes were treated, was truly shocking. This state of things became so notoriously wicked that orders were at length issued to suppress the practice.

Meanwhile the representatives of the United States government had effected a treaty with the Seminoles, in which they were made, through the influence of intoxicating liquors and bribery, to consent to remove west of the Mississippi, and before the treaty was ratified by the Senate, or approved by the Seminole nation, the President issued an order to the military for their immediate removal. As soon as the Seminole chiefs recovered from the influences which had been brought to bear upon them at the council, they denied having made such a treaty, and refused to remove from the reservations which had been assigned to them by former treaties. This led to the second Seminole war. The number of fugitive negroes in Florida at this time, including women and children, was about twelve or fourteen hundred.

The Seminoles, who had previously maintained only a defensive war, were now excited to fury, and cruel depredations followed. "A young and gallant warrior," says Mr. Giddings, "named Osceola, was the principal actor in one of these scenes. He was the son of an Indian trader, a white man named Powell. His mother was the daughter of a Seminole chief. He had recently married a woman said to have been beautiful.

She was the daughter of a chief who had married one of the exiles; but as all colored people, by slave-holding laws, are said to follow the condition of the mother, she was called an African slave. Osceola was proud of his ancestry. He hated slavery, and those who practiced the holding of slaves, with a bitterness that is but little understood by those who have never witnessed its revolting crimes. He visited Fort King in company with his wife and a few friends, for the purpose of trading. Mr. Thompson, the agent, was present, and while engaged in business, the wife of Osceola was seized as a slave. Evidently having negro blood in her veins, the law pronounced her a slave; and as no other person could show title to her, the pirate who had got possession of her body, was supposed, of course, to be her owner. Osceola became frantic with rage, but was instantly siezed and placed in irons, while his wife was hurried away to slave-holding pollution. He remained six days in irons, when, Gen. Thompson says, he became penitent, and was released. From the moment when this outrage was committed, the Florida War commenced. Osceola swore vengeance upon Thompson and those who assisted in the perpetration of this indignity upon himself, as well as upon his wife, and upon our common humanity. * * * Other Indians and exiles were preparing for other important operations; but Osceola seemed intent, his whole soul was absorbed, in devising some plan by which he could safely reach Mr. Thompson, who was the object of his vengeance. He, or some of his friends, kept constant watch on the movements of Thompson, who was unconscious of the danger to which he was exposed. Osceola, steady to his purpose, refused to be diverted from his favorite object. Thompson was at Fort King, and there were but few troops to protect that fortress. But Indians seldom attempt an escalade, and Osceola sought an opportunity to take it by surprise. With some twenty followers he lay secreted near the fort for days and weeks, determined to find some opportunity to enter by the open gate when the troops should be off their guard. On the twenty-eighth, in the afternoon, as he and his followers lay near the road leading from the fort to the house of the sutler, which was nearly a mile distant, they saw

Mr. Thompson and a friend approaching. At a signal given by Osceola, the Indians fired. Thompson fell, pierced by fourteen bullets; Smith received about as many. The shrill war whoop followed the sound of the rifles, and alarmed the people at the fort. The Indians immediately scalped their victims, and then hastened to the house, where Mr. Rogers, the sutler, and two clerks were at dinner. These three persons were immediately massacred and scalped. The Indians took as many valuable goods as they could carry, and set fire to the building." Osceola and his companions escaped, quite satisfied with the vengeance they had wrought, but still not compensated for the enslavement of Osceola's wife.

At this point, I have to present to the reader the name of Louis, that intelligent slave who became so conspicuous in this contest. Major Dade had been ordered to march with his command to Fort King. The distance to be traveled was about one hundred and thirty miles, through an unsettled forest, "much diversified with swamps, lakes and hammocks." No white person could be found who was able to guide the command over the route. On making inquiry for a suitable guide, the attention of Major Dade was directed to Louis, the slave of a respectable Spanish settler, who resided near Fort Brook. Louis was recommended by his master as a faithful, trustworthy man, and was engaged to guide the party over the dangerous wastes.

Louis thought the matter over long and carefully. He did not wish to betray his new master, yet he felt deep sympathy for the exiles, and did not wish them to be re-enslaved, and with that faith which has enabled many a slave to foresee his freedom, he believed that the hour had come for him to strike an important blow. He called some of his most trustworthy friends together and informed them that Major Dade, with his troops, would leave Fort Brook about the twenty-fifth of December, for Fort King, and that he was to act as their guide; hat he would lead them by way of the Great Wahoo Swamp, and pointed out the proper place for an attack. This information was soon communicated to the exiles and the Seminoles, and preparations were at once commenced among them for

meeting the troops at the point designated. Thither marched a large force determined on striking a fatal blow upon the approaching soldiers. On the twenty-seventh of December, Dade's command had reached a point within three miles of the Great Wahoo Swamp, where the battle was to be fought.

Mr. Giddings gives a very pleasing account of this contest in his noted little book on the "Exiles of Florida," in these words: "At early dawn, the men were paraded, the roll called and the order regulating the day's march given. They were then dismissed for breakfast, and at eight o'clock resumed their march, and proceeded on their way in the full expectation of reaching their destination on the evening of that day. But an insidious foe had been equally vigilant. They had left their island encampment, with the first light of the morning, and each had taken his position along the trail in which the troops were expected to march. Some thirty or forty yards distant each man was hidden behind a tree, which was to be his fortress during the expected action. A few rods on the other side of the trail, lay a pond of water, whose placid surface reflected the glittering rays of the morning sun. All was peaceful and quiet as the breath of summer. Unsuspicious of the hidden death which beset their pathway, the troops entered this defile, and passed along until their rear had come within the range of the enemy's rifles, when, at a given signal, each warrior fired while his victim was in full view and unprotected. One-half of that ill-fated band, including the gallant Dade, fell at the first fire. The remainder were thrown into disorder. The officers endeavored to rally their men into line, but their enemy was unseen, and ere they could return an effective shot, a second discharge from the hidden foe, laid one-half their remaining force prostrate in death. The survivors retreated a short distance towards their encampment of the previous night, and while most of the exiles and Indians were engaged in scalping the dead and tomahawking those who were disabled, they formed a hasty breastwork of logs for their defense. They were, however, soon invested by the enemy, and the few who had taken shelter behind their rude defenses, were overcome and massacred by the exiles, who conversed

with them in English, and dispatched them. Only two individuals besides Louis the guide made their escape. Their gallant commander, his officers and soldiers, whose hearts had beat high with expectation in the morning, at evening lay prostrate in death; and as the sable victors relaxed from their bloody work, they congratulated each other on having revenged the death of those who, twenty years previously, had fallen at the massacre of Blount's* Fort. The loss of the allied forces was three killed and five wounded. After burying their own dead, they retired to the island in the swamp, long before nightfall. To this point they brought the spoils of victory, which were deemed important for carrying on the war. Night had scarcely closed around them, however, when Osceola and his followers arrived from Fort King, bringing intelligence of the death of Thompson and Lieut. Smith, together with the sutler and his two clerks. There, too, was Louis, the guide to Dade's command. He was now free! He engaged in conversation with his sable friends. Well knowing the time and place at which the attack was to be made, he had professed a necessity for stopping by the wayside before entering the defile, thus separating himself from the troops and from danger. As soon as the first fire showed him the precise position of his friends, he joined them, and, swearing eternal hostility to all who enslaved their fellow-men, lent his own efforts in carrying forward the work of death, until the last individual of that doomed regiment sank beneath their tomahawks. The massacre of the unfortunate Dade and his companions, and the murder of Thompson and his friends at Fort King, occurred on the same day, and constituted the opening scenes of the second Seminole war."

* Previously spoken of as the "Negro Fort."

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE SECOND SEMINOLE WAR — THE BATTLE OF THE WITHLACOOCHEE — BRAVERY OF OSCEOLA — THE SEMINOLES AND NEGROES DEFEATED — GENERAL GAINES'S FRUITLESS CAMPAIGN — OSCEOLA ATTACKS MICONOPY — HEILMAN'S GALLANT DEFENSE — THE BATTLE BETWEEN PEARCE AND OSCEOLA — SEVERAL SEVERE BATTLES — THE SEMINOLES HARD TO CONQUER.

THESE massacres fully inaugurated the second Seminole war Gen. Clinch, with two thousand regulars and four hundred Florida volunteers, under Gen. Call, advanced into Florida, and were met at the Withlocoochee by one hundred and fifty Seminoles and fifty exiles under Osceola and Halpatter-Tustenuggee, where a deadly battle ensued on the thirtieth of December. "As Osceola," says Giddings, "now, for the first time, engaged in battle, he felt anxious to distinguish himself by his intrepidity. His voice was heard on every part of the field, urging on his troops to deeds of daring. Undaunted by the shrill war whoop and the constant report of Indian rifles, and the whistling balls around him, Gen. Clinch charged his enemy. The allies fell back, and he continually advanced until he drove them from the thick hommock into the open forest. The gallant general coolly passed along the lines during the action, encouraging his men, and stimulating them to effort by his presence and bravery. A ball passed through his cap, and another through the sleeve of his coat, to which he paid no attention, but continued to encourage his men."

But the exiles were not wanting in bravery. They fought with desperation, and their aim was fatal. Eight of the regular troops were killed, and forty wounded, of whom more than one-third died of their wounds. Several officers were also wounded. The loss of the allied forces were two negroes and

one Indian killed, and three negroes and two Indians wounded. The allies drew off, leaving Gen. Clinch in possession of the field.

In January, 1836, Maj.-Gen. Scott was ordered to the field as Commanding General of the army in Florida, with authority to call on the Governors of South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama for necessary troops. Gen. Eustis, commanding at Charleston, South Carolina, was directed to repair at once to Florida with the forces stationed in that city and Savannah, and with such volunteers as he might require. On the tenth of January Gen. Gaines arrived in Florida from New Orleans with a brigade of eleven hundred men; and in a few days, while attempting to cross the Withlacoochee, encountered the allied forces to a considerable number under "Ino," and Osceola. Being driven from the river, and being unable to retreat, Gen. Gaines dispatched a messenger to Gen. Clinch, who was at Fort Drane, directing that officer as soon as pospible to his relief with such troops as he could at the moment bring with him, and retired with his forces into a pine barren half a mile from the river, where he threw up a breastwork of logs for the protection of his men, and awaited assistance. The allies invested his camp for three days, when, seeing Gen. Clinch's forces approaching, they dispersed and fled.

Osceola, after the massacre of Thompson and others at Fort King, had become very influential among the Seminoles, and his bravery in the several battles in which he had been engaged added much to his good name among the allies. He had been raised to the dignity of a chief, and "he now conceived and executed one of the boldest movements ever made by savages against a fortified post manned by regular troops." On the ninth of June, with three hundred warriors, about one-quarter of whom were negroes, he attacked the fort at Micanopy, which was then defended by a garrison of soldiers equal in numbers to his own force. The fort was under the command of Major Heilman. "The assault," says Mr. Giddings, "was maintained with determined obstinacy for an hour and a half, the assailants boldly facing the artillery which was brought to

bear upon them, and when they left the scene of action, they carried away their dead and wounded."

A short time previous to this battle, Gen. Scott was with drawn from the field and Gen. Jessup appointed to his place. The latter had successfully effected the removal of the Creeks from Georgia to their reservation in the West, and it was hoped by the government, that he would induce the Seminoles to remove there also.

On the twelfth of August, Major Pearce, being in command at Micanopy, left that place with one piece of artillery and one hundred and ten regular troops, for the purpose of attacking the allies at Fort Drane. In due time he reached this post, where he met Osceola with about one hundred followers, ready to meet him and give him battle. After an engagement of an hour and a quarter, Major Pearce was compelled to fall back, and Osceola, being unwilling to pursue him, he retreated to Micanopy with a loss of one killed and sixteen wounded.

"But the Indians and exiles," says Mr. Giddings, "now found themselves almost daily threatened in their own fastnesses. Along the Withlacoochee were many small villages and plantations occupied almost exclusively by exiles. Large crops of corn and other vegetables had been raised there during the season, and it was known that stores of provisions were located upon various islands surrounded by the swamps lying along that river, and in the great morass called the 'Wahoo Swamp;' while it was equally known that many families of the exiles were residing in that vicinity. It was therefore deemed important to destroy those villages and obtain the supplies which they contained. Gen. Armstrong, with five hundred mounted men, while marching toward these villages on the fourteenth of November, encountered a strong force consisting of Indians and exiles. The conflict was spirited. In forty minutes, eleven of Armstrong's men fell before the deadly aim of the allies. He, however, drove them from the field, but they took with them their dead and wounded. This fact with savages is regarded the only test of success in battle; they never acknowledge defeat while they hold possession of their dead and wounded. But the time drew near

when they were constrained to acknowledge a *defeat.* On the eighteenth of November, a regiment of Tennesseeans, consisting of about five hundred, encountered a body of the enemy whose numbers are not given by any officer or historian whom we have consulted. They were posted in a hommock. The Tennesseeans were the assailing party. The battle continued more than two hours, when the allies fled, leaving upon the field twenty-five Indians and Africans slain in battle; while the loss of the assailants was still larger. This was the best contested battle which occurred during the campaign of 1836, and the first in which the allies left their dead in possession of our troops. This defeat appears to have taught the allies to be cautious, and stimulated a desire to wipe out the impression which their defeat was calculated to make upon the public mind. Gen. Call having formed a junction with Maj. Pearce of the regular service, with nearly three hundred regular troops under his command, making in all more than one thousand men, entered the Great Wahoo Swamp on the twenty-first of November. Their intention was to obtain the provisions supposed to be deposited in the villages situated upon the islands in that extensive morass. But they were attacked soon after entering the swamp. The fire at first was principally concentrated upon the Creek Indians, the mercenary troops employed by Gen. Jessup. Major Pearce hastened to their relief. The fire then became general. The men were in a swamp which was nearly covered with water, and much of it with a thick underbrush. After maintaining the battle for a time, the Indians fell back, crossed the river and formed upon its bank, each man protected by a log or tree. The river was turbid and appeared difficult to pass. As our troops approached it, the fire upon them was severe. Capt. Moniac, of the Creek warriors, was killed while examining the stream to ascertain if it could be forded. Others were wounded. The allied force appeared determined to make their final stand upon this stream. Behind them were their wives and children, their provisions, their homes and firesides. Gen. Call and his troops now obtained an opportunity of fighting the enemy; a privilege which he had long sought, though he embraced it under

disadvantageous circumstances. Our troops had great inducements to advance, but the dangers corresponded with the advantages to be gained. Gen. Call, however, concluded to withdraw; and after sustaining a heavy loss he retreated and left the allies in possession of the field. They very correctly, feeling that their success depended greatly upon the position they had taken, did not pursue Gen. Call, who, with his whole force, retired to Volusi to recruit. His loss was fifteen killed and thirty wounded. It is certain that the allies manifested great skill in selecting their place of attack, and the position for their final stand. Their success greatly encouraged them, and the gallantry displayed by the exiles served to increase their influence with the Indians. The Creek warriors had shown themselves very efficient in this expedition, but they suffered severely; and at no subsequent period did they maintain their former character as warriors. They had been greatly stimulated in this conflict with the expectation of capturing women and children, whom they expected to seize and sell as slaves. But so far as that object was concerned, their warriors who fell in this battle died ingloriously, and the result discouraged the survivors."

# CHAPTER LXXIV.

CONCLUSION OF THE SECOND SEMINOLE WAR — SEVERAL BATTLES — GEN. JESSUP'S PEACE POLICY — HOSTILITIES RENEWED — SLAVE-CATCHING PARTIES — THE SEMINOLES AND EXILES PERSUADED TO GO WEST — EFFORTS TO SUBJECT THEM TO CREEK AUTHORITY — INVADED BY THE CREEKS — EMIGRATION OF THE EXILES TO MEXICO.

IN December, 1836, Gen. Jessup entered the field in person. He had eight thousand troops well provided with all materials of war, which were, to a great extent, concentrated against the villages of the exiles on the Withlacoochee. He directed a battalion of mounted men, under Major Crawford, accompanied by two battalions of Creek Indians, to make a sudden descent upon them, but most of the settlers, being made aware of the approach of this force, made their escape to the swamps. The troops, however, seized fifty-two women and children.

The next effort, however, was directed by the allies against Fort Mellon, near Lake Monroe. The forces, two hundred and fifty strong, were commanded by "Wild Cat" and Louis. The attack was made with great determination, and continued for three hours, but the assailants were driven back by superior numbers. They sustained no loss, however, while on the side of the Americans, Capt. Mellon was killed and several others mortally wounded.

Soon after the allies were defeated at Ahapopka Lake, when chief Osuchee and three warriors and nine exiles were killed. All of their women and children were taken prisoners. "*All the disposable forces under Gen. Jessup were now put into active employ. With the main body of the army he pene trated far into the Indian territory." At Tahopkaliga Lake he captured seven hundred head of cattle, which afforded sub-

* Exiles of Florida.

sistence for his army. Near the Cypress Swamp, the enemy was attacked and all his horses and baggage captured, with twenty-five Indians and negroes, principally women and children. On the day after the battle, one of the prisoners was directed to return to the two principal chiefs, Abraham and Alligator, with a message of peace, desiring them to meet the commanding general in council. The chiefs complied, and visiting the general's camp, arrangements were entered into for holding a general council at Fort Dade, on the eighteenth of February.

A successful excursion into the Indian country was also made by Lieut.-Col. Henderson, with a strong force of mounted men. He captured twenty-three negroes, young and old; over a hundred ponies, with packs on about fifty of them; together with all their clothes, blankets and other baggage. In this expedition his loss was two men killed and five wounded.

Hoping to get the negro and Indian chiefs to assemble in council, Gen. Jessup now ordered a cessation of hostilities, and on the sixth of March a few of their principal men assembled at Fort Dade, among whom were Halatoochie and Jumper. After much difficulty a treaty was agreed upon, wherein it was stipulated that the Seminoles would go west of the Mississippi provided their allies, the fugitives, were allowed the same privilege and guaranteed the same protection. "*Abraham now entered upon the work of inducing all his brethren, both Indians and negroes to go to the Western country, where they could be free from persecutions. Those willing to emigrate were to assemble within a district of ten miles square, marked out for that purpose, near Tampa Bay. Many of the Indian chiefs visited that station; spoke encouragingly of the prospect; that the whole nation would emigrate at no distant day. Even Osceola, the most inveterate of all the Seminole chiefs, visited Fort Mellon, avowing his intention to emigrate; while Abraham made report of a like feeling among the exiles. Twenty-six vessels, employed to transport the emigrants to New Orleans, were anchored in Tampa Bay. Hundreds of Indians and negroes had reached the camp assigned to the

* Gidding's Narrative.

emigrants, near 'Fort Brooke.' Their names were duly registered; they drew their rations, and made every preparation to go West. Gen. Jessup announced the war at an end, dismissed the militia and volunteers, and asked of the Department leave to retire from active duty."

But no sooner had Gen. Jessup made this report, than new difficulties began to arise, which soon resulted in renewing hostilities. The slave interest was dissatisfied, and the people of Georgia and Florida demanded the return of their lost slaves, and seeing that the fugitives were not to be benefitted by the treaty, the Seminoles withdrew from Tampa Bay, and the exiles retired to their fastness. In renewing hostilities, Gen. Jessup appears to have fully determined on carrying out the designs of Gen. Jackson, in 1816, when he directed Gen. Gaines to "destroy the fort and return the slaves to their owners." From this time forward, says Mr. Giddings, he lent his energies, and the power of the army, to the object of capturing and returning slaves. He also changed his mode of prosecuting the war, and adopted a series of forays for the capture and enslavement of the exiles. In the previous year he had entered into a contract with the Creek Indians, by which he stipulated to pay them a large pecuniary compensation, and to allow them to hold all the plunder (negroes) whom they might capture, as *property*. The same inducements were held out to the militia. The Choctaws and Delawares also joined these slave-catching expeditions, while their more enlightened brethren, the Cherokees, refused to engage in hostilities towards the Seminoles, but offered to send a delegation of their people among them to advise them to emigrate west of the Mississippi. John Ross, the half-breed, was at this time the principal chief of the Cherokee nation. But it will be impossible, with the limited space now left, to follow out this war of detail, on the one hand, or the negotiations of peace on the other. The war raged with fury until 1843, up to which time more than five hundred persons were seized and enslaved. To effect this, forty millions of dollars were supposed to have been expended. "*Eighty thousand dollars were paid from the

* Gidding's Narrative.

public treasury for the enslavement of each person, and the lives of at least three white men were sacrificed to insure the enslavement of each black man. The deterioration of our national morality was beyond estimate, and the disgrace of our nation and government are matters incapable of computation. The suffering of the Indians and exiles, amidst such prolonged persecution, such loss of life and property, we cannot estimate. The friends and families who were separated, the number of those who were made wretched for life, the broken hearts, we will not attempt to enumerate. Nearly one-half of the whole number were consigned to the moral death of slavery, and many to that physical death which was dreaded far less than slavery. After wandering in the wilderness thrice forty years, they fell under the oppression, the persecution, the power of a mighty nation, which boasts of its justice, its honor and love of liberty. We lament the sad fate of those who died in that struggle; but with deeper anguish, and far keener mortification, we deplore the unhappy lot of those who were doomed to drag out a miserable existence, amidst chains and wretchedness, surrounded by that moral darkness which hovers over the enslaved portion of our fellow-beings in the Southern States."

The result of this war was, that the exiles, not re-enslaved by capture, were removed to the Cherokee lands west of the State of Arkansas. * "They had been removed from Florida at great expense of blood and treasure, but they were yet free and the object of the administration had not been attained. Conscious of the designs of the Creeks, the Seminoles and exiles refused to trust themselves within Creek jurisdiction. They were tenants at will of the Cherokees, whose hospitality had furnished them with a temporary home until the government should fulfill its treaty stipulations, in furnishing them a territory for their separate use."

In this situation the exiles became dissatisfied, and hostilities being apprehended, a plan was set on foot to place them under Creek authority on the Creek reservation. This nation had several years previously been removed to a reservation west of the Mississippi.

* Gidding's Narrative.

The Creeks and Seminoles had been separated for nearly a century, and had lived under governments entirely independent of each other. But this is not all. They had, during this time, often been at war with each other, and the most deadly feuds had been engendered, and still existed among them. "To unite them with the Creeks, and blot the name of 'Seminole' from the page of their future history, in order to involve the exiles in slavery, had long been a cherished object with the administration of our government. It was now fondly hoped that that object would be accomplished without further difficulty. But at no period had the Seminole Indians regarded the exiles with greater favor than they did when remaining on the territory assigned to the Creeks. Although many of them had intermarried with the Seminoles, and half-breeds were now common among the Indians; yet most of the descendants of the pioneers who fled from South Carolina and Georgia maintained their identity of character, living by themselves, and maintaining the purity of the African race. They yet cherished this love of their own kindred and color; and when they removed on to the Creek lands, they settled in separate villages; and the Seminole Indians appeared generally to coincide with the exiles in the propriety of each maintaining their distinctive character. During the summer and autumn both Indians and exiles became residents within Creek jurisdiction; and the Executive seemed to regard the trust held under the assignment made at Indian Spring, twenty-four years previously, as now fulfilled. Regarding the Creeks as holding the equitable or beneficial interest in the bodies of the exiles, under the assignment from their owners to the United States, and they being now brought under Creek jurisdiction, subject to Creek laws, the Executive felt that his obligations were discharged, and the whole matter left with the Creeks. This opinion appears also to have been entertained by the Creek Indians; for no sooner had the exiles and Seminoles located themselves within Creek jurisdiction, than the exiles were claimed as the legitimate slaves of the Creeks. To these demands the exiles and Seminoles replied, that the President, under the treaty of 1845, was bound to hear and determine all

questions arising between them. The demands were, therefore, referred to the proper department for decision. But this sitting in judgment upon the heaven-endowed right of man to his liberty, seemed to involve more personal and moral responsibility than was desirable for the Executive to assume, and the claims remained undecided. The Creeks became impatient at delay; they were a slaveholding people, as well as their more civilized but more infidel brethren, of the slave States. The exiles, living in their own villages in the enjoyment of perfect freedom, had already excited discontent among the slaves of the Creek and Choctaw tribes, and those of Arkansas. The Creeks appeared to feel that it had been far better for them to have kept the exiles in Florida, than to bring them to the Western country to live in freedom. Yet their claims under the treaty of 1845, thus far, appeared to have been disregarded by the President; they had been unable to obtain a decision on them; and they now threatened violence for the purpose of enslaving the exiles, unless their demands were peacefully conceded. The exiles, yet confident that the government would fulfill its stipulations to protect them and their property, repaired in a body to Fort Gibson, and demanded protection of Gen. Arbuckle, the officer in command. He had no doubt of the obligation of the United States to lend them protection, according to the express language of the articles of capitulation entered into with Gen. Jessep, in March, 1837. He, therefore, directed the whole body of exiles to encamp and remain upon the lands reserved by the United States, near the fort, and under their exclusive jurisdiction, assuring them that no Creek would dare to set foot upon that reservation with intentions of violence towards any person. Accordingly the exiles, who yet remained free, now encamped around Fort Gibson, and were supported by rations dealt out from the public stores. Soon as he could ascertain all the facts, Gen. Arbuckle made report to the War Department relative to their situation, and the claims which they made to protection under the articles of capitulation, together with the rights which the Creeks set up to re-enslave them. This state of circumstances appears to have been unexpected by the Executive. Indeed, he

appears from the commencement to have underrated the difficulties which beset the enslavement of a people who were determined upon the enjoyment of freedom; he seems to have expected the negroes, when once placed within Creek jurisdiction, would have yielded without further effort. But he was now placed in a position which constrained him either to repudiate the pledged faith of the nation, or to protect the exiles in their *persons* and *property*, according to the solemn covenants which Gen. Jessup had entered into with them. Yet the President was disposed to make further efforts to avoid the responsibility of deciding the question before him. Gen. Jessup had entered into the articles of capitulation, and the President appeared to think he was competent to give construction to them; he therefore referred the subject to that officer, stating the circumstances, and demanding of him the substance of *his undertaking* in regard to the articles of capitulation with the Exiles."

Gen. Jessup's reply was that his understanding of the treaty was that the Seminoles were to be separate from and independent of the Creeks in every respect, and that the Seminole negroes were to be protected from slavery. This explanation prevented the Executive from handing the Seminoles over to the Creeks, and, for a time, all remained quiet. The prospect that the Seminole negroes were to enjoy peace in their new country, seemed very bright, until an individual, a slave-dealer, appeared among the Creeks, and offered to pay them one hundred dollars for each exile they would seize and deliver to him, he stipulating to take all risk of title. "This temptation," says Mr. Giddings, "was too great for the integrity of the Creeks, who were smarting under their disappointment, and the defeat of their long cherished schemes, of re-enslaving the exiles. Some two hundred Creek warriors collected together, armed themselves, and, making a sudden descent upon the exiles, seized such as they could lay their hands upon. The men and most of the women and children fled; but those who had arms collected, and presenting themselves between their brethren and the Creeks who were pursuing them, prepared to defend themselves and friends. The Creeks, unwilling to

encounter the danger which threatened them, ceased from further pursuit, but, turning back, dragged their frightened victims, who had been already captured, to the Creek villages, and delivered them over to the slave-dealer, who paid them the stipulated price. The Seminole agent, learning the outrage, at once repaired to the nearest Judge in Arkansas, and obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*. The exiles were brought before him in obedience to the command of the writ, and a hearing was had. The agent showed the action of Gen. Jessup; the sanction of the capitulation of March, 1837, by the Executive; the opinion of the Attorney-General, and the action of the President, deciding the exiles to be free, and in all respects entitled to their liberty. But the Judge decided that the Creeks had obtained title by virtue of their contract with Gen. Jessup; that neither Gen. Jessup nor the President, had power to emancipate the exiles, even in time of war; and the Attorney-General had misunderstood the law; that the title of the Creek Indians was legal and perfect; and they, having sold them to the claimant, his title must be good and perfect. No sooner was the decision announced, than the manacled victims were hurried from their friends and the scenes of such transcendent crimes and guilt. They were placed on board a steamboat, and carried to New Orleans. There they were sold to different purchasers, taken to different estates, and mingling with the tide of human victims who are septennially murdered upon the cotton and sugar plantations of that State, they now rest in their quiet graves, or perhaps have shared the more unhappy fate of living and suffering tortures incomparably worse than death."

* * * * * * * * "There yet remained some hundreds of exiles in that far-distant territory unsubdued, and enjoying liberty. They had witnessed the duplicity, the treachery of our government often repeated, towards themselves and their friends—they had, most of them, been born in freedom —they had grown to manhood, had become aged amidst persecutions, dangers and death—they had experienced the constant and repeated violations of our national faith; its perfidy was no longer disguised; if they remained, death or slavery would

constitute their only alternative. One, and only one, mode of avoiding such a fate remained—that was, to leave the territory, the jurisdiction of the United States, and flee beyond its power and influence. Mexico was *free!* No slave clanked his chains under its government. Could they reach the Rio Grande — could they place themselves safely on Mexican soil, they might hope yet to be free. A council was held. Some were connected with Seminoles of influence. Those who were intimately connected with Indian families of influence, and most of the half-breeds, feeling they could safely remain in the Indian territory, preferred to stay with their friends and companions. Of the precise number who thus continued in the Indian country, we have no certain information; but some three hundred are supposed to have determined on going to Mexico, and perhaps from one to two hundred concluded to remain with their connections in the Indian country. Abraham had reached a mature age; had great experience, and retained influence with his people. Louis Pacheco, of whom we spoke in a former chapter, with his learning, his shrewdness and tact, was still with them, and so were many able and experienced warriors. Wild Cat, the most active and energetic chief of the Seminole tribe, declared his unalterable purpose to accompany the exiles; to assist them in their journey, and defend them, if assailed. Other Seminoles volunteered to go with them. Their arrangements were speedily made. Such property as they had was collected together, and packed for transportation. They owned a few Western ponies. Their blankets, which constituted their beds, and some few cooking utensils and agricultural implements, were placed upon their ponies, or carried by the females and children; while the warriors, carrying only their weapons and ammunition, marched, unencumbered even by any unnecessary article of clothing, prepared for battle at every step of their journey. After the sun had gone down (Sept. 10), their spies and patrols, who had been sent out for that purpose, returned, and reported that all was quiet; that no slave-hunters were to be seen. As the darkness of the night was closing around them, they commenced their journey westwardly. Amid the gloom of the

evening, silent and sad they took leave of their Western homes, and fled from the jurisdiction of a people who had centuries previously kidnapped their ancestors in their native homes, brought them to this country, enslaved them, and during many generations had persecuted them. Many of their friends and relatives had been murdered for their love of liberty by our government; others had been doomed to suffer and languish in slavery—a fate far more dreaded than death. At the period of this exodus, their number was probably less than at the close of the Revolution. When the slaveholding Creeks learned that the exiles had left, they collected together and sent a war party in pursuit, for the purpose of capturing as many as they could, in order to sell them to the slave-dealers from Louisiana and Arkansas, who were then present among the Creeks, encouraging them to make another piratical descent upon the exiles for the capture of slaves. This war party came up with the emigrants on the third day after leaving their homes. But Wild Cat and Abraham, and their experienced warriors, were not to be surprised. They were prepared and ready for the conflict. With them it was death or victory. They boldly faced their foes. Their wives and children were looking on with emotions not to be described. With the coolness of desperation, they firmly resolved on dying, or on driving back the slave-catching Creeks from the field of conflict. Their nerves were steady, and their aim fatal. Their enemies soon learned the danger and folly of attempting to capture armed men who were fighting for freedom. They fled, leaving their dead upon the field; which is always regarded by savages as dishonorable defeat. The exiles resumed their journey, still maintaining their warlike arrangement. Directing their course southwesterly, they crossed the Rio Grande, and continuing nearly in the same direction, they proceeded into Mexico, until they reached the vicinity of the ancient but now deserted town of Santa Rosa. In that beautiful climate, they found a rich, productive soil. Here they halted, examined the country, and finally determined to locate their new homes in this most romantic portion of Mexico. Here they erected their cabins, planted their gardens, commenced plantations, and resumed

their former habits of agricultural life. There they yet remain. Forcibly torn from their native land, oppressed, wronged and degraded, they became voluntary exiles from South Carolina and Georgia."

By the foregoing incomplete sketch of the Seminole war, the reader has been able to understand some of the hardships that befel the Indians of the South who attempted to shield the negroes from slavery. It is useless to follow the fate of the Seminoles farther. Their name was applied to both Indians and negroes, and, although in the Indian language it has a distasteful significance, it has become justly celebrated in history and honored as belonging to a people whose gallant deeds hastened emancipation. The Seminole negroes fled from a tyrannical bondage, which they could no longer bear, hoping to find freedom and protection under the Spanish laws. In this they were actuated by one of the noblest impulses of humanity—a desire for liberty. The Seminole Indians fled into the same country on account of their displeasure of their brothers, the Creek Indians; and, through a wise providence, became instrumental in protecting the fugitive negroes from re-enslavement. Such was the first war against slavery, and to the honor of the savages, be it said, it was waged by that tribe of Indians known as the Seminoles.

## CHAPTER LXXV.

THE INDIAN WARS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES—TRIBES, ETC.—KING TONMOHICHI AND HIS QUEEN—BOSOMWORTH AND MARY—A THRILLING INCIDENT—A GENERAL WAR—GEN. JACKSON'S CAMPAIGN—TERRIBLE MASSACRES—HARD FOUGHT BATTLES—COMPLETE SUBJUGATION OF THE INDIANS—BRAVERY OF THE CELEBRATED WEATHERFORD.

OUR short and somewhat incomplete narrative of the Seminole war, has created a demand for a brief account of the Indian tribes and Indian wars of the Southern States, and for our information in this regard we will again turn to Mr. Brownell's "Indian Races of North and South America." The Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasawas, Catawbas, Uchees, etc., were, by early English colonists, all held under a common name—the Creeks. These tribes were pretty much alike in all the general characteristics, and were affected by the same political events and changes, and should, therefore, be considered collectively.

The Catawbas dwelt between the Carolinas and the country of the Cherokees, and had, in 1750, through intercourse with the whites, become more degraded than other tribes of the same nation. They were a numerous and warlike people when South Carolina was first settled, numbering about fifteen hundred warriors; but small-pox and the use of ardent spirits reduced them to a few scattering bands. As mentioned in the opening chapter of this volume, they were the ancient enemies of the Six Nations, with whom they had waged long and savage wars. One writer says of these Indians that, "by some fatality they were much addicted to excessive drinking, and spirituous liquors distracted them so exceedingly, that they would even eat live coals." The Upper Cherokees inhabited the high and mountainous region of the Appalachian

range, and that upon the upper portions of the Tennessee. The lower tribe occupied the country around the head waters of the Savannah and Chatahoochee, to the northward of the Muscogees or Creeks proper. In the year 1735, they were computed by old traders to number six thousand fighting men. They had sixty-four populous towns. In 1738, nearly half of them perished by small-pox. Like all the other untaught nations of America, they were driven to perfect desperation by the ravages of this disease. The cause to which they ascribed it, and the strange remedies and enchantments used to stay its progress, are alike remarkable. One course was to plunge the patients into cold running water, the result of which operation was speedily fatal. *A great many killed themselves; for, being naturally proud, they are always peeping into their looking-glasses—by which means, seeing themselves disfigured, without hope of regaining their former beauty, some shot themselves, others cut their throats, some stabbed themselves with knives, and others with sharp-pointed canes; many threw themselves with sullen madness into the fire, and there slowly expired, as if they had been utterly divested of the native power of feeling pain. One of them, when his friends had restrained these frantic efforts, and deprived him of his weapons, went out, and taking a thick and round hoe-helve, fixed one end of it in the ground, and repeatedly threw himself on it till he forced it down his throat! when he immediately expired. †"These tribes were formerly continually at war with the Six Nations, at the North, and with the Muscogees at the South; but previous to their war with the English colonies they had been for some time comparatively at peace, and were in a thriving and prosperous condition. They were excellently well supplied with horses, and were 'skillful jockies, and nice in their choice.' The lower settlement of the Muscogees or Creeks, was in the country watered by the Chatahoochee and Flint; the upper Creeks dwelt about the head waters of the Mobile and Alabama rivers. Their neighbors, on the west, were the Choctaws and Chickasaws. The Creeks were a nation

* Adair's Narrative.

† Brownell's Indian Races.

formed by the union of a number of minor tribes with the Muscogees, who constituted the nucleus of the combinations. About the middle of the eighteenth century, they were computed to number no less than three thousand five hundred men capable of bearing arms. They had learned the necessity of secluding those infected with the small-pox, so as to avoid the spread of the contagion, and their general habits and usages were such that they were fast increasing, instead of diminishing, like all the surrounding tribes. While the Floridas were in possession of Spain, the Creeks were surrounded by belligerent powers, both native and European, and they appear to have adopted a very shrewd and artful policy in their intercourse with each. There was a French garrison in their country; the English settlements lay to the north and east, and those of the Spaniards to the south;* and the old sages of the tribe being long informed by the opposite parties of the different views and intrigues of those foreign powers, who paid them annual tribute under the vague appellation of presents, were become surprisingly crafty in every turn of low politics. The French were very successful in their efforts to conciliate the good-will of the Muscogees, and in alienating them from the English. The country of the Choctaws extended from that of the Muscogees to the Mississippi, reaching northward to the boundaries of the Chickasaws; the lower towns on the river were about two hundred miles north of New Orleans. Adair gives these people a very bad character, as being treacherous, dishonest, ungrateful and unscrupulous; but he bears witness to their admirable readiness of speech. They were 'ready-witted, and endued with a surprising flow of smooth, artful language on every subject within the reach of their ideas.' The strange custom of flattening the head, prevalent among some other American tribes, obtained with the Choctaws. The operation was performed by the weight of a bag of sand kept upon the foreheads of the infants before the skull had hardened. This process not improbably affected the powers of the mind; at all events, Adair says: 'Their features and mind exactly correspond together; for, except the intense love

* Brownell's Narrative.

they bear to their native country, and their utter contempt of any kind of danger in defense of it, I know no other virtue they are possessed of; the general observation of the traders among them is just, who affirm them to be divested of every property of a human being, except shape and language.' The French had acquired great influence over the Choctaws, as, indeed, over nearly every tribe in North America with whom they had maintained friendly intercourse. Adair enlarges upon the artful policy with which they conciliated and bribed the leaders and orators of the nation. Besides this, he says: 'the masterly skill of the French enabled them to do more with those savages, with trifles, than all our experienced managers of Indian affairs have been able to effect by the great quantities of valuable goods they gave them with a very profuse hand. The former bestowed their small favors with exquisite wisdom; and their value was exceedingly enhanced by the external kindly behavior and well-adapted smooth address of the giver.' The nation of the Chickasaws, at the time of which we are speaking, was settled near the sources of the Tombigbee, a few miles eastward of the head waters of the Tallahache. They numbered about four hundred and fifty warriors, but were greatly reduced since their ancient emigration from the West. They were said to have formerly constituted one family with the Choctaws, and to have been able to bring one thousand men into the field at the time of their removal. Due allowance must of course be made for mistake and exaggeration in these early traditions. The Chickasaws were ever inimical to the French and friendly to the English colonists. It was by their efforts that the neighboring tribe of the Natchez was stirred up to attack the French settlements, in 1729. The French had, unadvisedly, imposed a species of tax upon the Natchez, demanding a dressed buck-skin from each man of the tribe, without rendering any return; but, as some of that people afterwards reported to Adair, 'the warrior's hearts grew very cross, and loved the deer-skins.' The Chickasaws were not slow to foment a disturbance upon intelligence of this proceeding, and sent messengers, with presents of pipes and tobacco, to counsel an attack upon the exercisers of such tyranny.

Nothing so strongly excites an Indian's indignation as any attempt at taxation, and the Natchez were easily persuaded that the French had resolved to crush and enslave them. It took about a year to ripen the plot, as the Indians are 'slow in their councils on things of great importance, though equally close and intent.' It was in the month of November (1729,) that the Indians fell upon the French settlement. The commandant had received some intimation of the intended attack from a woman of the tribe, but did not place sufficient dependence upon it to take any efficient steps for the protection of his charge. The whole colony was massacred; men, women and children, to the number of over seven hundred—Adair says fifteen hundred—perished by the weapons of the savages. The triumph of the Natchez was, however, but of short duration. The French came upon them in the following summer with a large army, consisting of two thousand of their own soldiers and a great array of their Choctaw allies. The Natchez were posted at a strong fort near a lake communicating with the Bayou D'Argent, and received the assailants with great resolution and courage. They made a vigorous sally, as the enemy approached, but were driven within their defenses, and bombarded with three mortars, which forced them to fly off different ways. The Choctaws took many prisoners, some of whom were tortured to death, and the rest shipped to the West Indies as slaves."

The Natchez survivors fled for safety to the Chickasaws, which resulted in a war between the French and that tribe, in which the Indians were the conquerors. In one engagement, says Adair, the French and their Indian allies had surrounded the Chickasaw settlements in the night, with the exception of one which stood at some distance from the rest, called Amalahta. The besiegers beset every house, and killed all who came out; but at the dawn of day, when they were capering and using those flourishes that are peculiar to that volatile nation, the other town drew round them, stark naked, and painted all over red and black; thus they attacked them, killed numbers on the spot, released their brethren, who joined them like enraged lions. The Indians belonging to the French party

fled, but the whites were all killed except two, an officer, and a negro, who faithfully held his horse till he mounted, and then ran along side of him. A couple of swift runners were sent after them, who soon came up with them, and told them to live and go home, and inform their people, that as the Chickasaw hogs had now a plenty of ugly French carcasses to feed on till next year, they hoped then to have another visit from them and their red friends; and that, as messengers, they wished them safe home.

In 1733 when James Edward Oglethorpe commenced the settlement of Georgia, the Creeks laid claim to the whole territory southwest of the Savannah. Hoping to avoid a war with these Indians he employed a half-breed woman named Mary Musgrove, who could speak English, and by her influence effected a conference with the chiefs of the Savannah Indians. This Mary had formerly married a white trader from Carolina. She had great influence over her tribe, and afterwards became a source of danger and annoyance to the English.

At the council which was held at the infant settlement of Savannah in 1733, were fifty celebrated Creek chiefs, who were presided over by their King, Tomochichi. The latter made an eloquent speech. "A treaty," says Mr. Brownell, "was concluded, subject to the ratification of the English crown, by which the Indians were to consider themselves the subjects of tne king, and to live in peace and friendship with his white colonists. The lands lying between the Savannah and Altamaha, were made over to the English, with all the islands on that coast, except St. Catharine's and two others, which were reserved for the use of the Indians as bathing and fishing stations. A tract was also set apart for them to encamp upon when they visited their white friends, a little above the Yamacraw bluff, where Savannah now stands."

In 1734 Mr. Oglethorpe visited England, taking with him Chief Tomochichi, his Queen, and several other Indians. They were presented to the king, "and every pains was taken to produce a strong impression upon their minds of the English power and magnificence."

Mr. Brownell, in his book, gives the following curious

account: "The year 1749 was memorable for a most audacious attempt on the part of one Thomas Bosomworth to aggrandize himself by attaining a supremacy over the Creeks. He had been formerly a chaplain in Oglethorpe's regiment, and had married Mary Musgrove, his half-breed interpreter. In December, 1747, this man fell in with a company of chiefs, belonging to the nation, then on a visit to Frederica; and persuaded them to sign certain articles, acknowledging one of their number, named Malatche Opiya Meco, as rightful king over the whole Creek nation. Bosomworth then procured from Malatche a conveyance, for certain considerations—among other things, a large quantity of ammunition and clothing—of the islands formerly reserved by the Indians, to himself and his wife Mary, their heirs and assigns, 'as long as the sun shall shine, or the waters run in the rivers, forever.' This deed was regularly witnessed, proved before a justice of the peace, and recorded in due form. Bosomworth made some efforts to stock and improve these islands, but, his ambition becoming aroused by success in his first intrigue, he entered upon one much more extensive. By his persuasions, his wife now made the extraordinary claim that she was Malatche's elder sister, and entitled to regal authority over the whole Creek territory. A great meeting of the tribe was procured, and, whatever of truth Mary's claims might be founded upon, she appears to have succeeded in persuading large numbers of the Creeks to espouse her cause, and acknowledge her as an independent queen. Accompanied by a strong force of her adherents, she proceeded incontinently to Savannah, sending emissaries before her to demand a surrender of all lands south of the Savannah river, and to make known her intention of enforcing her claim by the entire destruction of the colony, should her demands be resisted. The militia were called out by the president and council, and the Indians were kept quiet by a display of confidence and firmness, that matters might be fully discussed by their leaders and the colonial authorities. 'Bosomworth,' says McCall, 'in his canonical robes, with his queen by his side, followed by the kings and chiefs, according to rank, marched into town on the 20th of July, making a most for-

midable appearance. The inhabitants were struck with terror at the sight of this ferocious tribe of savages.' Lengthy discussions ensued, between Bosomworth and Mary on the one hand, and the president and council on the other. 'The fickle and impressible savages leaned alternately to either opinion according as they were harangued by their new leaders, or listened to the explanations of the other party. They were told that Mary's claims to royal descent were entirely false; that she was the daughter of a white man by a squaw of no note, and that the mad ambition of her reprobate husband had led to the whole movement. They expressed themselves convinced, but no sooner had Mary obtained another opportunity to communicate with them, than she succeeded in inflaming and bewildering their minds. It was found necessary to confine her and her husband before the savages could be quietly dispersed. Before this was accomplished, the town was in a situation of the most imminent danger, as the Indians vastly outnumbered the whites; and a very slight matter might have so roused their fury that the whole colony would have been annihilated. The intriguing chaplain had a brother, Adam Bosomworth, agent for Indian affairs in Carolina, who afterwards espoused his interests, so far as the claim to the islands of St. Catharine, Ossabaw, and Sapelo was concerned. This coadjutor visited the Creek nation, procured a new conveyance, and prosecuted the claim before the courts of Great Britain. The case proved almost as tedious and complex as that of the celebrated Mohegan land question in Connecticut. Bosomworth and his wife obtained a decision in their favor, in 1759, by virtue of which they took possession of St. Catharine's island, and resided upon it the remainder of their lives. Ossabaw and Sapelo were decreed to be sold for the benefit of the successful parties, but further litigation arose from the claims of one Isaac Levy, to whom they had sold, as was asserted, a moiety of that portion of the grant."

In the early border wars between the settlers of West Virginia and the Delaware Indians, the Southern Indians were engaged on the side of the English, and upon the evacuation of Fort Duquesne, numbers of these warriors, whose services

were no longer required, set out upon their return home. As they were passing through Virginia, they possessed themselves of such horses as they found grazing in the woods. For this act the German settlers fell upon them, and murdered and scalped a considerable number. These outrages, and the influence of the French, combined to stir up a war, and the Cherokees determined upon immediate retaliation for the massacres by the Germans. A party, bound on this errand, after killing two soldiers near Fort Loudon, spread themselves among the western settlements of North Carolina, killing such of the whites as fell in their power. "It was their first intention," says Mr. Brownell, "to take scalps only equal in number to that of their murdered kinsmen, but, once having their hand in, they could not resist the temptation of going much farther." The same author further informs us that "William H. Lyttleton, Governor of South Carolina, set himself strenuously both to prepare for the defense of the colonies, and to bring about an adjustment of difficulties. At Fort St. George, on the Savannah, he held a conference with six Cherokee chiefs, on the twenty-sixth of December (1759), and formed a treaty of peace, secured by the delivery of thirty-two Indian hostages. These were placed in close confinement in a small and miserable hut, and the governor returned to Charleston. According to the usual course of events, the Cherokees denied the authority of the chiefs who had concluded the above treaty, and hostilities broke out afresh. The two most celebrated chiefs and leaders among them, at this time, were old Attakullakulla, a promoter of peace, and long the fast friend of the English, and Occonostota, a noted war-chief. Capt. Coytmore, commandant at Fort St. George, was an object of the bitterest hatred on the part of the Indians, and a large body of them, led by Occonostota, besieged the fort in February of 1760.* The place was too strong to be taken by assault, but the Indian chief managed to entice Coytmore out of the defenses into an ambush, where he was shot dead, and Lieuts. Bell and Foster, who accompanied him, were wounded. The hostages who were confined within the works, shouted to encourage their friends without, and

* Brownell's Narrative.

when an attempt was made to put them in irons, resisted manfully, stabbing one soldier, and wounding two others. Upon this, a hole was cut in the roof over their heads, and the cowardly garrison butchered them by shooting down from above. This war now commenced in earnest, and Indian ravages extended far and wide upon the frontier. Troops were ordered from New York by Gen. Amherst, commander-in-chief of the British forces in America; and the neighboring colonies appropriated liberal sums for the purpose of buying the aid of the Creeks, Chickasaws and Catawbas. Col. Montgomery reached Carolina in April (1760), and hastened, in command of the regulars and provincials, to make an effective inroad upon the hostile Indians. His progress through the lower Cherokee country was marked by the entire destruction of the Indian towns. The first place attacked, called Keowee, was surrounded, and the men of the town were put to the sword. Estatoe, containing two hundred houses, with great quantities of provisions, was entirely destroyed; but the inhabitants were saved by a timely flight. 'Every other settlement east of the Blue Ridge,' says McCall, 'afterwards shared the same fate.' The army made some stay at Fort Prince George, and useless endeavors were put forth to bring about a pacification with the upper portion of the Cherokees. In the month of June the troops were again on their advance into the wilderness of the interior. Near the Indian town of Etchoe, the native warriors prepared a most skillful ambuscade to check the advancing forces. It was in a deep valley, through which ran a muddy stream, with steep banks; on either side of which the way was completely choked with tangled brushwood. Some hard fighting took place at this spot, in which twenty of the whites were killed and seventy-six wounded. The loss on the side of the Indians was much less, and, although driven from the spot where the first stand was made, they intrenched themselves a little farther on. Under these circumstances, Montgomery determined to secure the safety of his troops, and to provide for the requisite attention to his wounded men, by a retreat. He soon after sailed for New York, leaving four companies of regulars, under Major Hamilton, for the protec-

tion of the frontier. The garrison at the isolated Fort Loudon was now in a state of imminent peril. The provisions of the place were nearly exhausted, and the redoubtable Occonostota was laying close siege to it with his fierce and enraged warriors. After suffering great extremes of privation, and experiencing disappointment in all their hopes of relief, the two hundred men stationed at this place were obliged to capitulate, and trust to the honor of their savage enemy. Capt. Steuart, an officer greatly in favor with all the friendly Indians, arranged the terms upon which the fort should be evacuated. The troops were to be allowed a free and unmolested passage to Virginia, or Fort Prince George, and a detachment of Indians was to accompany them for the purpose of supplying provisions by hunting. The garrison marched out on the seventh of August (1760.) Occonostota himself, with a number of other natives, kept company with the whites, during the first day's march of fifteen miles; but these all disappeared when they reached the place of encampment, near an Indian town called Taliquo. On the next morning, just before day (the time generally selected by Indians for a surprise, as men sleep more soundly then than at any other hour,) a large body of armed savages, in war-paint, were seen by a sentinel, creeping through the bushes, and gathering about the camp. Hardly was the alarm given when the attack was made; twenty-six of the feeble and half-starved soldiers were killed outright, and the rest were pinioned and marched back to the fort.* Capt. Steuart was among the prisoners, but his evil fortune was alleviated by the staunch friendship of the benevolent Atakullakulla. This chief, as soon as he heard of Steuart's situation, hastened to Fort Loudon, and purchased him of the Indian who took him, giving him his rifle, clothes and all that he could command by way of ransom; he then took possession of Capt. Demere's house, where he kept his prisoner as one of his family, and humanely shared with him the little provisions his table afforded, until an opportunity should offer of rescuing him. A quantity of ammunition was discovered by the Indians, buried in the fort, and Occonostota determined to proceed at once to lay siege to Fort

* Brownell's Narrative.

Prince George. Capt. Steuart was informed that the assistance of himself and his men would be required in the management of the great guns, and that, furthermore, if the garrison should refuse to capitulate, all the prisoners now in the hands of the Indians should, one by one, be burned in sight of the fort. Perceiving the difficulty of his situation, the captain begged his kind old proprietor to assist him in effecting an escape, and Attakullakulla readily lent his aid. Upon pretense of taking his prisoner out for a hunt, he left Fort Loudon, with his wife and brother, and two English soldiers, and took a direct course for the Virginia frontier. After a most toilsome and dangerous march, they fell in with a party of three hundred men, sent out for the relief of such of the garrison at Fort Loudon as might have effected their escape. Being now in safety, Capt. Steuart dismissed his Indian friends with handsome rewards, to return and attend to the welfare of his former fellow-prisoners. Such of them as had survived were afterwards ransomed and delivered up at Fort Prince George."

In 1762 a general agent and superintendent of Indian affairs at the South was appointed in the person of Captain John Steuart. Upon entering on the discharge of the duties of his office Capt. Steuart assembled the chiefs of all the Southern tribes in council and explained to them how the French had been conquered, and that thenceforth they could look only to the British for support and protection. He commended those tribes who had fought in the English cause and excused those who had allied themselves to the French. The Southern Indians remained quiet from that time until 1811, when the great Shawanoe Chief, Tecumseh* "in pursuance of his bold and extensive plans for a universal association of the Indians against the whites, made a tour among the southern tribes. His eloquent appeals, and the overpowering energy which distinguished this truly great man, proved successful in the winning over to his views of no small number of the Indian warriors, even among those who had long maintained a friendly intercourse with the Americans and the gov-

* Brownell's narrative.

ernment of the United States. At the time of the declaration of war with England, (June 18th, 1812,) the whole western border of the United States was in a position of the greatest danger and insecurity. The machinations of Tecumseh and the Prophet had roused an extensive flame of vindictive ferocity throughout the Indian nations, while British agents, it is said, were widely dispersed, and, by munificent promises and artful persuasions, had still farther widened the breach between the savages and their white countrymen. Frightful scenes of depredation and murder called for a prompt and decisive check. Many minor forays are recorded, but the destruction of Fort Mimms in the Tensau settlement of Mississippi, in the summer of the year following, may be considered the first important part taken by the southern tribes in the wars of this period."

I shall not, however, with the few pages that are now left, undertake to give a complete account of the part taken by the Southern Indians in the memorable war of 1812. A few of the principal points must suffice.

Tecumseh's visit to his southern neighbors was not in vain. Under his forcible teachings a confederacy was established over which the celebrated Weatherford gained nearly as much distinction as did the renowned Shawanoe in the North. Weatherford was, beyond question, * "possessed of noble and commanding qualities, but these were combined with cruelty, avarice, and degrading vices. A party of about one thousand warriors, led by this popular chief, fell upon the devoted Fort Mimms, on the 30th of August, 1813. The post was garrisoned by one hundred and sixty efficient soldiers; the rest of its occupants, to the number of one hundred and fifteen, consisted of old men, women and children. The forces were under the command of Major Beasly. No regular preparations had been made for the reception of so powerful an enemy, and although the soldiers did their duty manfully, they were overpowered, and all slain except seventeen. The women and children having ensconced themselves in several block

* Brownell's Narrative.

houses, met with a more terrible fate. The savages set fire to the buildings, and consumed them, together with their inmates."

The war in the South now became general and Gen. Jackson took the field in person. Col. Coffee invaded the country of the hostile Indians and, with a considerable force encountered the enemy at Tallussahatchee Creek. The savages fought boldly and desperately, but were defeated and driven into their buildings, when one hundred and eighty-six of their number perished in the struggle. Eighty-four women and children were taken prisoners, and a number were killed during the contest. This battle took place in November, 1813. Soon after Jackson's army encountered the Indians at Talladega, where after a most bloody contest, three hundred Indians were left dead upon the field. Many more were killed while trying to escape, and their total loss was nearly six hundred. The Americans lost only fifteen killed and eighty wounded.

The war was continued until all the hostile nations of the South were subdued and until the confederacy which Tecumseh instigated was well nigh broken up. The most noted battles fought during the campaign were at Autossee, where some two hundred were massacred, on the twenty-ninth of November, and that of the Horse-shoe Bend in the Tallapoosie. At this latter point the Indians fortified themselves for a last desperate battle. Their number exceeded one thousand. On the twenty-seventh of March, 1814, Gen. Jackson, with a force three times the number of the enemy, commenced operations against their fortification. "Gen. Coffee, with most of the cavalry and Indian allies, was directed to surround the bend, in order to cut off all retreat across the river. The place was then carried by storm, under a heavy fire from within. More than half the Indians were killed at the fort, and an unknown number perished in their endeavors to escape by crossing the river, beset as it was by the assailants. Some have asserted that probably not more than twenty ever reached a place of safety. At a time when it was evident that the fortune of the day was decided, Gen. Jackson sent a messenger, with a flag of truce, to invite a surrender, but, from ignorance

or desperation, the savages fired upon the bearer of the flag. After this, no mercy was shown; until night put an end to the work of destruction, they were shot or cut down wherever they could be found, and even on the following morning, a considerable number were ferreted out from the 'caves and reeds,' where they had sought conccalment, and remorsely put to death. Several hundred women and children were made captives. The loss of the attacking army, in this battle, was fifty-five killed, and one hundred and forty-six wounded."

On the following April the surviving tribes sued for peace, and Gen. Jackson stipulated that before their proposals could be entertained their celebrated Chief Weathersford must be delivered up for punishment. On hearing this the great chief, seeing that his cause was hopeless, gave himself up to the American commander. He said: "I am in your power. Do with me as you please. I am a soldier. I have done the whites all the harm I could. I have fought them, and fought them bravely. If I had an army, I would yet fight. I would contend to the last; but I have done; my people are all gone. I can only weep over the misfortunes of my nation."

He was told that he was at liberty to depart but that no mercy would be shown him or his nation until they should submit to whatever terms the whites should see fit to impose. To this he replied, "You can safely address me in such terms now. There was a time when I could have answered you. There was a time when I had a choice. I have none now. I have not even a hope. I could once animate my warriors to battle, but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice. Their bones are at Talladega, Tallushatchee, Emuckfaw, and Tohopeka. * * * * You are a brave man. I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should accede to." This interesting incident closed the campaign. The Indians retired to the reservations assigned to them, without a murmur. They were subsequently removed west of the Mississippi.

## CHAPTER LXXVI.

### THE SIOUX MASSACRE.

THE CAUSE OF THE OUTBREAK — THE PART RUM HAD IN IT — THE SAVAGES ATTEMPT TO TAKE FORT RIDGELY — THE PROMPTNESS OF GOV. RAMSAY — BURIAL OF THE SLAUGHTERED — AN ENGAGEMENT WITH THE INDIANS — THEY ARE CONQUERED, AND FIVE HUNDRED CAPTIVES ARE RELEASED — THE MURDERERS ARE SEIZED AND SENTENCED — A PORTION ARE HUNG.

THE FOLLOWING, which was omitted in our previous notices of the Sioux, is introduced here as an extraordinary transaction even of its kind, for perhaps few events in the last quarter century have so stirred, shocked and saddened the people of the Northwest as the Sioux massacre in Minnesota in 1862. And it was so unexpected, so uncalled for, and so brutal withal, that it plainly told the white men of Minnesota that they had no security for the lives of their wives and children in the frontier settlements whenever the red man (the Sioux) might chance or choose to take the war path. It is true that the influences of Christianity upon a portion of the Indians in this tribe and in other tribes has been very great indeed, and that some noble specimens of Christian character were found among them at that time; also true, that several of these acted a grand part in warning and helping many of the whites to fly to situations of safety. But the savages who committed the Sioux massacre seemed to have had all that dark and heartless hate which, in other and earlier days, made the tomahawk and scalping knife such a torment and terror to the earlier settlers of the new world. Indeed, who ever heard of barbarities more revolting, or of cruelty more studied and bloody, than were witnessed in this heartless and terrible tragedy of August 18, 1862? Not that it was as wide or continued as long as many other Indian outrages which have already been mentioned in this volume; that is not the question, but the idea — the ques-

tion is, Was it not as fiendish, brutal and bloody, considering its extent, as most, if not as any, in all the long and weeping list of such stealthy and treacherous transactions? And as to extent, this scene or savage dash at helpless humanity, would have been much more so had it not been for the influence and exertions of Paul Mazakutamami, Other Day, and a few Christian Indians in and near the Lower Agency at the time of this onset.

As to the cause of the outbreak, various theories have been presented, but none of them seems so reasonable as that which makes a few gills of whisky the initial cause, but Indian barbarity and cruelty the real cause. Little Crow, in his attempt to give the reason for the outbreak to Col. Sibley, in a written communication, puts the cause in the suffering induced by a delay of the payment of the annuities; but of this there seems to be no proof. Neither is there any proof that when the bands first met at the agency in 1862, there was anything unusual in their feelings — anything more than the common and chronic discontent so native to the Indian character on such occasions. And had the annuities been paid at once, it is more than probable that the historian would have been spared the pain of recording the tragic facts in that inhuman scene. And yet, we do not think this was the real cause, or more than one among the many other insignificant causes which led the way to the outbreak. The alleged encroachment of the settlers upon the Indian reservation; the want of a proper supply of food while they were waiting for the payment; the enmity of the pagan Indians against the missionaries and their converts; and more than all these, the prediction of the medicine men that the Sioux would defeat the Americans in battle, and then reoccupy the whole country after clearing it of the whites, may be supposed to have had some influence, yet nothing decisive. Again, the fact that many young men among the whites had been called away to repress the rebellion, added to the fact that Ink-pah-du-tah and his small band, who had committed so many murders and other terrible acts in contempt of United States laws at Spirit Lake, in 1856, had not

been punished, may have had an influence in the decision of the red men to strike that frightful blow. But all these put together do not make it probable that a hand would have been raised against the whites but for the fact that the slow, but sure, bolt of death, in the form of the accursed "fire-water," had figured in the drama — had dropped into the scale. And this was brought about in the following manner. Some five or six of the young Indians, for the want of something else to do, or wearied with waiting, went on an excursion along the big woods, with the avowed intention of securing, if possible, the scalp of a Chippewa; but not succeeding in this, they returned to Acton, a little settlement in Meeker county, August 17th, and by some means obtained whisky and drank freely. Directly they made a demand for more liquor of a man named Jones, who refused to furnish them. Whereupon they fired upon and killed him and four others — two men, Webster and Baker, and an elderly lady and a young girl. But now, terrified at their own violence, and alarmed at the punishment due their crimes, they hastened to the camp at the Lower Agency, confessed to their friends their guilt, and implored their protection from the vengeance of the outraged laws. All of them being of influential families, it was determined in solemn conclave, in the "Soldiers' Lodge," that the bands should make common cause with the guilty parties, and the following morning was fixed upon to exterminate all the whites within reach. Accordingly at six o'clock, on the 18th day of August, 1862, these armed and painted warriors fell on the unsuspecting whites, and destroyed nearly every person at the Lower Agency, except a few women and children taken as captives. A young man named Geo. H. Spencer was the only exception of the men who were found at that agency, and he, twice wounded, was only saved from instant death by the determined protection of his Indian comrade, Wak-ke-an-da-tah, or "Red Lightning."

The missionaries and others, including Revs. Riggs and Williamson and their families (in all, about sixty persons), at the Upper Agency, were saved by "Other Day," a Christian

Indian, who led them safely through the Indian country to the white settlements. This was a providential escape, indeed, for these blood-thirsty creatures were soon at the Upper Agency, and rushed abroad to fall like a bolt of lightning upon the settlers on farms and in villages, along the frontier line for some 200 miles. And the scenes then enacted were fearfully horrid and tragic; were dreadful in the extreme; and so much so, that if they can be imagined they cannot be described. Hence, whoever, in all that doomed line was struck dead at once, and thereby spared the agony of suspense and the sight of savage cruelty and obscenity practiced toward their dear ones, were the favored few among the hundreds swept into the pool of death by those brutal hands. With the ingenuity of lost spirits, and in the temper of perdition itself, the plan was laid, and with the dexterity of demons, burning mad with rage and hate, its fearful parts were scrupulously and hurriedly executed. The tomahawk, the bullet and the scalping knife spared neither age or sex; the only prisoners taken, being the young and comely women and a few children. Thus, in about forty hours, as near as can be known, 800 whites were wantonly and cruelly slaughtered and their homes made a black and smoking desolation. And when the sun went down on that scene of fright, suffering and blood; when the sweet dew wept itself to sleep over the wide ruin wrought, and the pale moon looked out on the mangled and mutilated corpses — the hushed and grave-like stillness of the hour; it was a fitting moment for the nation to contemplate the propriety of putting a stop to such tragic scenes, such wanton and reckless sacrifices of life and treasure, by a class of wild beings to whom treaty and treachery mean the same thing; a fitting moment in which to decide whether it would not be wisdom to make it a crime for any of this wild and warring class of Indians to possess or to use any of our improved fire arms or weapons of war; whether, in fact, it would not be wisdom to give them, for all time to come, some portion of our territory, which can be easily guarded by a military force, as Florida might be, rather than

attempt to awe them by costly forts, or to guard a wide and wild frontier against their torches, their restless tomahawks and the keen edge of their unfeeling scalping knives. Again, if from the brief items of this narrative, the reader judges that white men are largely accountable for that massacre; if it was a few gills of whisky that evoked the dire spirit of destruction and death, that set the train on fire which culminated in a ruin so wide and horrid, then let so much of the blame fall where it belongs. But, until the Indian cannot avoid drinking the liquor made and sold under the protections of law, he, too, must take his share of the blame for the harm which follows its use; must be held accountable for his part in this transaction, so cruel and bloody.

The reader will readily see that this Indian council was not intoxicated with liquor; that it coolly attempted to evade and defy, if not to annihilate, our civil code, and hence acted with a clear knowledge of what they were doing; acted considerately, though desperately.

But, to return to our narrative. The refugees, from these scenes of blood, alarmed the neighboring settlements and filled the roads leading to St. Paul with men, women and children, hurrying away from danger. The savages, after finishing the work of death among the frontier settlements, attempted, en masse, to take Fort Ridgely, but were held at bay by the vigilance and activity of the garrison. Fort Abercrombie, on the Red river, also suffered a siege by the savages, but a force, promptly sent by Gov. Ramsey, from St. Paul, relieved it. The town of New Ulm was also assailed by a strong force of the wretches; but by volunteer aid from the neighboring counties, under Col. C. H. Flandrau, it was defended.

When the situation of affairs, at the scene of the massacre, was known at St. Paul, a force was hastily gathered and sent out under Henry H. Sibley, who was, by the governor, commissioned colonel in command for the occasion. This choice of a leader for the campaign was eminently wise; Col. Sibley being so versed in Indian character and so familiar with their habits and laws.

Difficulties were to be overcome, however, and preparations made before the force was ready to meet the one thousand armed warriors which the Sioux could readily bring into the field; but, at length the work was done, and four hundred men of the 6th regiment of Minnesota volunteers, with reinforcements, went into camp near Fort Ridgely. The returned scouts, which had been sent out, reported no Indians below Yellow Medicine river; and a burial party, and escort of about two hundred men, under Maj. J. R. Brown, was sent to inter the remains of the murdered at the Lower Agency and Beaver river. This party, when encamped near Birch Coolie, were attacked by a large force of Indians toward morning, and twenty-five of their number and about ninety horses were killed or mortally wounded. Eighteen miles away, Col. Sibley heard the firing and hastened to their relief, and after burying the dead all returned to camp, where, waiting supplies and drilling the men, they remained until ten days' rations had arrived. Immediately thereafter they marched in search of the savages, and in a brief but hard fought battle, on the 23d of September, 1862, the Indians were fully defeated, broke and fled. The conflict was commenced by the Indians and lasted about two hours, and was called the battle of Wood Lake. The Indians sent a flag of truce, desiring permission to remove their dead and wounded. This was not granted; but Little Crow, the Indian leader, was informed that if any of the white prisoners held by him were in any way injured no mercy would be shown his party; that all would be pursued and destroyed, irrespective of age or sex.

Fearing that the savages, in their rage over their defeat, might seek revenge in taking the lives of the captives in their hands, Col. Sibley very wisely waited until the second day after the battle before marching toward the Indian camp. But on the 25th of September, with drums beating and colors flying, he did so. And after forming his camp within a few hundred yards of the Indian encampment, he, with his staff and field officers, went directly to the Indian lodges and demanded that the captives should be delivered up to him,

which was done at once. But the sight then presented was one which filled all eyes with tears. The released captives seemed almost wild with delight at their deliverance, and yet full of fear lest the savages might again drag them away; especially those beautiful young women, who had been for weeks in mortal dread of their brutal captors, clung to the soldiers (although entire strangers) as though they had been life long friends or the dearest of relatives. Of the captives thus released, about 150 were pure white and 250 half breeds.

But the full errand of the campaign was not yet done; which was the punishment of the murderers. Some of these, with Little Crow, had made their escape. A few, however, were brought back. In due time the Indian camp was surrounded by the soldiers, and 400 of the warriors were arrested, chained together in pairs and placed under a strong guard. Of these, 303 were found guilty by the military tribunal before which they were brought, and the sentence of death by hanging was passed upon them.

This military tribunal consisted of Col. Sibley, as military commissioner, and Col. Brooks, as president.

Others were convicted of robbery and pillage, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and a few were acquitted. By the advice or direction of President Lincoln, 38 only of the 303 were executed; the remainder were imprisoned at Davenport, Iowa, where many died of disease. In about eighteen months, the balance were sent to a reservation on the upper Missouri.

Thus the Indian campaign of 1862 terminated, having done its work faithfully and successfully, although of necessity it entered upon that work without due preparation and equipment. And it is a matter of great credit to Col. Sibley, and to the officers and men under his command, that, with so much manly promptness, these boasting and reckless savages were subdued, and their black and bloody programme thwarted. For it is easy to see that it was no common hour with the youthful state of Minnesota, and that this Indian outbreak had an intimate relation to the stirring scenes which were

crowding themselves in multitude upon the nation at that moment of rebellion, treason and war. For it was then suspected, and has since been confirmed, that if this campaign of Col. Sibley had failed, if the column of troops under his command had met with a reverse, there would undoubtedly have been a rising of the Chippewas and Winnebagos against the whites, and many of the counties west of the Mississippi would have been entirely depopulated. Indeed, it seems that the dream, that the nation was growing weak — bleeding to death — was running through the brains of savages as well as through the heads of men and nations which claimed to be civilized; and that Little Crow, in a speech to his warriors on the night previous to the battle of Wood Lake, stated the programme to be, "first, the defeat and destruction of the old men and boys composing," as he said, "the command of Col. Sibley; and, second, the immediate descent thereafter of himself and his people to St. Paul, there to dispose summarily of the whites, and then establish themselves comfortably in winter quarters." Surely this was a grand project — a sublime plan of blood, pillage and triumph; but, fortunately for civilization, the people of St. Paul, the infant state of Minnesota and her noble governor, it was not to be consumated. No, no, thank Heaven! but the reverse in every important particular. The raven's wing was broken; the trembling dove (the captives) released, succored and solaced; and the enterprising, young and spunky state of Minnesota saw her foes at her feet, without the aid of men from abroad, and without withholding her share of men needed to put down the mammoth rebellion.

Again, in 1863, a large force was sent out to find and punish the remainder of the murderers who had taken refuge among the Sioux in the upper prairies. Of this force, Gen. Sully commanded a large division which started from Sioux City, Iowa, and Gen. Sibley that which left a designated point on the Minnesota river. The two divisions were to meet and combine at Devils Lake; but for some reason they failed to meet. But Gen. Sibley found a large party of the refugees,

with other warriors, on the upper Cheyenne river, defeated and pursued them over the Missouri river, and returned home.

Thus ended this brief but bloody chapter of war and Indian plotting and barbarity; thus died away the wild war songs of those brown and boasting sons of the forest. And the graves and the war path of many, if not of most of them, are to-day overgrown with grass or planted to orchards, gardens and grain.

Geo. Rogers Clark,
Ill.

Truly Yours
G. A. Custer

## CHAPTER LXXVII.

### THE INDIAN OUTBREAK OF 1876.

THE GRASPING NATURE OF "SITTING BULL," CHIEF OF THE SIOUX — THE BATTLE ON THE ROSEBUD BY CROOK — BATTLE ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN — CUSTER'S DEATH — THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE WITH SOME OF THE INDIAN TRIBES — SKETCH OF CUSTER AND LADY.

THE Indian troubles of Idaho and those along the Yellow Stone and Big Horn rivers, during the last year, give us another and bitter testimonial that the Sioux are not friends to peace — that war is their element, and possession, blood and carnage their delight. For many years (with the old Roman spirit of conquest) the constant tendency of this tribe has seemed to be to increase their own territory by crowding back and displacing other tribes less strong and less warlike than themselves, until now they are said to be nearly the undisputed masters of Southwestern Montana and Northwestern Wyoming. Years ago, as before stated, they crowded the Pawnees from their old hunting grounds in the southwest; while the Shoshones and Blackfeet (both strong and numerous tribes in their day) were driven from their ancestral lands, their people broken and the remnants despoiled of all by the more powerful Sioux. The Utes too shared a similar fate, and were robbed of their prestige, like the other tribes. For ten years, Sitting Bull, "the bad," has waged ceaseless war on the Crows, his northern neighbors, driving them little by little over the Big Horn river to the west bank, wrenching from them their choicest hunting grounds, and despoiling them of the country which has been "Crow land" for long generations. Two years ago Gen. Sheridan petitioned congress to appropriate $200,000 for

establishing posts at the mouth of Tongue river and at the outlet of the Big Horn to hold in check the grasping Sioux. Nothing, however, was done in this direction. But more than a year since, it was apparent from the movements of Sitting Bull that a strong military force must take the field against him, or he would soon extend his excursions beyond the Big Horn, not in brief raids and ravages like those of last fall, winter and spring, but in multitude to sweep down and destroy the white settlements in the Gallatin Valley. Hence the late forces were ordered into the field, and the fighting by Gen. Crook on the Rosebud, June 17th, and the loss of the brave Custer and his gallant Seventh on the 24th, followed in their sad order and time.

It has been said that Custer was hasty; that he ran into the jaws of death; that his courage and persistency bordered on rashness and presumption. And so it may have seemed at times; but without his peculiar temperament he might not have been the undaunted and invincible Custer; and with it, he must of necessity seem at times hasty and reckless. So if our country was to have a Custer, it must take his peculiarities of dash and drive along with him. In fact, no man is likely to have honestly earned a major general's place in the army of the United States at the age of twenty-two years, as Custer did, who began, or has pursued the road of life with a precise and ceremonious step, or who had not cool and yet quick decernment and tact ever at command. Indeed, Custer seems to have been born for fields of strife and blood — for scenes of carnage and danger — seems to have been made of iron in mind and muscle, that he might do his errand to earth faithfully and well. And the sad sense of bereavement and loss which lies like a funeral pall on our wide republic to-day, signifies the nation's great appreciation of his deeds of valor in the darkest hours of the rebellion, its trust in his ability and its sense of his worth to the world.

Whether the plan of separating their forces into various and distant parts, as Crook, Terry and Custer did, is wise or not, military men are doubtless the best judges; but it

would seem that if the whole forces of the expedition had been with Crook at the Rosebud on the 17th, and again side by side in the fatal fray on the Little Big Horn on the 24th, the record to-day would have been by far a brighter record than it now is for the United States as well as for civilization and humanity.

The battle of the 17th, as an eye witness gives it, was brought about and resulted in the following manner:

"On the morning of June 16, with about 1,300 men, Gen. Crook left his supply camp on Goose Creek in charge of Maj. Furey, quartermaster, and Capt. Russell, chief of transportation. The troops were rationed for four days; and each man armed with a revolver, carbine, and one hundred rounds of ammunition. They were in light marching order, each man being his own commissary, and no pack animals being taken excepting for the use of the medical staff (Drs. Hartsuff, Patsky and Stephens) and a few private horses. Each man was allowed one blanket, which is sufficient to show how they marched, and not a shelter-tent was permitted to be carried by officer, soldier or civilian. On June 16, at dusk, camp was made on the Rosebud, after a march of about forty miles, and at a point where that stream runs nearly east. On the morning of June 17, the command moved late, as signs of Indian had been discovered by the Crows and Shoshones, who were out in scouting parties. About five miles below camp the command came to a halt, as the Sioux signs became fresher. At 8:30 o'clock the first firing began, and, by the aid of the scouts, the attacking force was checked, and held until they were charged; and finally, after an engagement of about five hours' duration, they were driven from the field. At about 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon the Sioux were forced from every bluff, every height, every point of rock, every timber-strip and every part of the natural breastworks they had occupied, and behind which they had posted themselves. This was accomplished by the skill which everywhere marked Gen. Crook's flank movements on the enemy. The Indian force, which was variously estimated at from 1,500 to 3,000 warriors, were dislodged from all their strongholds, and retreated precipitately from the battle-ground (which had been of their own selection), in their well-known way, by separating into small parties so as to divide up their trail and defeat pursuit. Gen. Crook went into camp that afternoon of the battle of the Rosebud on the very spot where he had been attacked by the Sioux. Here he remained until after 6 o'clock on the morning of June 18, when he returned by slow marches to his supply camp on Goose Creek, which he reached on the afternoon of June 19."

The battle of the Little Big Horn (according to the account given by an observer, Jas. Maunion, dated Big Horn, July 5) was inaugurated and closed as follows:

"We left camp on the 15th of last month and started for the Big Horn river, one hundred and fifty miles north of here. We were four days on the march thither, where we joined Terry and Custer, and marched north on the bank of the Big Horn. Striking the Little Big Horn, we followed a well marked trail along its banks, and on Saturday morning, June 24, we came in sight of an Indian village with about eighteen hundred tents, and a fighting force of three thousand warriors. Maj. Reno, in whose command I am, commanded the left flank, and Custer the right, and the fight commenced by Reno's charging into the Indian village, fighting on foot, having tied the horses in a grove a short way off. While the fight was going on, Gen. Custer reached the other side of the village and attacked it. Gen. Custer and his five companies took position on a ridge in the center of the Indian camp, cut off from access to water, and there fought desperately all day long, a conspicuous mark for the savage marksmen all around them.

"At last, when half of his command had been killed, he called on those that remained to follow him, and dashed boldly through. It was running the gauntlett of at least two thousand rifles for the whole distance. His men did not follow him, and when he got through he found himself alone with a single Crow Indian, one of his scouts. He would not leave his men to perish alone, and turned to go back; but the Crow, recognizing that such a movement would be fatal, grabbed his horse and implored him not to go back. Custer only laughed, and putting the reins of his horse between his teeth, with a revolver in each hand, he gave a wild cheer, and dashed back through the smoke and flying bullets. As if by a miracle, he reached the remnant of his command, which was now reduced to forty men. Calling on these survivors again to follow him, which the example and success of his former charge disposed them to do, he led them from their place of peril over the path of his solitary charge.

"That was the last seen of them until the battle was over; when the whole party, with Custer in their midst, were found stark and dead within a circular rampart formed by their horses' bodies. They had evidently at the last moment made up their minds to sell their lives dearly, shot their horses and then, raising them as a breastwork, fought on with the vigor of despair until the last man was dead. What they suffered and what they did within the fatal circle, will ever remain locked in mystery. Of all Custer's men only the Crow scout above mentioned and a sergeant of Company I escaped. The dead lay in heaps where they fell, and Gen. Custer was found with all his clothes upon him; but his two brothers were terribly mutilated. When the fight was in progress, the Indian squaws would rush in among the wounded soldiers and beat out their brains with clubs.

"A remarkable story is told of the fearful scene at the death of Charles Reynolds, Custer's chief scout, and the best shot on the Missouri river. He was shot off the back of his horse, and falling, caught the horse and killed him, and, making a breastwork of the beast's body, he commenced a terrible slaughter on the Indians. He lay behind his horse dying and still shooting, and every shot he fired killed a savage. When he was

taken off the field after the fight, twenty-two dead Indians were found around him.

"At the time of the fight, I was sent, with a soldier, on a message to the mouth of the river for Gen. Gibbons' command, to bring him to the rescue of the struggling Reno. He and Terry, marching up either bank of the river, did not reach the scene of the battle a moment too soon. After fighting them from two o'clock Saturday until Sunday, the Indians coolly packed up tents and decamped, leaving the grounds in the hands of the dead and wounded and defeated.

"Maj. Reno, who commanded the Seventh cavalry after Gen. Custer's death, has made a full report of the Little Big Horn fight with Sitting Bull, June 25th and 26th. When Gen. Terry, the day after Custer's annihilation, came to the relief of Reno, as the latter reports: The fate of Custer and his brave men was soon determined by Capt. Benteen proceeding with his company to his battle ground, and where were recognized the following officers. who were surrounded by the dead bodies of many of their men: Gen. G. A. Custer; Col. W. W. Cooke, adjutant; Capts. M. W. Keogh, G. W. Yates and T. W. Custer; First Lieuts. A. E. Smith and James Calhoun; Second Lieuts. W. V. Reilly, of the Seventh cavalry, and J. J. Crittenden, of the Twentieth infantry, temporally attached to this regiment. The bodies of First Lieut. J. E. Porter, and Second Lieuts. H. M. Harrington and J. G. Sturgis, Seventh cavalry, and Ass't Surg. G. W. Lord, United States army, were not recognized, but there is every reasonable probability that they were killed. It seems that the whole column of five companies with Custer had been killed."

Thus the continuation of the long and bloody strife for the possession of territory, which has been going on through so many years and ages, between the red man and his white brothers, make a dark and cruel chapter in the record of earthly events — makes a weeping picture on the pages of human history. And whoever glances at this picture or reads the record of the ages gone by will discover plainly and at once, that if there has been oversights, indiscretions and wrongs on the part of the white man, and if there should be some allowances made for inexperience and ignorance on the part of these wild sons of the forest, still the charge of terrible revenge and of brutal and crushing cruelty is plainly associated with the Indian character, and lies like a bloody robe at the entrance of his simple wigwam. We are told, it is true, that we are intruders; that the Indian was here before us, and hence, that he has a right to the spot; has a moneyed interest in the soil. But, the beasts were here before us too,

and were, doubtless, here before the Indian was here. Shall we say, therefore, that the Indian is an intruder, and that the beasts must not be interfered with or crowded back, because they were here first? But what is more, are not the rights to territory, which are gained by occupancy, associated with the right, use and the improvement of that territory? And does not justice say that if the savage beasts should make room for the Indian's tent, because the Indian will make a better use of the soil than the beasts are likely to do; then, the Indians should fall back and give the soil, which they refuse or neglect to cultivate, to white men who will utilize, beautify and improve it. And now, whether these arrogant Sioux will do this without further strife and blood is not now so easily settled — is as yet uncertain; for the terms of removal are not fully assented to on the part of these rough men, and may not be at all. But inasmuch as so many brave and worthy men have already been sacrificed in this strife, aud so many helpless women and children been wantonly butchered by these savages, therefore, if these restless and warlike creatures are determined to ignore all law save the law of might or brute force, are determined to hang along the outposts of civilization, and to menace and terrify frontier life with their bloody and barbarous acts — their plots of death and savage cruelty; then let their lives be forever forfeited, and let utter destruction wipe them from among the living, or lay so many of the revengeful heads and hands of their leaders in the cold and damp urn of death as shall teach their children the art and the value of peaceful and of industrious living.

It may be naturally expected that we will give a brief sketch of the brave and magnanimous Custer, and of his bereft and noble widow, in this connection. Hence, we state a few facts, as they have come to us.

Gen. Geo. A. Custer was born in Cadiz, Hardin county, Ohio, and received his military education at West Point. During the time he spent at West Point, his parents removed to Monroe, Michigan, where he often visited them. While thus at home on a furlough, during the war, and fresh from some of

his dashing raids in Virginia, he first saw a Miss Bacon, whom he soon married, and who became the companion of his travels, the guide and guardian of his habits and morals. In other words, she became his patient and constant counselor, rode beside him in all his marches in the war, watched his departure for many a battle and welcomed his return with a smile of pride and love. In short, was the patron saint of his army and the angel of his days.

And Custer, while he was an undaunted soldier, with occasional faults, was still obliging, gentlemanly and tender. It is said he never swore, nor would he allow an oath to be uttered in his presence. It is said that he used no tobacco and no liquor of any kind in his later life. Custer was a friend, indeed, a clear thinker and a ready and racy writer. His book, entitled "Life on the Plains," is full of interest and incident, and is read with pleasure.

A certain correspondent says of Custer:

"I have heard from his lips the story of his courtship, and it was so characteristic of the man, so illustrative of his can't-be-beaten disposition, that it must be told. After one of his campaigns in Virginia the boy-general went home on a furlough. He was fresh from some of his raids, and he had already captured more flags and prisoners than any officer in the war. There was an ovation for him at his home. The people of Monroe rejoiced in his successes then, as they are mourning for his fate to-day. But there was one gentle maiden in that town, a Miss Bacon, the daughter of one of his father's neighbors, who had no taste for soldiers, and who rather frowned than smiled upon the gallant young cavalier. As fate would have it, Custer was more attracted by her than by all the other ladies in this new home he was visiting * * * and her repulses aggravated him till his obstinacy was aroused, and he determined to conquer this haughty country girl, who refused to smile with the rest of womankind upon him. I remember how he described his feelings; how he proceeded in his suit, inquired about and ascertained the characteristics of the lady, and how he resolved to lay a deliberate siege for the occupation of her heart. He called upon her one day, but the servant was instructed to ask that Miss Bacon might be excused. He called again, and caught her at a window unprepared, Here the siege began; her aversion was conquered, and when he went back to the army in Virginia he took her with him as his bride; and her gentle sympathy and kindness are remembered by thousands of soldiers to-day. At the close of the war she went with him to Texas, and accompanied him on several severe campaigns. In 1872, she rode with the regimcnt from Texas to Fort Lincoln, Dakota, a distance of two thousand miles."

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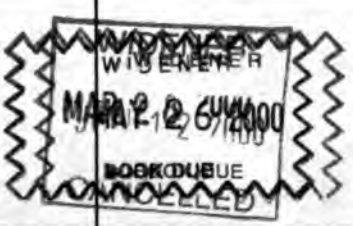

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